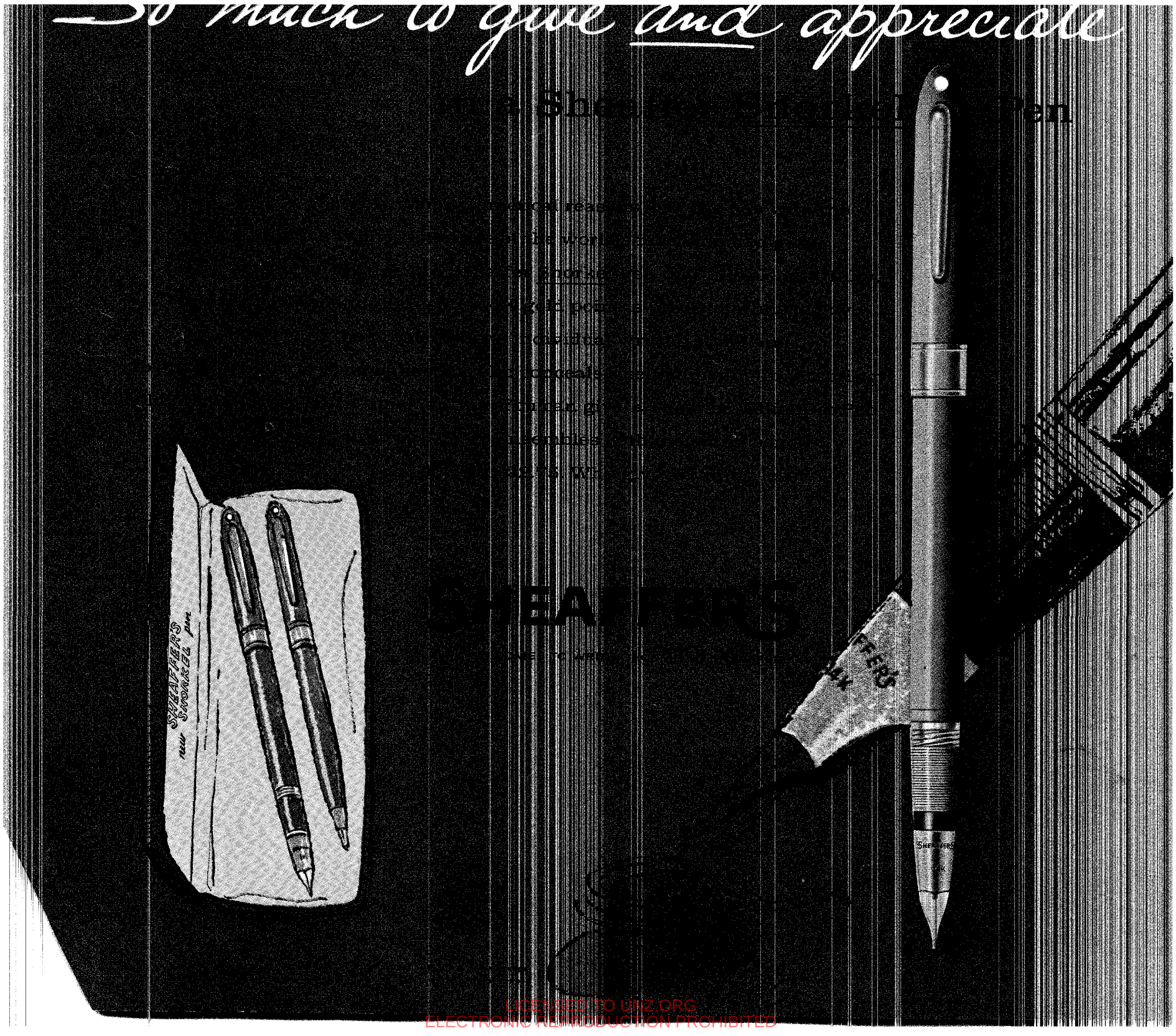
The Saturday Evening
# POST
December 14, 1957 – 15¢

## JUNE ALLYSON'S OWN STORY:
## Let's be Frank About Me

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO

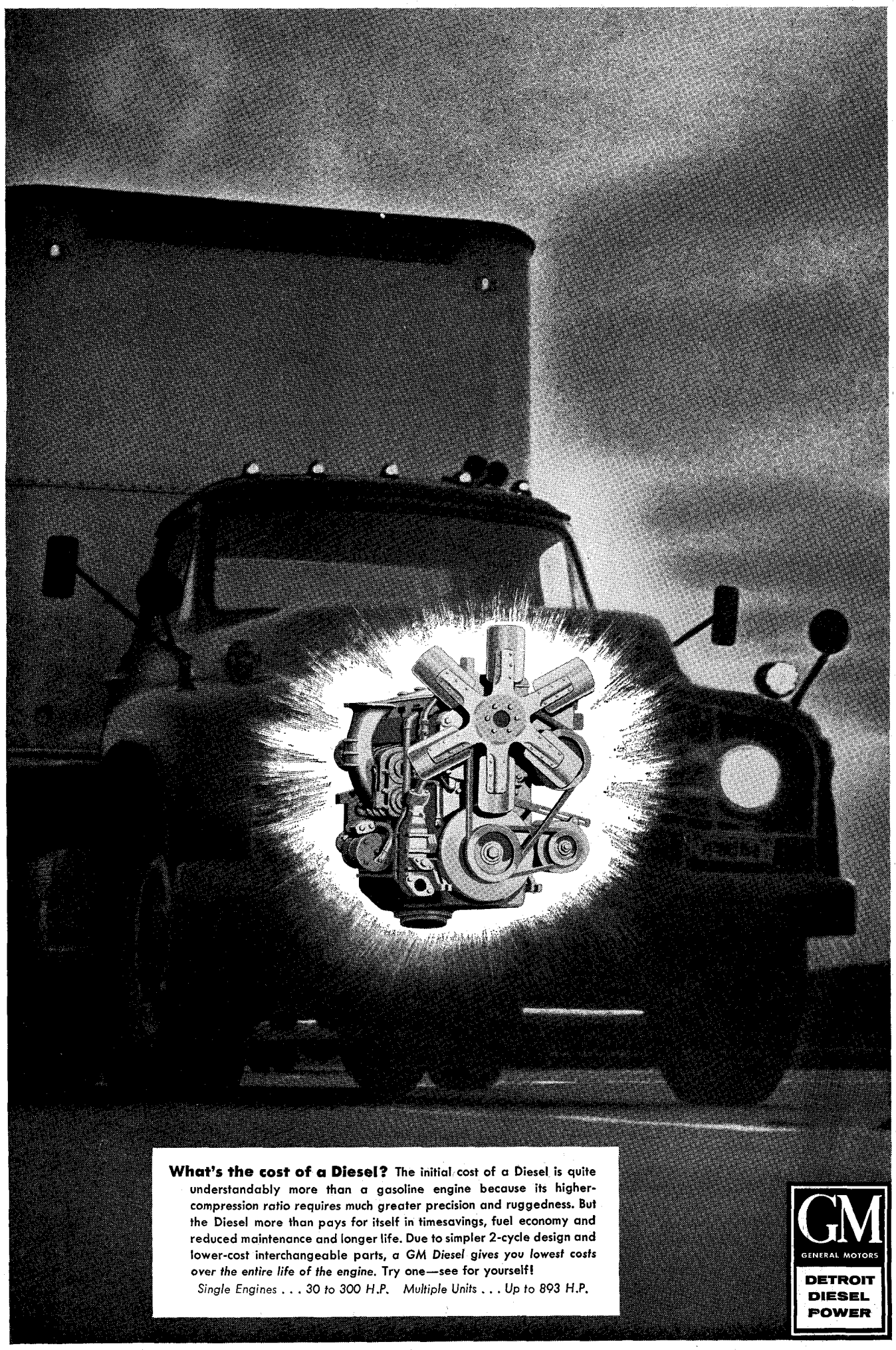
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# This new "Jimmy" Diesel costs less per mile than any other

## New GM "71E" Diesel is available for any make truck 26,000 GVW and up—cuts gasoline engine operating costs in half!



**What's the cost of a Diesel?** The initial cost of a Diesel is quite understandably more than a gasoline engine because its higher-compression ratio requires much greater precision and ruggedness. But the Diesel more than pays for itself in timesavings, fuel economy and reduced maintenance and longer life. Due to simpler 2-cycle design and lower-cost interchangeable parts, *a GM Diesel gives you lowest costs over the entire life of the engine.* Try one—see for yourself!

*Single Engines . . . 30 to 300 H.P. Multiple Units . . . Up to 893 H.P.*

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DETROIT DIESEL POWER

No other truck or bus engine costs as little per mile to run as the new "Jimmy" Diesel.

Leading highway haulers who have had the opportunity to benefit from this new "71E" engine report outstanding fuel mileage and reduced upkeep compared with other Diesels they operate and major savings over gasoline engines they have replaced.

With its modern, rugged heavy-duty 2-cycle design, the General Motors Diesel delivers power at *every* piston downstroke —*twice* as many power impulses per crankshaft revolution as 4-cycle Diesels.

So it gives you more power with less size and weight—faster getaway in traffic — easier hill climbing — less loss of power at high altitude. The new "6-71E" engine delivers a full 210* horsepower at an easy-stroking 2100 r.p.m. to haul the big loads without strain. Its torque curve "peaks" at 1200 r.p.m. for greater pulling ability in the lower speed range.

### New 4-valve combustion chamber

This new "Jimmy" Diesel features *four* exhaust valves per cylinder and new injectors for better combustion, freer "breathing" and smoke-free exhaust. Result: the most economical Diesel ever to hit the road.

Sound interesting? See your GM Diesel distributor about repowering your present equipment. When you're in the market for new trucks, ask for this great new GM "71E" Diesel. And if the truck you choose isn't immediately available with a "Jimmy," turn your truck over to the GM Diesel distributor for a "71E" installation. *Write for free copy of the new six-page brochure on these GM Diesel truck models.*

*Also available: "4-71E"—140 h.p. and new GM *Turbopower* Diesels: "4-71T"—171 h.p.; "6-71T"—236 h.p.

*Now—more than ever—it pays to standardize on GM Diesels—available in 1485 applications of power equipment built by more than 175 manufacturers.*

•

**Detroit Diesel Engine Division of General Motors, Detroit 28, Mich.**

*Regional Offices:*
NEW YORK, ATLANTA, DETROIT, CHICAGO
DALLAS, SAN FRANCISCO

*In Canada:*
GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL LIMITED, London, Ont.

*Parts and Service Worldwide*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*For everyone on your Christmas list...*

# GIFT IDEAS from PHILCO!

PHONORAMA IV

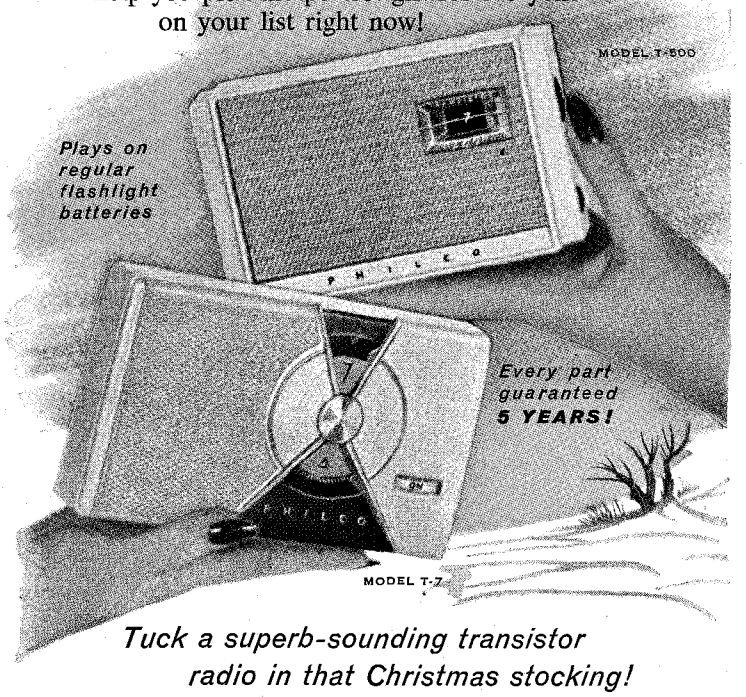
MODEL 1600

### *Thrill the family you love best with PHILCO High Fidelity!*

PHONORAMA IV, a most magnificent gift. Master-crafted cabinets acoustically designed to the most rigid standards for perfectly balanced sound. Exclusive Electrostatic Speaker (66 speakers in one). 15-inch woofer. Reproduces the entire range of sound. Beats custom installations – saves 2/3 the cost. This is the year to give *your* family Philco High Fidelity!

*Philco High Fidelity instruments from* $119.95

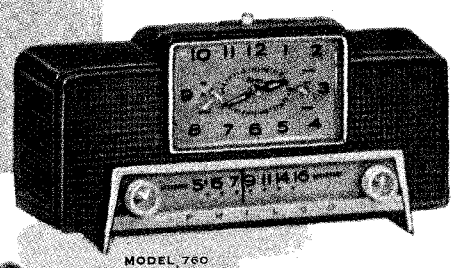
The Philco you give will be the gift of the year. And no wonder! Philco is the most preferred name in radio today. Let your Philco dealer help you pick the perfect gift for everyone on your list right now!



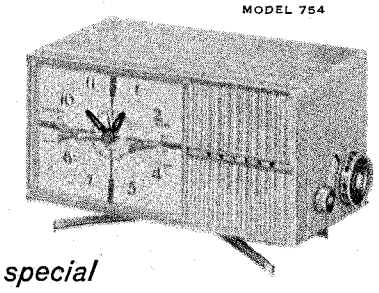

### *Tuck a superb-sounding transistor radio in that Christmas stocking!*

The No. 1 personal gift. T-7 has seven transistors. T-500, pocket-sized, has 5. Both operate on regular flashlight batteries. Model T-500 available in special gift ensemble, complete with travel case, batteries and ear button for personal listening. Stunning gift package!

*You can give a Philco Transistor for* $44.95



MODEL 760



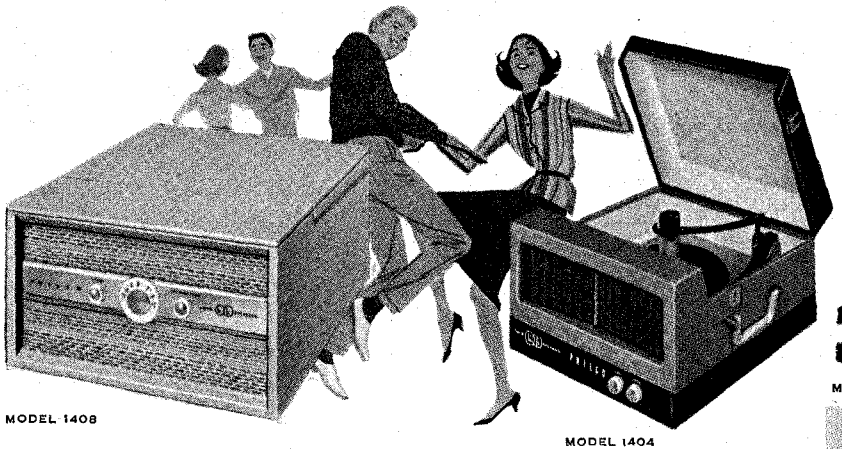
MODEL 754

MODEL 817

### *Surprise someone special with a PHILCO clock radio!*

So good to get, so easy to set! Philco clock radios feature wonderful sound, easily read faces. Model 760 has "his & hers" speakers; 754 a full-swivel base. Both with "Lullaway" shut-off . . . no click. See the wide range of new designs, smart new colors!

*Philco clock radio prices start at* $27.95



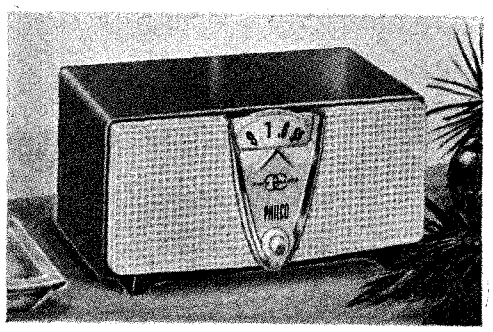
MODEL 1408

MODEL 1404

### *Make it merry—very! Give a PHILCO phonograph!*

With a Philco phonograph, every party's a success. Choose from portables, table models and radio-phono combinations. New cabinet designs. 4-speed changers. Give a Philco and you give years of fun!

*Philco phonographs as little as* $29.95



### *Everyone you know wants another PHILCO radio!*

Radios give so much fun. Philco radios are available in AM-FM models. With twin speakers. Phono-jacks. Wood and plastic cabinets. There's a Philco radio that's right for every room!

*Give a Philco radio; priced from* $19.95

SPECIFICATIONS AND PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

LOOK AHEAD... *and you'll choose*

**PHILCO®**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY — CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*
Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor* — Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor* — Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*

*Associate Editors:* E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Demaree Bess, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson, Arthur W. Baum, Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, Ernest O. Hauser, H. Ralph Knight, Steven M. Spencer, Harry T. Paxton, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Harold H. Martin, Robert L. Johnson, Jr., James P. O'Donnell, Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr.

Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor* — William J. Stevens, Jr., *Assistant Managing Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor* — Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

*Editorial Assistants:* Edward H. Saile, William J. Bailey, Richard L. Lehman, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Ben Allen, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull


## IN THIS ISSUE

*December 14, 1957* — *Vol. 230, No. 24*

### 4 Short Stories


Prize Bounty . . . *Charles Rawlings* 20
The Riviera Affair . . . *Vivian Connell* 24
The Lost Ones . . . *Stuart Cloete* 28
The Tyrant . . . *Norman Katkov* 31


### 8 Articles


Let's be Frank About Me (First of two articles) . . . *June Allyson, as told to John Maynard* 17
The Face of America: Swamped . . . *Photograph by Frank Ross* 22
How We Became the Champs . . . *Frank McGuire, as told to Milton Gross* 25
How Can We Catch Up? . . . *Stewart Alsop* 26
Where are Those Superhighways? . . . *Richard Thruelsen* 30
Bouquets That Bloom for Years . . . *Roul Tunley* 32
Giant-Killers of the California Coast . . . *John Wesley Noble* 36
Free Land—If You Can Hold It . . . *Neil M. Clark* 41


### 2 Serials


West of the Law (Second of eight parts) . . . *Clarence Budington Kelland* 34
Murder on My Street (Conclusion) . . . *Edwin Lanham* 42


### Other Features


Letters . . . 4
Editorials . . . 10
Post Scripts . . . 38
Verse . . . 49, 56, 72, 77
Keeping Posted . . . 92

## THE COVER

Johnny is about to rejoin his other mitten; as for his other galosh, maybe he left it out there under the snow where it will be perfectly safe until spring. Verily, nobody loses more things than young boys—unless it is old boys, who lose wallets, brief cases, umbrellas and sometimes false teeth and bass drums. (Not to slight women, there was the shopper who lost her reading glasses, then heard them crunch under her car as she drove away from a curb.) Last winter, come snow or shine or icicles, a small lost cap hung for weeks on a fence post in Wilton, Conn.; no takers, until Ben Prins gave it a happy home because it gave him this happy cover idea. When he feared he had painted too many lost things on that board, a school principal said, "Paint twice as many."

Nicholson -- a file for every purpose*

The trade-marks everybody knows.
The files everybody likes.
World's fastest-selling brands.

*Thousands of kinds, cuts and sizes

NICHOLSON U.S.A. and BLACK DIAMOND U.S.A.

NICHOLSON FILE CO., Providence 1, R. I.
(In Canada: Nicholson File Company of Canada Ltd., Port Hope, Ontario)



**The Saturday Evening Post,** © 1957 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

**Subscription Prices:** U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs. $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

**Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

**How to read expiration dates** from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 31–58 or February 1, 1958; 2–58 or July 12, 1958.

**The Curtis Publishing Company,** Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

**THE SATURDAY EVENING POST**
**INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.**

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Letters

## Justice in America

Dear Sirs:

When James D. C. Murray [LAWYER FOR THE DEFENSE, by William F. Longgood, Nov. 2] protests that he is a lawyer, not a moralist, he neatly sidesteps the point at issue. Even the guiltiest criminal is entitled to legal counsel and protection but no lawyer is ever justified in twisting legal procedures to avoid the ends of justice.

Law is of no value at all if it does not promote or insure justice. Justice is not a legal question but a matter of morality. When Mr. Murray blandly states that in an especially tough case he tries to slip into the jury a "bug" in the hope that he can obtain a mistrial, he proclaims his philosophy that in order to obtain the acquittal of his client he is ready and willing to disregard all questions of justice. . . .

I am becoming very cynical over the increasing prevalence of legalized immorality and the acceptance of the argument that because an act is legal it is just or moral. Mr. Murray is apparently one who contributes to this trend.

RICHARD R. YOUNG
*Pound Ridge, N.Y.*

## Justice in France

Dear Sirs:

Many thanks to you and the Post for AN AMERICAN IS TRIED IN PARIS, by Toni Howard [Oct. 26]. It was for me a new interpretation for trying the accused. The material made for a classic bit of reading and the writer is to be congratulated for a superb piece of reporting.

FRED MCLINDEN
*Galesburg, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

It would seem that the French are far ahead of us in saying that the criminal should be judged and not the crime. But there is no humanity in turning a person loose while he is still a victim of the fears and insecurities that caused the crime—no humanity to the criminal, no humanity to possible future victims.

MRS. JUANITA MATASSA
*Garden Grove, Cal.*

## Forthright Small Fry

Dear Sirs:

Art Linkletter's KIDS SAY THE DARNDEST THINGS!, Nov. 2–16, is mighty good reading and enjoyable. I hope everyone gets a chance to read it. . . .

One can sure tell what kind of a home children come from by what they say and do in public.

DOR WOODS
*Hereford, Ariz.*

Dear Sirs:

On reading the first installment of Art Linkletter's amusing article, I could not help but remember the remarks of a young member of my Sunday School nursery a few years ago. This three-year-old miss informed her mother that she didn't think Jesus was very nice. When asked why she felt this way, the little lady replied, "After all, he sits on God's right hand."

WINIFRED BRANDT
*Springfield, Mass.*

Dear Sirs:

The most enjoyable article we've read in the Post.

BARBARA AND BUD DARVIN
*Highland Park, N.J.*

Dear Sirs:

Art Linkletter's article . . . was a refreshing change from politics, Marilyn Monroe and other worldly topics. The innocent and uninhibited speech of young children is one of the unspoiled delights of this world.

MRS. J. R. JACKSON
*Pincher Creek, Alta., Can.*

## Aces High Herbert

Dear Sirs:

Re: HOW TO WIN AT POKER, Nov. 9:

Mr. Herbert O. Yardley sure plays to win! Every poker player does likewise, but what sad weekly or monthly games there would be if all the players were "sandbaggers" like Mr. Yardley who only bets on "cinches." The average American poker player is not exactly a "sucker" or a "simpleton." He usually

plays with his own group and knows pretty well what his chances are when drawing to a four-card straight, flush or a pair of "shorts," but he likes a free-wheeling game and he likes action. Draw poker with deuces wild is poker in name only and no true poker player is interested in it. A poker game without anyone having a drink is too ghastly to contemplate.

W. H. HASTINGS
*Cupertino, Cal.*

Dear Sirs:

Shame on a family magazine like The Saturday Evening Post for printing that sinful article on gambling. We lose enough money at bridge without trying to buck deuces wild.

MRS. T. J. LLOYD
*Chicago, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:

Having played poker in Indiana all my adult life, I think I am qualified to question Mr. Yardley permitting the code clerk to empty his pockets in the pot on the final bet in the hand. As anyone knows, "Table Stakes" mean that no one in the game is permitted to "dig," once the hand is started. Otherwise the player in the game with the most money would invariably win since all he would have to do would be to bet more than anyone else had.

In all no-limit table-stakes poker games, no player is permitted to bet more than is in front of him at the start of any hand.

JOSEPH E. LEE
*Indianapolis, Ind.*

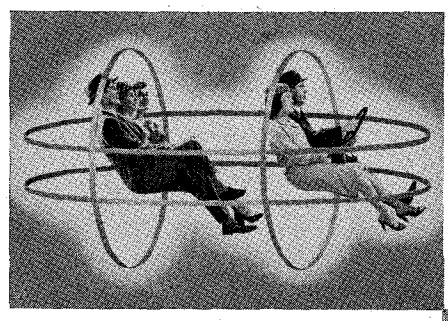
(Continued on Page 6)

*Want to see what a completely new car can do?*

**DRIVE A REVOLUTION ON WHEELS!**

*Turn the key in this bold new Pontiac and you unlock a type of motoring that never existed before!* This much you can be sure of . . . your first ride will be an experience you'll never forget: You'll discover the jeweled-action response of a new kind of power plant; the lyrical smoothness of a floating undercarriage developed out of radical new principles in frame and chassis design; an ease in handling and parking you have never known in conventional cars. If you like to be first with the newest, your Pontiac dealer has the key to the boldest advance in fifty years!

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

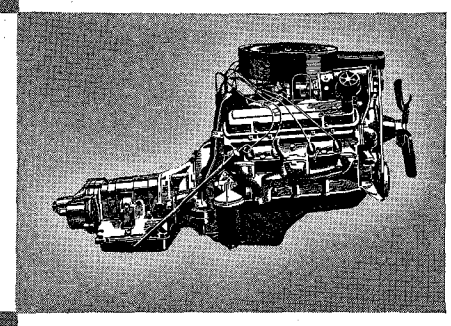


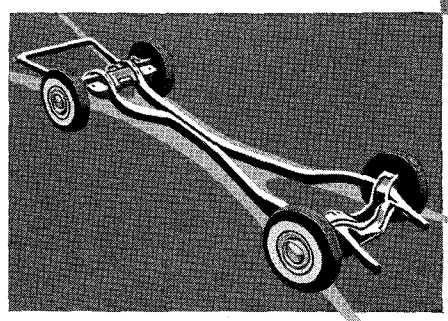
**CIRCLES-OF-STEEL SAFETY** ←

*Pontiac's completely new body construction surrounds you with girder steel protection—above, below, fore and aft. Now you can drive with wonderful new peace of mind!*

**TEMPEST 395 PERFORMANCE** →

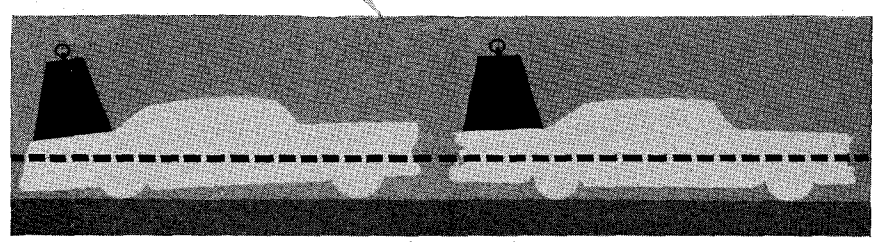
*Sample the smooth precision of America's most advanced V-8! You can choose from 4 horsepower ratings, including Tri-Power Carburetion and Fuel Injection optional at extra cost on any model.*





**AERO-FRAME STABILITY** ←

*Here is the biggest basic construction change since the early days of motoring. This revolutionary new frame design is lighter, stronger, more stable than the conventional box type used on other cars.*



↑ **EVER-LEVEL AIR RIDE*** • *The most perfect suspension yet—air cushions on all four wheels float you over bumps—keeps the car level regardless of load or road! And Pontiac's revolutionary Aero-Frame is specifically designed for it!*

**An extra-cost option.*

**BOLD NEW**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN THE BACKGROUND—ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF BOLD ENGINEERING, MICHIGAN'S NEW MACKINAC STRAITS BRIDGE.

# PONTIAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# luxury for only a dollar!

FABULOUS HAIRDRESSING
IN ALLIGATOR GRAIN
SQUEEZE FLASK

**Suave® FOR MEN**

**in golden gift box**

Give him something to keep him perfectly groomed . . . SUAVE FOR MEN! The hairdressing created for the one man in four who appreciates the best . . . he'll love the natural, well groomed look that lasts all day. Greaseless, of course . . . SUAVE FOR MEN never stains hatbands . . . **$1.00** (plus tax)


# Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

In your Keeping Posted page Mr. Yardley claims to have analyzed 35,000 hands for each principal game. He mentions 5 games in his article: draw, 5-card stud, deuces wild, 7-card stud and 5-card lo ball. This represents analyses of 175,000 hands. Allowing five minutes for each hand, and working an eight-hour day, seven days a week this would take about five years.

MARTIN NEWMAN
*New Rochelle, N.Y.*

● *Yardley started his study of poker more than 50 years ago, at age 16.*
*—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The article . . . by Herbert O. Yardley was aces high in my hand.

I've known Herbert O. Yardley for quite a number of years and he has personally given me a great deal of instruction in breaking codes and ciphers. Although this article was the first I'd seen of his analysis of poker plays, I can truthfully say that it follows his usual pattern of explicit and lucid instruction.

HENRY E. LANGEN
*West Hollywood, Fla.*

Dear Sirs:

After reading the article by Herbert O. Yardley, I practically memorized it, then sat in with a group of "simpletons." They unwittingly took $72 of my hard-earned truck-driving money in almost as many minutes. I'm thankful the game was not for high stakes. As it turned out, I may have learned a good lesson very cheap. The article was interesting anyhow.

CHARLIE SITES
*Detroit, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

The intriguing article . . . by Herbert O. Yardley in the November 9th issue of the Post has been read by all my poker-playing friends. Now NOBODY wins.

KIMBLE G. MARVIN
*Mansfield, Pa.*

## Soapy for President?

Dear Sirs:

SOAPY, THE BOY WONDER, by Beverly Smith, Jr., Nov. 9, was an excellent article by a fine American.

If Governor G. Mennen Williams does not become the next President of the United States, it will not be because he does not deserve that high office or because the vast majority do not want him. It will be because big businessmen and small politicians will manipulate the Democratic Convention so that he will not receive that party's nomination.

THANE GUHL
*New Cumberland, Pa.*

Dear Sirs:

Beverly Smith, Jr.'s, article on Gov. Williams, of Michigan, strikes me as a thinly disguised blast. He implies that Williams should be suspected for his political ambitions. Why is it the vogue to be distrustful of the man who wants to be President? . . .

Give me an intelligent, educated man who thinks he can be a good President and then openly and actively sets out to get the job.

NED G. MARANDINO
*Albuquerque, N. Mex.*

Dear Sirs:

If we are to have a Democratic President why not choose a man who is acceptable to nearly all citizens, a man who cannot be pushed around by any group, a man who has also served his state honorably and well, namely, Senator Frank Lausche.

Soapy is not big enough for the job and he is entirely too anxious to get it.

H. WRIGHT
*St. Johns, Mich.*

Dear Sirs:

Everyone knows Soapy Williams is a captive of the CIO.

CHARLES DAVEY
*Venice, Fla.*

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading your article SOAPY, THE BOY WONDER. It is the finest piece of writing ever done on our governor. We here in Michigan feel he is truly a great man and the future messiah for the Democratic Party in this great country of ours. Hats off to Beverly Smith for letting the rest of this nation know of his great achievements and charm.

L. T. MCCAFFREY, JR.
*Lansing, Mich.*

## Inter-Service Rivalry

Dear Sirs:

Your article, SHOWDOWN IN THE PENTAGON, by Harold H. Martin, Nov. 9, shows where a good slice of the public's paycheck goes—to feed the egos of ranking service officers.

PAUL RETTMAN
*Plainview, Tex.*

Dear Sirs:

The Navy's contention that no single military man has the brains to boss so vast and complex an enterprise as the armed forces has my support, but then, nobody has proved to me that any Navy man, or Air Force man or Army man has the brains to boss his own branch of the military.

Baron de Kalb was right when he said, "Ve don't care who gedts der glory. Ve chust want to vin!"

MRS. DORIS DARNELL
*Rushville, Ind.*

**Post Picture Credits**

*Reading across pages, then down:*

17–Gene Lester. • 18–Phil Burchman, Culver, Phil Burchman. • 19–Culver, three by Gene Lester. • 20, 21–Amos Sewell. • 22, 23–Frank Ross. • 24–Morgan Kane. 25–Wide World, United Press. • 28, 29–Douglas Crockwell. • 30–Larry Keighley. 31–Larry Kritcher. • 32–Ben Rose. • 33–Frank Ross. • 34, 35–Sam Bates. 36, 37–Don Ornitz. • 41–Sid Avery. • 42–Bernard D'Andrea. • 70–Sid Avery. 92–Anonymous, two by Gene Lester; Tom Blau.

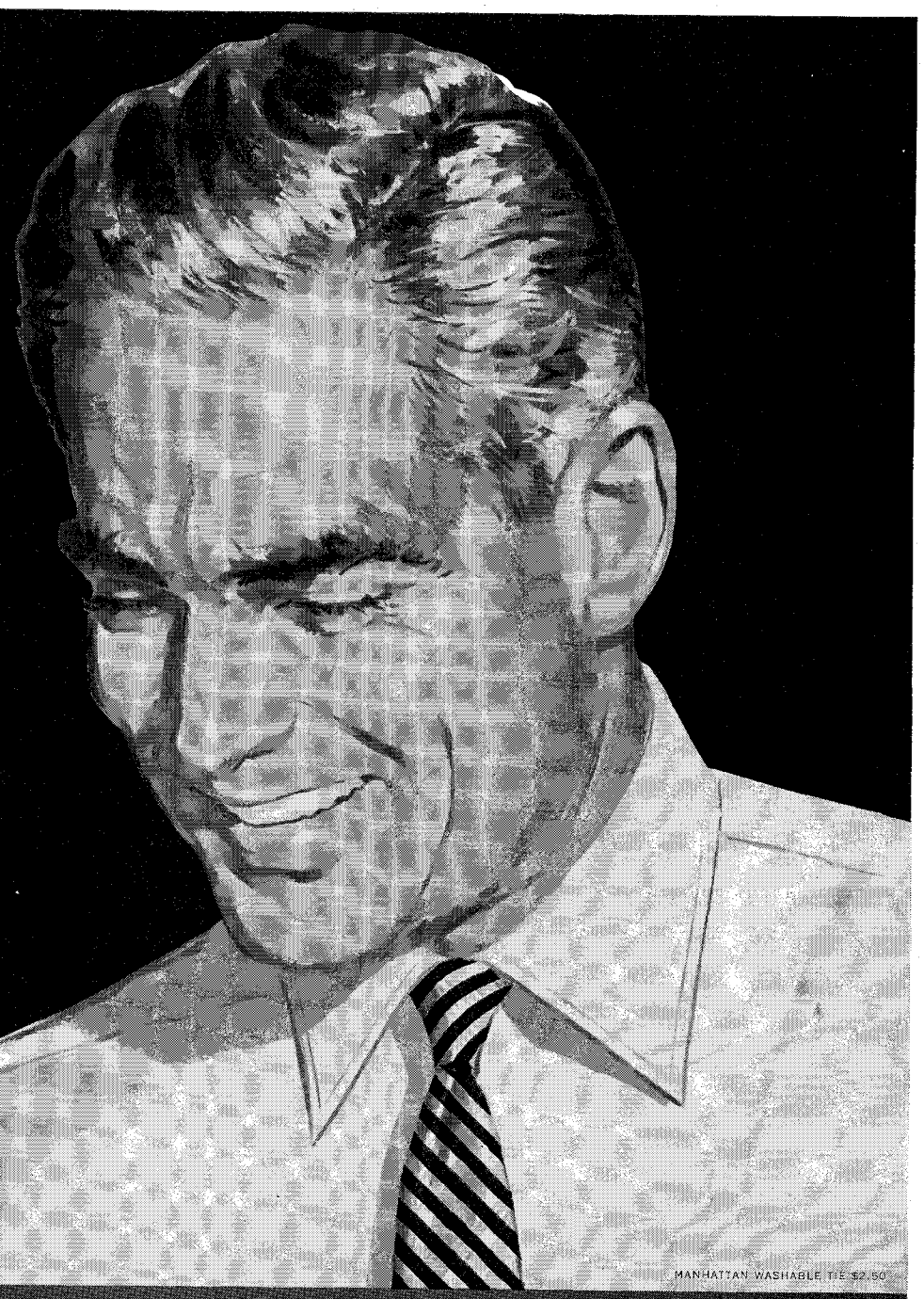
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Manhattan*®

# MANSMOOTH®

## 100% COTTON SHIRTS

# NEVER NEED IRONING

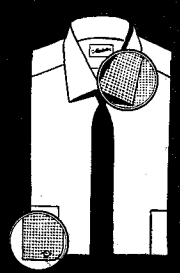


MANHATTAN WASHABLE TIE $2.50

## Give him the one shirt that's 5 gifts in one...

**NO IRONING**

Drips dry smoothly, quickly . . . stays fresh-looking all day.

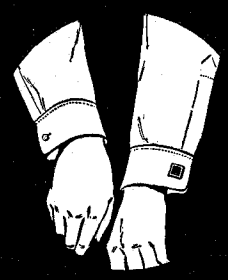


**LONG WEARING COLLAR AND CUFFS**

Specially woven for extra strength, perfect drip-dry performance.

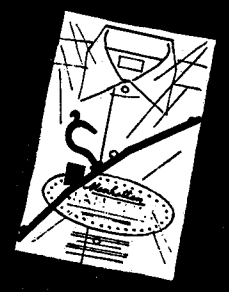
**MANSTAY™ COLLAR**

Permanently sewn-in collar stays. No stays to remove . . . no stays to lose . . . no collar curl.



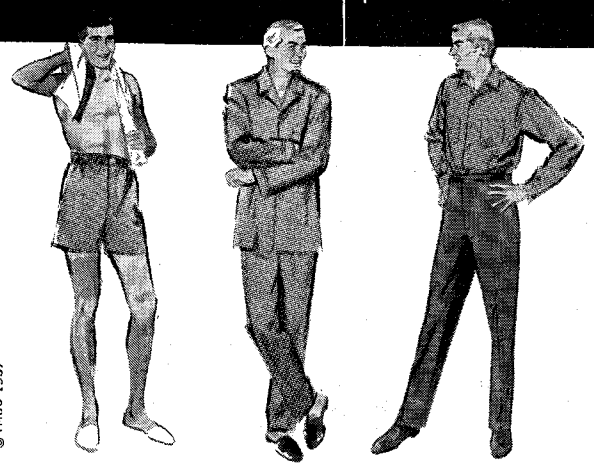
**CONVERTIBLE CUFF**

Wear buttoned or with your favorite cuff links.



**PLASTIC TRAVEL HANGER**

Ideal for drip-drying. Polyethylene Bag for freshness.



BOXER SHORTS $2.00. PAJAMAS $6.95. SPORT SHIRT $5.95.

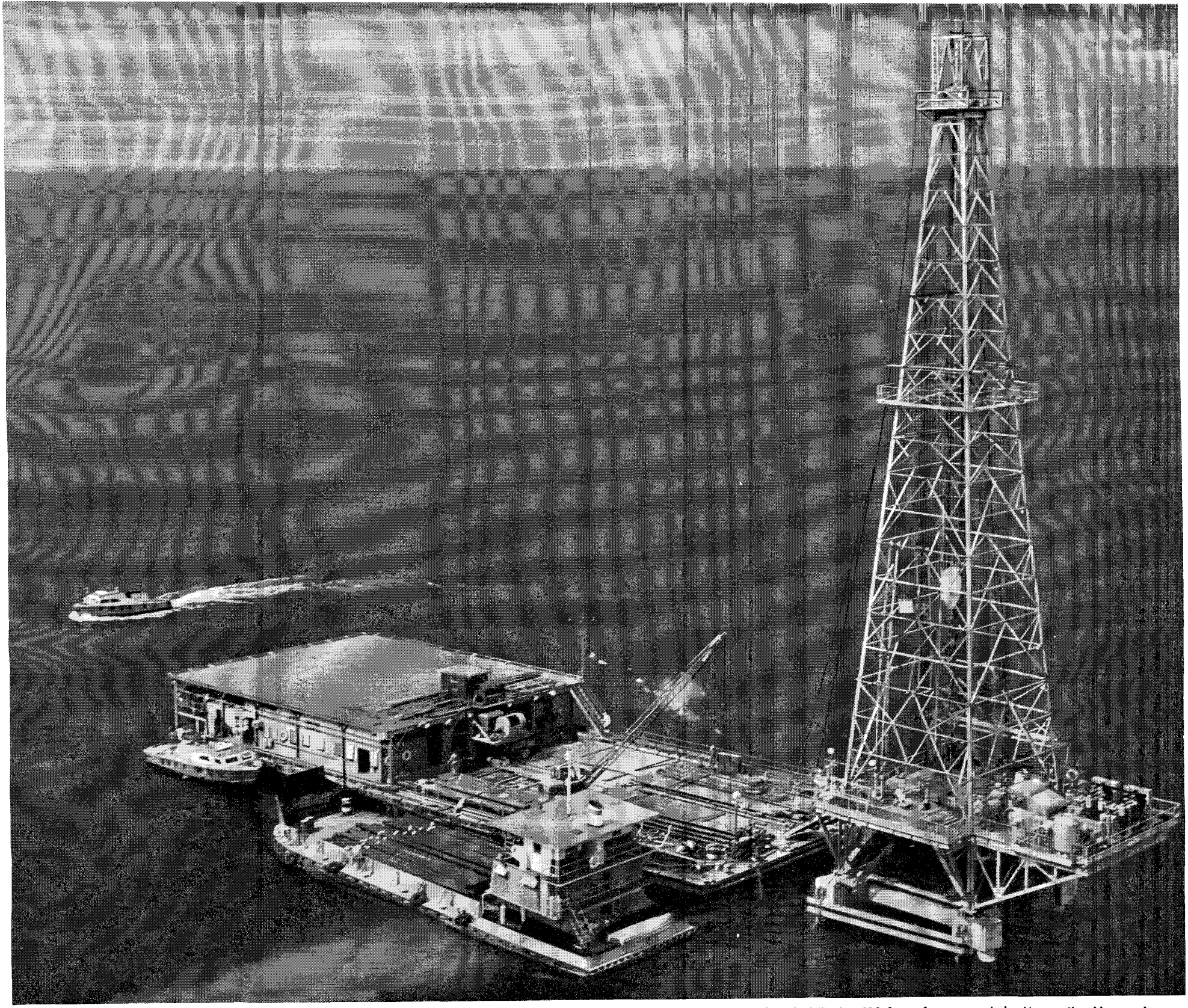
**Give him** MANSMOOTH and you give him a change of pace . . . a change to easier living at all times . . . travelling, at business, or at home. MANSMOOTH stays fresh, unwrinkled and unrumpled . . . thanks to the revolutionary R.O.R.† process. Give him MANSMOOTH and you give him complete convenience, complete satisfaction and complete enjoyment. You can choose MANSMOOTH in broadcloth with MANSTAY collar or in oxford with button-down collar—$5.95 each. As a matter of fact, make it a MANSMOOTH Christmas by giving him *Manhattan* shirts, sport shirts, pajamas and undershorts . . . all in this wonderful new fabric that takes care of itself.

†RATE OF RECOVERY

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT CO., 444 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

© TMSC 1957

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The new Centro Lago 2-X well, drilled in 110 feet of water, at Lake Maracaibo, Venezuela

# Pure Oil goes to Venezuela

## to insure tomorrow's oil supply

The photograph above represents insurance of a supply of PURE petroleum products for years to come. It's our latest oil discovery—the Centro Lago 2-X well in Lake Maracaibo, Venezuela—which ranks as one of the better discoveries in the prolific Lake Maracaibo area. In the Lake, with three other companies as associates, we're jointly drilling in a concession of 43 square miles. But still we search for more.

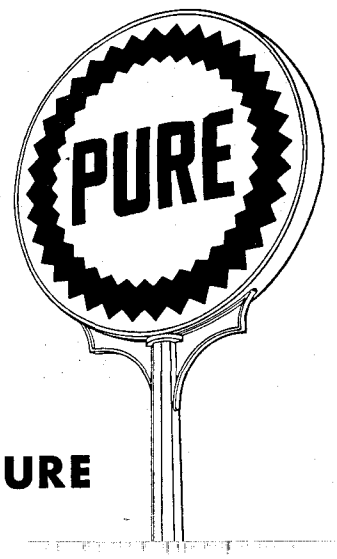
PURE geologists are also exploring offshore areas in the Gulf of Mexico, are searching for oil and gas accumulations in Texas, Louisiana, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, the Dakotas, and Canada. Faraway places like Bolivia, Colombia, Guatemala, Paraguay and the rest of Venezuela are very much in the PURE exploration picture, too.

With nearly 16,000 Pure Oil service stations to feed and the growing demands of farm, home, and industry to meet, PURE's geologists are continually probing the distant corners of the hemisphere for tomorrow's oil supply.

The reservoir tapped by Centro Lago 2-X is in reality an "oil bank." We expect to be drawing on this new Lake Maracaibo source for years, supplementing the production from over 5,500 other Pure Oil producing wells. In addition PURE has over five million acres in the United States and Canada under lease for exploration and development and an interest in more than 19 million acres in Central and South America.

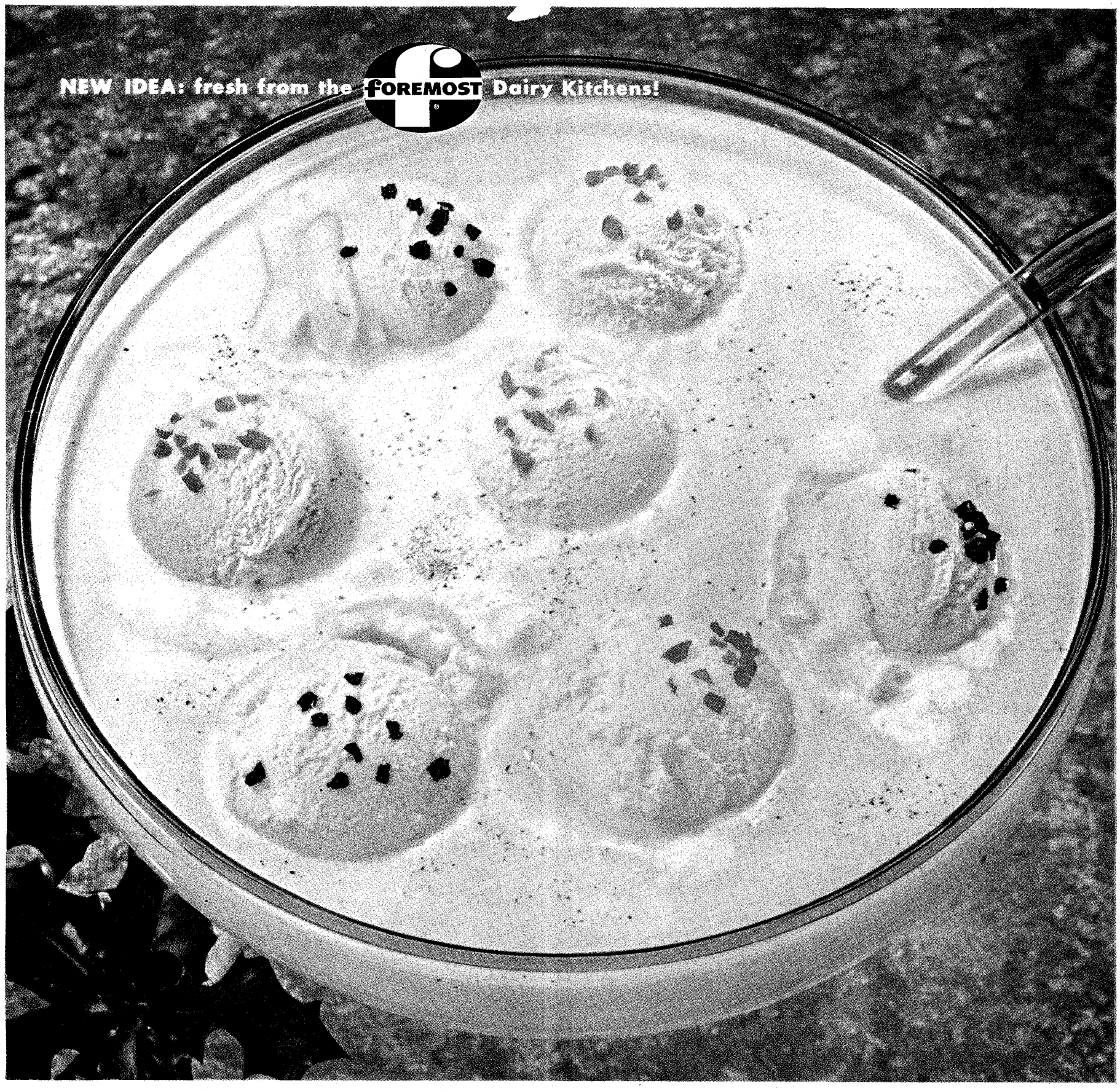
These are some of the reasons why Pure Oil is being called "*America's forward-looking oil company*" and why you can continue to be sure with PURE.

THE PURE OIL COMPANY, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.




**BE SURE WITH PURE**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# Foremost Eggnog 'n Ice Cream

It's a drink! It's a dessert! It's *delicious!*

And easy? You just fill your prettiest bowl with Foremost Eggnog . . . the open-and-pour eggnog that's rich and smooth as the finest home-made kind.

Then—surprise!—you float satiny scoops of Foremost Vanilla Ice Cream right on top. (Or chocolate ice cream if you like. Or how 'bout some of *both*?)

Now you top the whole thing off with candied bits of fruit and nutmeg. And what you get is just about the creamiest, smoothest, best-tasting eggnog that ever helped you hail a holiday.

Have fun proving it—from now right through New Year's!

FOREMOST®

golden state®
In California

Tastemark®
In the Missouri Valley

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

**YOUR FAMILY GETS THE MOST FROM FOREMOST**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Editorials

## Should Unions Back Democrats With Money From G.O.P. Members?

Late last month a Detroit jury of ten women and two men acquitted a local union of the United Auto Workers, CIO, of violating the Federal statute which forbids "any labor organization to make a contribution or expenditure in connection with any election at which presidential or vice-presidential electors or a senator or representative in, or a delegate or resident commissioner to, Congress are to be voted for."

The case has been kicked around, including a return trip to the Supreme Court, since the 1954 election, when the Detroit union put on a radio panel in which various Democratic candidates were interviewed by CIO officials, including Walter Reuther. The union's contention was that its TV operations were purely educational, although CIO officials have usually made no secret of their political ambitions. In 1955 the Daily Worker quoted Mr. Emil Mazey, UAW's international secretary-treasurer, as saying, "What's wrong with a union of 600,000 members making endorsements? The Republican Party controls fifty-one daily newspapers in Michigan, not one of which ever endorses a candidate supported by labor."

One reason why labor unions, as well as corporations, are forbidden to contribute to political parties is that at least part of the funds used for this purpose have been compulsorily collected as dues from all members of the union, many of whom may not be in sympathy with the party favored by the union bosses. Indeed this has been shown to be the case in many areas. When this matter of involuntary contributions came before the Supreme Court earlier this year, Justice Douglas, in a dissenting opinion, dismissed with a judicial shrug the possibility that "there may be a minority of union members who are of a different political school than their leaders." He said that was "a question that concerns the internal management of union affairs." That certainly was not the view of Congress. In the debate preceding passage of the Taft-Hartley Law, Senator Taft summed up the general sentiment when he said: "If a labor organization is using the funds provided by its membership through payment of union dues to put speakers on the radio for Mr. X against Mr. Y, that should be a violation of the law." In the opinion of Justice Frankfurter, Congress has made it one.

The Supreme Court ducked the constitutional issue, and the Detroit jury merely found the union officials not guilty. Consequently we are back where we started. This impasse on so important an issue may revive congressional interest in investigating the political activities of unions, a project which Sen. Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, has been urging for a long time.

The robbery of teamsters for the benefit of their bosses—a matter which appears to leave some of the victims relatively calm—may conceivably be "a question that concerns the internal management of union affairs" (Douglas, J.). But the creation of a national labor party from union dues supposed to be collected for quite different purposes suggests an issue which might well concern a committee of Congress.

## The Hitchhiker You Pick Up May be a Dangerous Criminal!

Despite the "thumbs-down-on-thumbers" campaign of the American Automobile Association, despite the stern and frequent pronouncements of J. Edgar Hoover, despite the warnings from every responsible law-enforcement agency in the country, there are vast numbers of drivers who cannot resist the outstretched thumb and the pleading look of the hitchhiker.

While the average driver's chances of picking up a multiple murderer may be fairly remote, he has a pretty good chance of picking up other unsavory characters. A police check on one highway near Wichita showed that two out of every five hitchhikers had FBI fingerprint records. In one recent twelve-month period on the New Jersey Turnpike—where hitchhiking is illegal—state troopers nabbed 162 runaways, 98 AWOL servicemen, 7 escaped inmates of mental institutions, 5 prison escapees, and 50 others who could not properly account for themselves. Despite the ban on hitchhiking, a large number of these characters were clearly trying to bum rides.

The catalogue of crimes committed by hitchhikers ranges from rudeness to torture and murder. Drivers have had their heads bashed in with stones, have been dismembered and have been disemboweled by strangers they picked up on the highway. More often they were merely robbed. One of the more bizarre episodes in this unlovely story was the case of George Cvek, an ingratiating hitchhiker who used the information he got from talkative husbands to charm his way later into the living rooms of their gullible wives. It was estimated that Cvek had committed more than 200 rape-robberies in this way before he ended up in Sing Sing's electric chair a few years ago.

It is hard to see why any intelligent man should take the chance of picking up strangers. In at least twenty-one states, he can be held liable for any injury to the hitchhiker riding in his car.

In the opinion of the A.A.A., only Washington, of all the states, has passed a hitchhiking law with real teeth in it. In Washington, incidentally, drivers who pick up strangers at the roadside can themselves be penalized.

Many law-enforcement officials would like to see a tough anti-hitchhiking law enacted by every state in the land. Lacking that, the average driver should use his brains. He should no more invite a total stranger into his car than he would invite him home for the night.

## Chiang Didn't Make U.S. China Policy; the Communists Did

Probably there are some matters that could be handled differently by our foreign-policy officials. Former Secretary of State Dean Acheson appears to think he has stumbled upon a really serious blunder. Before a group of Democratic foreign-policy makers recently, the former Secretary of State advised a "completely new study" of our China policy on the ground that "Mr. Chiang Kai-shek is not going to live forever."

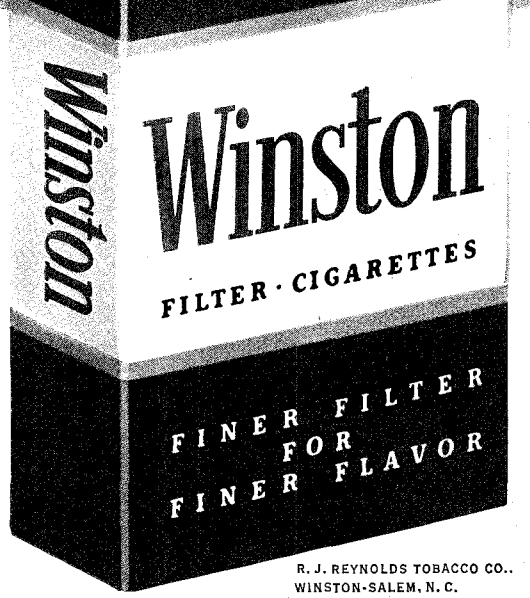
This could mean either that Mr. Acheson thinks the people of Formosa will change their minds about Communism once Chiang Kai-shek is out of the way, or that the United States has based its China policy on the personality of Chiang Kai-shek and will therefore have to revise the policy when Chiang is no more.

Inasmuch as the Formosans know Chinese Communism from way back, there is no reason to expect them to embrace it after the death of their present leader. Their present lot, although limited by Western standards, is luxury itself compared to that of their brothers on the mainland. The second alternative is also absurd, because American politicians have often found Chiang hard to get along with. The fact that we owe him a lot for his long resistance to Red aggression and that defense of his island is a political strategic "must" for the United States irks many American foreign-service officials, especially of the "liberal" variety.

Mr. Acheson's remark that Chiang "is not going to live forever" is also irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial. After all, Chancellor Adenauer is not going to live forever, nor is Syngman Rhee. And Mr. Khrushchev's life expectancy may be briefest of all. But American policy on China, as on Germany or South Korea, is based on American and free-world interest, which just now dictates the maintenance of as much of a defense as can be managed against global Communist aggression. That necessity would remain even if the leaders of our free-world allies were in their early twenties. Indeed President Diem, the pro-West leader of Vietnam, is only fifty-six, but, in our own interest, we should have to do our best to keep him in business if he were twenty years older, or younger.

The Red propagandists would certainly welcome the idea that our determination to defend the free world, and ourselves, is so ephemeral and temporary that it could be revised downward, once a few aging Oriental statesmen have been gathered to their fathers. But should anybody else fall for it?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




# The taste is tops—in pack or box!

Now you can buy Winston in either the popular regular pack *or* in the new crush-proof box! Either way, of course, you get Winston's rich flavor—the bright, clear flavor of fine tobacco. And there's Winston's exclusive filter, too—snowy-white and pure. Wouldn't this be a good time for *you* to switch to Winston?

**NOW** in crush-proof box, too!

## Smoke **WINSTON** America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette!

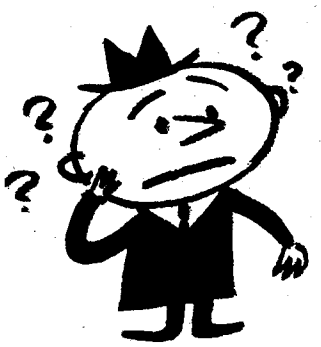
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Now! Try the pineapple juice with field-fresh flavor!

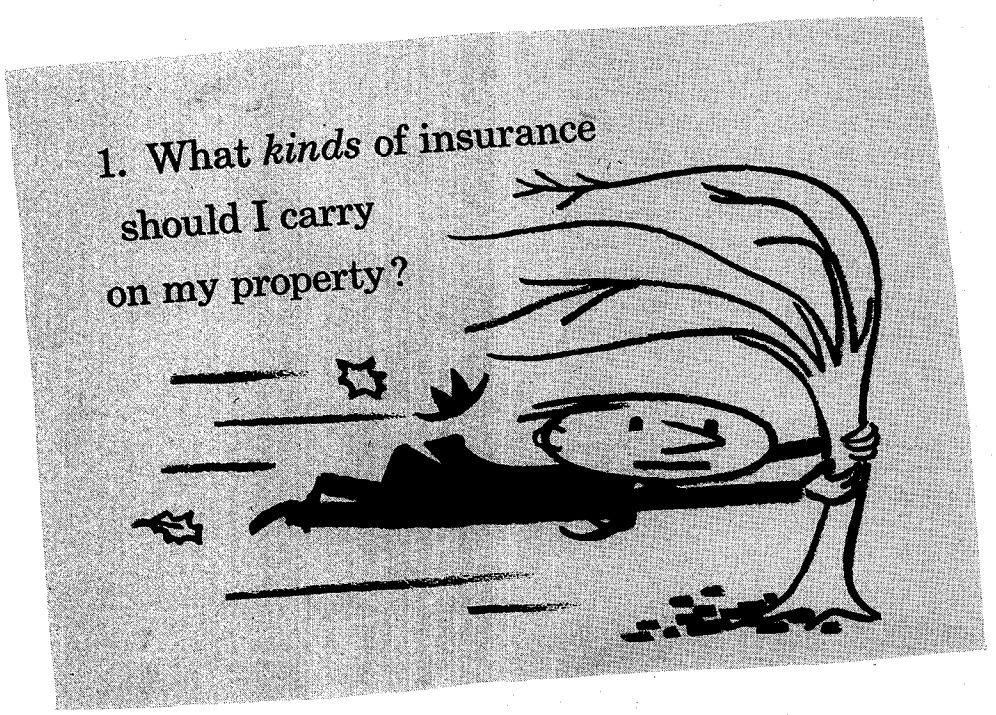
You couldn't enjoy this field-fresh flavor more if you picked a DEL MONTE Pineapple, cut it open, and tasted the juice right on the spot! You see, these pineapples are allowed to ripen fully, naturally, until the flavor is a beautiful blend of tart and sweet. Then DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice is canned so quickly and skillfully you get every bit of this delectable flavor! It's a refreshing, energy-building drink, delightful any time of day. Try DEL MONTE Pineapple Juice soon—it's the brand you know puts flavor first!

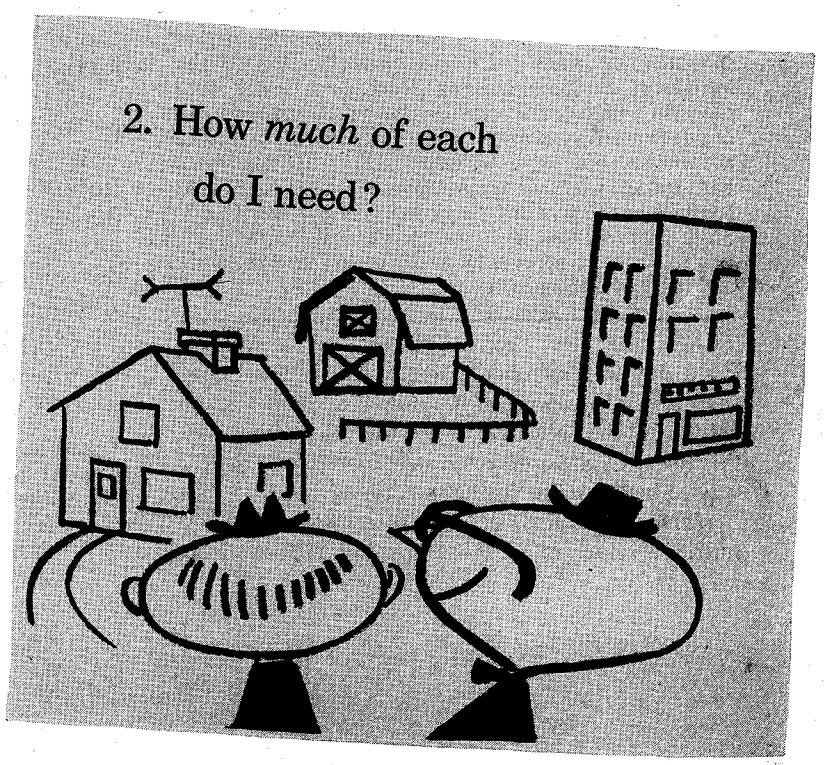
**Del Monte® PINEAPPLE JUICE**

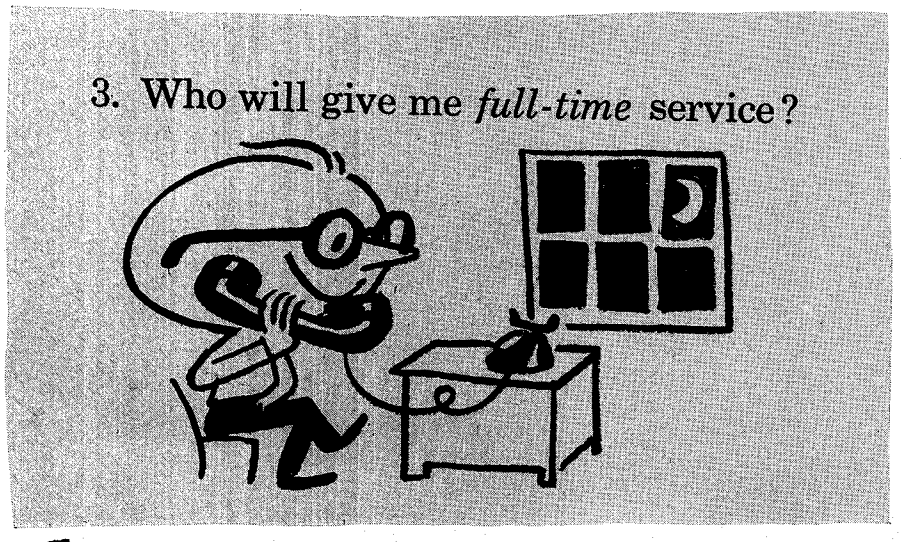
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

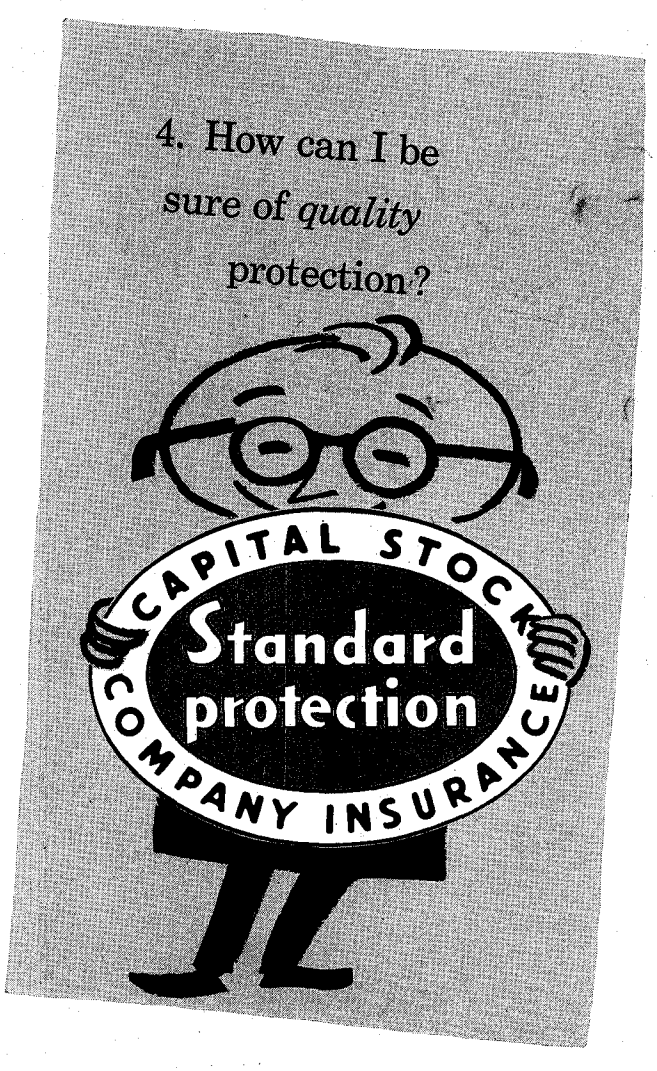


# Where would you find the answers?




You will find your independent local insurance agent or broker has the answers to all these questions.

He can help you solve your insurance problems, because your protection is his business. Located in your own community, he knows the special conditions of the area. The services he provides are based on his training and practical experience.

Just a telephone call may be all that's needed to answer *your* insurance questions. And when you buy insurance, insist on the *quality* protection and *full-time* service of Stock Company Insurance. **And remember: if you're not *fully* insured—it's not enough!**

NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS *An organization serving the Public and the Capital Stock Insurance Companies since 1866*

85 John Street, New York 38, N. Y., 222 West Adams Street, Chicago 6, Ill., 465 California Street, San Francisco 4, Cal.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Nowadays they build acres in the *farmyard*

## ANOTHER HARVESTORE® GOING UP! IT'S THE KEY TO VERTICAL FARMING, REVOLUTIONARY WAY TO MAKE EVERY ACRE MORE PRODUCTIVE

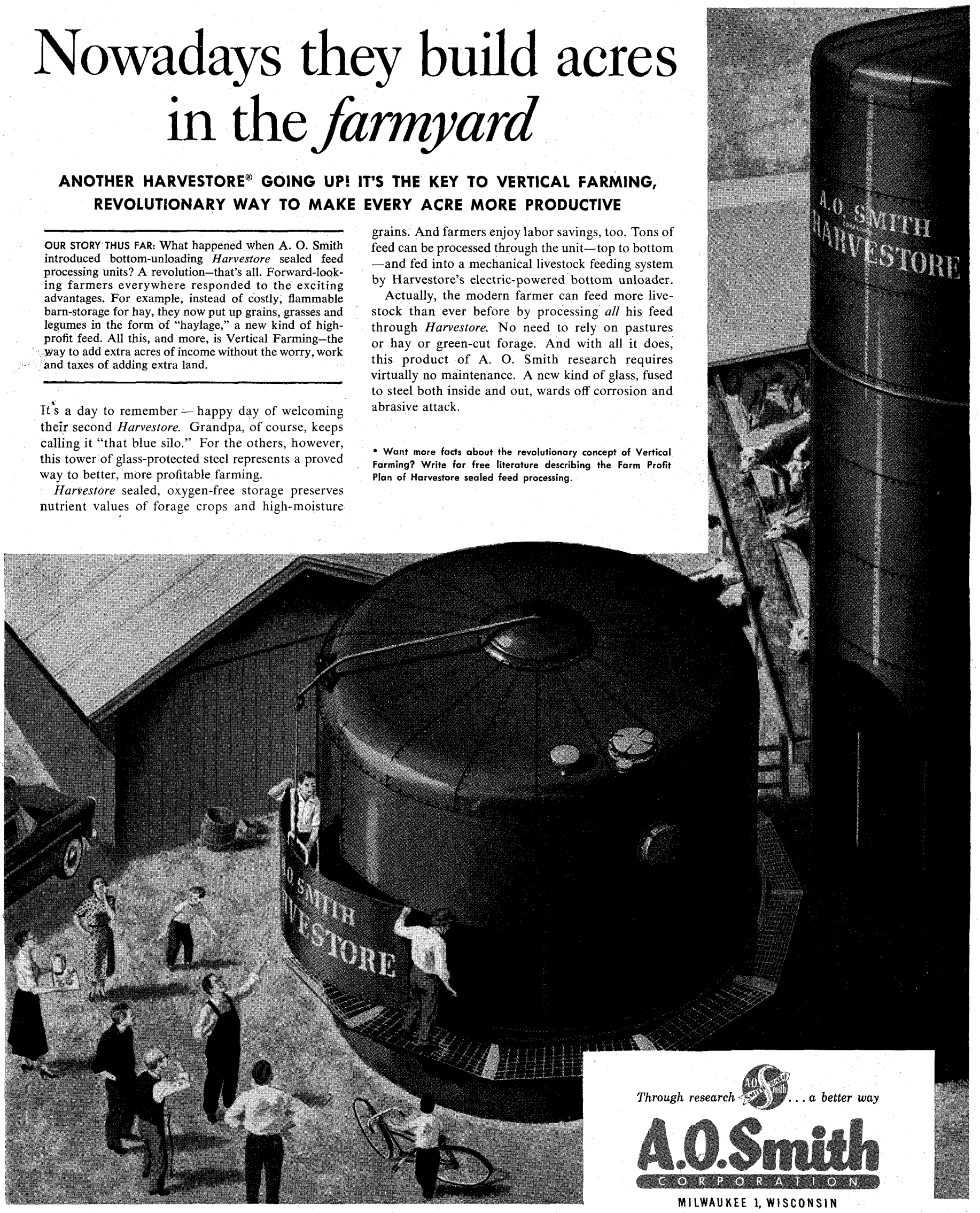
**OUR STORY THUS FAR:** What happened when A. O. Smith introduced bottom-unloading *Harvestore* sealed feed processing units? A revolution—that's all. Forward-looking farmers everywhere responded to the exciting advantages. For example, instead of costly, flammable barn-storage for hay, they now put up grains, grasses and legumes in the form of "haylage," a new kind of high-profit feed. All this, and more, is Vertical Farming—the way to add extra acres of income without the worry, work and taxes of adding extra land.

It's a day to remember — happy day of welcoming their second *Harvestore.* Grandpa, of course, keeps calling it "that blue silo." For the others, however, this tower of glass-protected steel represents a proved way to better, more profitable farming.

*Harvestore* sealed, oxygen-free storage preserves nutrient values of forage crops and high-moisture grains. And farmers enjoy labor savings, too. Tons of feed can be processed through the unit—top to bottom —and fed into a mechanical livestock feeding system by Harvestore's electric-powered bottom unloader.

Actually, the modern farmer can feed more livestock than ever before by processing *all* his feed through *Harvestore.* No need to rely on pastures or hay or green-cut forage. And with all it does, this product of A. O. Smith research requires virtually no maintenance. A new kind of glass, fused to steel both inside and out, wards off corrosion and abrasive attack.

**• Want more facts about the revolutionary concept of Vertical Farming? Write for free literature describing the Farm Profit Plan of Harvestore sealed feed processing.**




*How We Work Steel To Make Steel Work For You...*

*Through research* A.O. Smith *... a better way*

**A.O.Smith**
CORPORATION
MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

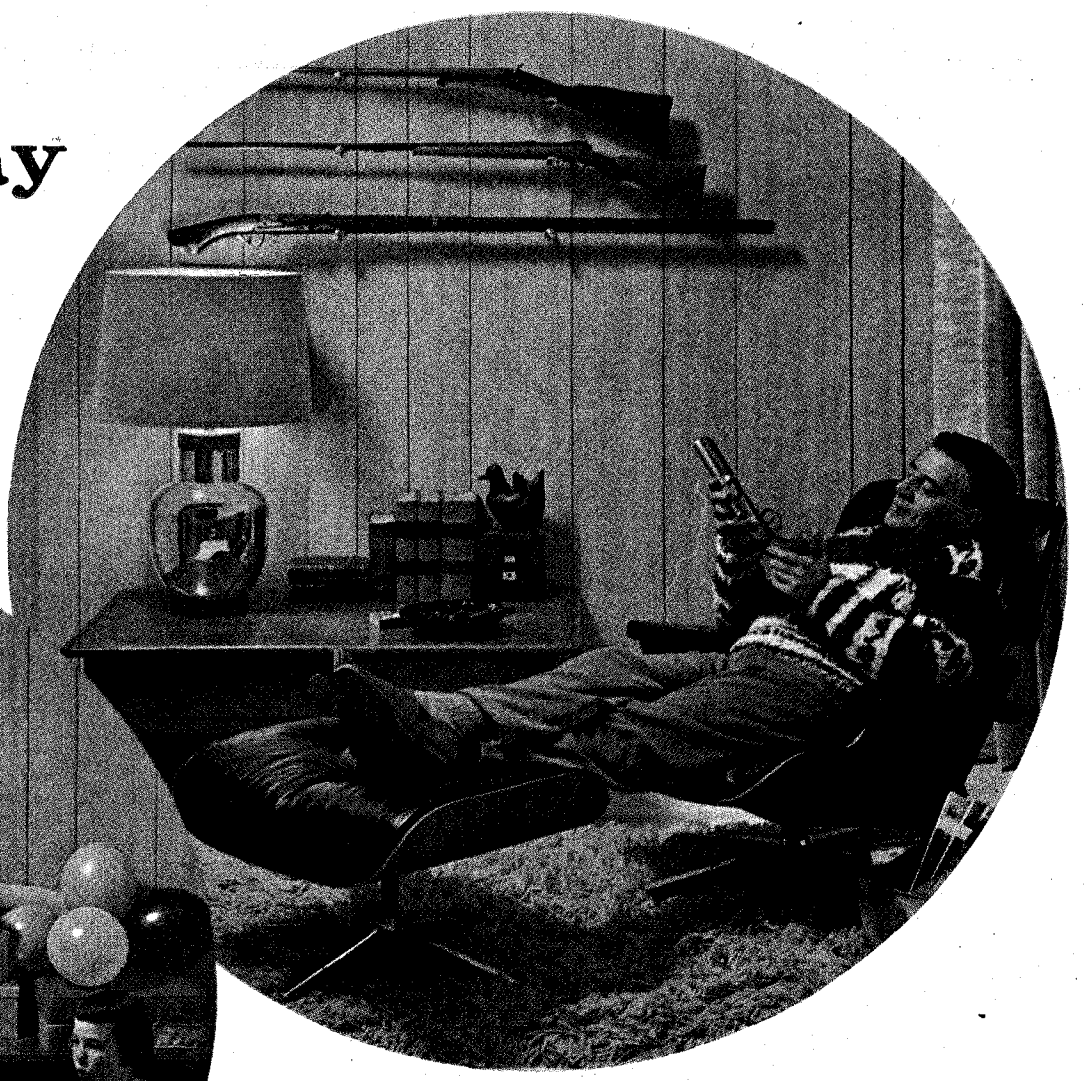
***...where creative skill with steel serves you through better products and processes for home, farm, industry and government***

A. O. Smith International S. A., Milwaukee 1, Wis., U. S. A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

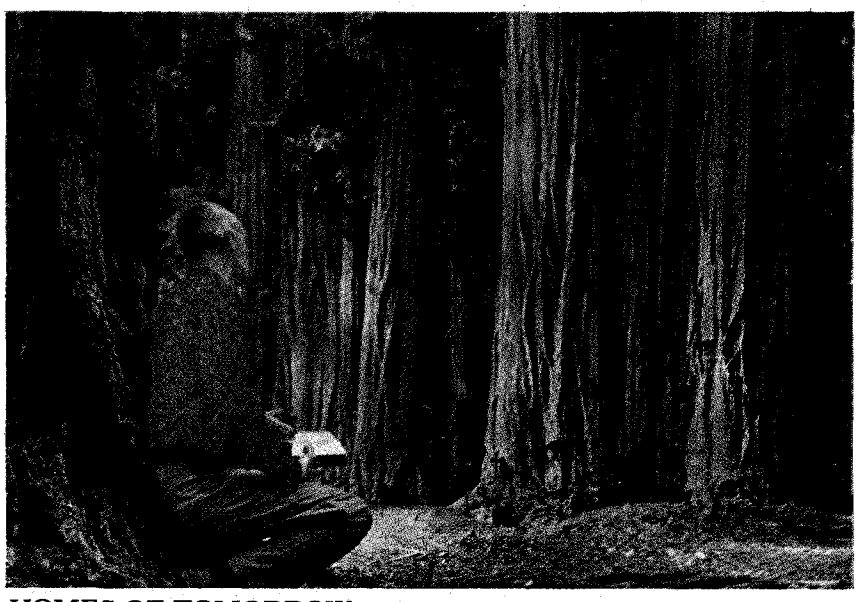
# Homes of Today

LUSTROUS CALIFORNIA REDWOOD PANELING is one of the marks of true warmth you'll find in so many of today's homes. And now you can give *your* home this same friendly glow of hospitality—*at a price you can afford.* This beautiful Simpson rift grain redwood plywood is enhanced by grooves "toasted in" for a relaxed, random-planked effect.



*Simpson redwood plywood with toasted V-grooves is at home in any decorating scheme. V-groove random planking is also available in fir, Philippine mahogany and knotty pine.*

TOASTED "V-GROOVE" REDWOOD PLYWOOD COSTS ONLY ABOUT $33 for the average wall. It comes in easy-to-handle 4-by-8-foot sheets for quick installation by do-it-yourselfers or contractors, right over old wall surfaces or in new construction. Ask your architect, builder or lumber dealer today about Simpson toasted V-groove redwood plywood. For information about finishing redwood and other plywood paneling, send now for full-color 36-page booklet—only 25c. Just fill out coupon and mail.



**HOMES OF TOMORROW** *Simpson has pioneered sound forest management practices which assure continuous yield of plywood and doors and other useful forest products for the needs of future generations.*

**Rely on Simpson®**

*ONE OF THE OLDEST NAMES IN FOREST PRODUCTS • QUALITY SINCE 1895*

SEND FOR BIG NEW 36-PAGE FINISHING BOOKLET! "Manual on Finishing Plywood" has 68 full-color finish illustrations, plus decorating ideas and suggestions for the use of plywood in the home! Send 25c and coupon to:

Simpson, 1020 White Building
Seattle 1, Washington

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....(ZONE).....
STATE.....

Please print ST-79

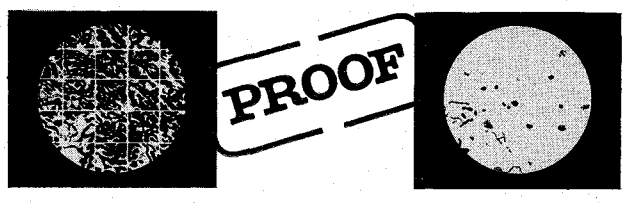
You Can Rely on Simpson for the Finest in Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock and Redwood Lumber • Acoustical Products • Hardboard Products Insulating Board Products • Paper and Paper Products • Interior and Exterior Plywood • Plywood Specialties • Flush and Panel Doors

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Are you like these two, can't always brush after meals – even though it's best?*

# *Start the day with* GLEEM *...the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

## JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay-and odor-causing bacteria

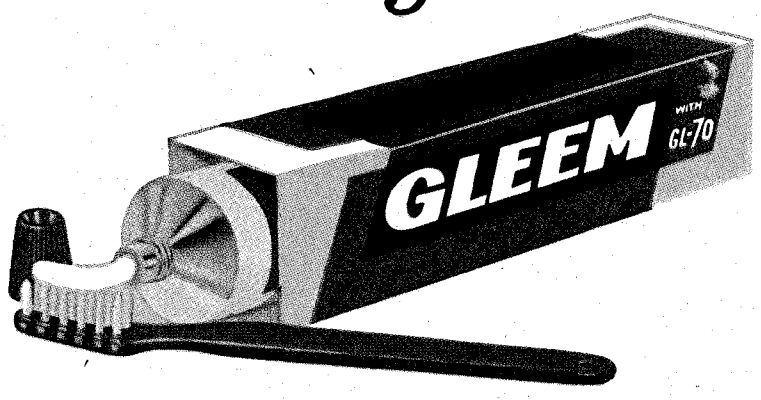



MOUTH BACTERIA, CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY, BUILD UP OVERNIGHT LIKE THIS

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF THESE BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED

On holiday trips . . . or whenever you're on the go—here's how to get added resistance to decay . . . protection against mouth odor *all day!* Just start the day with Gleem. That's what more and more families are doing when they're faced with the problem of not always being able to brush after meals. Gleem with exclusive GL-70 is so effective that just one brushing completely destroys most bacteria. You'll find the youngsters agree Gleem's flavor is so terrific, it makes brushing *fun!* So always depend on the one and only Gleem!

Only GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!



**Mouth odor stopped all day** with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor, freshens the mouth morning until night . . . means a *sweeter goodnight* kiss. So start *your* day with Gleem!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Let's be Frank About Me

This astonishing little girl from the Bronx lets her blond hair down and tells about her origins, her struggles, her psychiatric bouts and her off-again, on-again separation from husband Dick Powell.

By JUNE ALLYSON,
as told to John Maynard

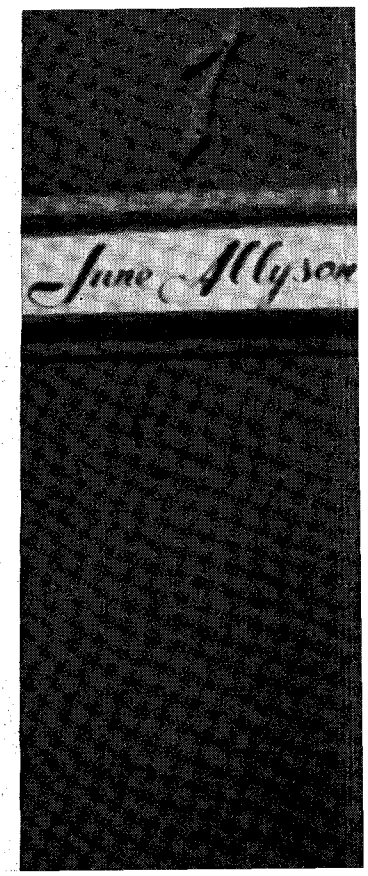
First of Two Parts

From time to time I have heard it said that I am ambitious, ruthless, opportunistic. Once I overheard a straightforward friend sum me up by saying, "She's skinny; she's a little bow-legged; she can't sing much or dance much. She's certainly no raving beauty, and she's got a speaking voice that seems to be crying for cough drops after every syllable."

Even my husband, Dick Powell—whom I call Richard because I hate the diminutives of proper names—described me in not too flattering terms after our first meeting. "She has a barrel-house voice," he told a friend, "and her veins stand out like a garden hose."

Thank you, Richard, dear. I can't blame you for saying what is the simple truth. I know that I'm thin and small and rather plain; that I lisp a little and stutter when I am tired, and sometimes on the phone.

But I cannot think that I'm tough or ruthless, and I do not think that my friends think




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As a 16-year-old, June (above right) landed her first chorus line work in the 1938 Broadway musical Sing Out the News. To do so, she had to quit high school for good.

Kenneth Bowers and June in Best Foot Forward, the 1941 show which catapulted her into Hollywood.

From left: Gloria DeHaven, June, and Van Johnson in Two Girls and a Sailor, the 1943 film in which she became typed as "the wistful girl-next-door."

so either. The truth is that until only recently I had a neurotic fear of failure. I was always running away from something; always running away; never toward anything.

For thirteen of my fourteen years in Hollywood, I ran and ran and ran—part of a lifelong flight from reality. I built little lies into fantasies, and after a while they became the truth. I was fear-ridden and not rational, and I skirted the truth and built up defenses against it. Once I thought I'd gone too far with the deception; that I'd passed the point of no return. It has taken me fourteen years, for example, to bring myself to tell the truth about my childhood. My studio biographies say that my real name is Jan Allyson; that I was born to Arthur and Clare Allyson in Lucerne, New York, in Westchester County. But those facts are lies, and I started the lies.

The truth is that my real name is Ella Geisman. My father was Robert Geisman, the janitor of the building where I was born. My mother's name is Clara, and I was born in a cold-water flat on 143rd Street in the Bronx. There is no such town as Lucerne, New York.

I was delivered by an aunt instead of a doctor; and when I was old enough I used to beg crates and packing cases from the shops under the Third Avenue El and drag them home to burn in the coal stove.

My father left my mother when I was six months old, and it was twelve years before I saw him again. I have never known him. He and my older brother, Henry, now live in Los Angeles; I don't know where and I don't care.

I also have numerous aunts and cousins spread throughout New York City, but I have no intention of mentioning them here by name. They were not kind to me when I was a child being shuttled from one to another, and I do not doubt that if my connection with them became known publicly, they would invade my life or try to capitalize on my name.

They wanted no part of me then. I want no part of them now. If that is ruthless and tough, then that's what I am. If that constitutes going Hollywood, then I've gone. It's a pleasant sensation. But my mother, Clara, is a shrine to me. She is an absolute wonder, as she always has been. When my father left with Henry, my mother sent me to live with her parents so that she could go to work in a print shop, working all sorts of shifts. At twenty dollars a week there could be no thought of a baby-sitter.

Until I was six or seven I lived with my grandparents on Lucerne Street in the Bronx, and that is where I probably got the name for my false birthplace, Lucerne, New York.

I will always remember grandma, my love after mother. She took me to my first movie, and to the zoo, and on little trips as far north in the Bronx as Van Cortlandt Park, where there were such unlikely things as trees and grass, and air that didn't smell of gasoline. I was with grandma when I saw my first flowers.

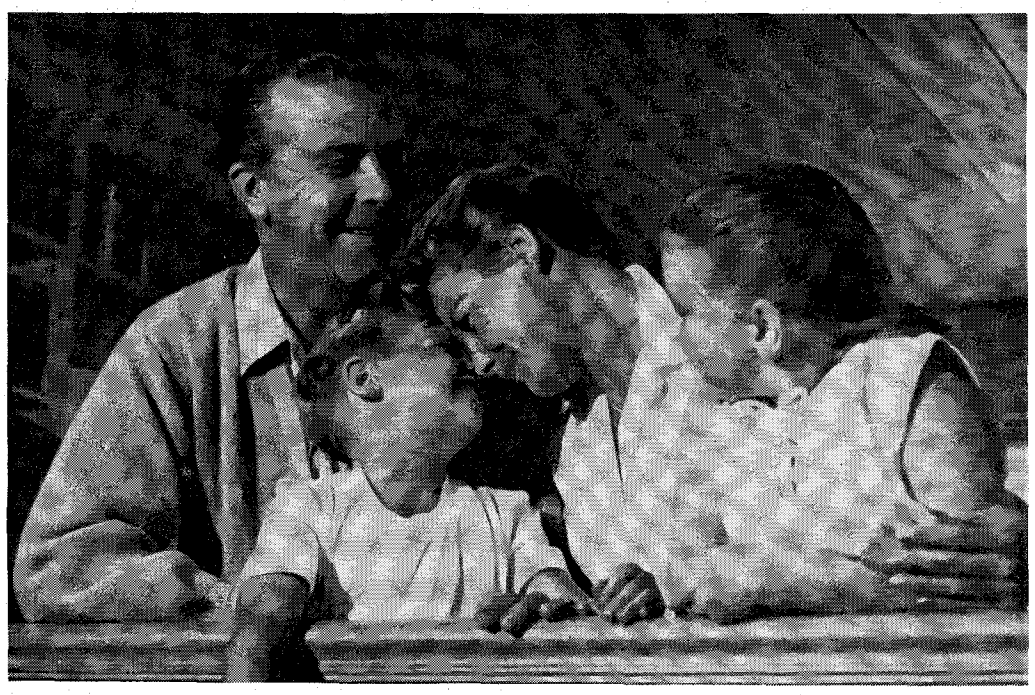
Grandma died suddenly in the night, of a coronary occlusion, and I was told the next day by two maliciously joyous cousins who chanted, "Your grandma's dead; your grandma's dead!" sensing the tragedy only in terms of my distress.

"She's not; she's not!" I screamed. "You're nothing but little old liars!" I locked myself in my room, and mother, with kindness and understanding, did not disturb me.

Then one day when I was eight and living with mother, a terrible thing happened. It was summer, a blistering hot day, and I had been taken to Coney Island. I was wonderfully happy. I had a dog and a bicycle and a new pink taffeta dress, and I had been to Coney Island. It was a rich day!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

August 19, 1945: June as a 21-year-old bride with her groom Richard Powell. Since then, their marriage has been a combination of "pain and happiness."



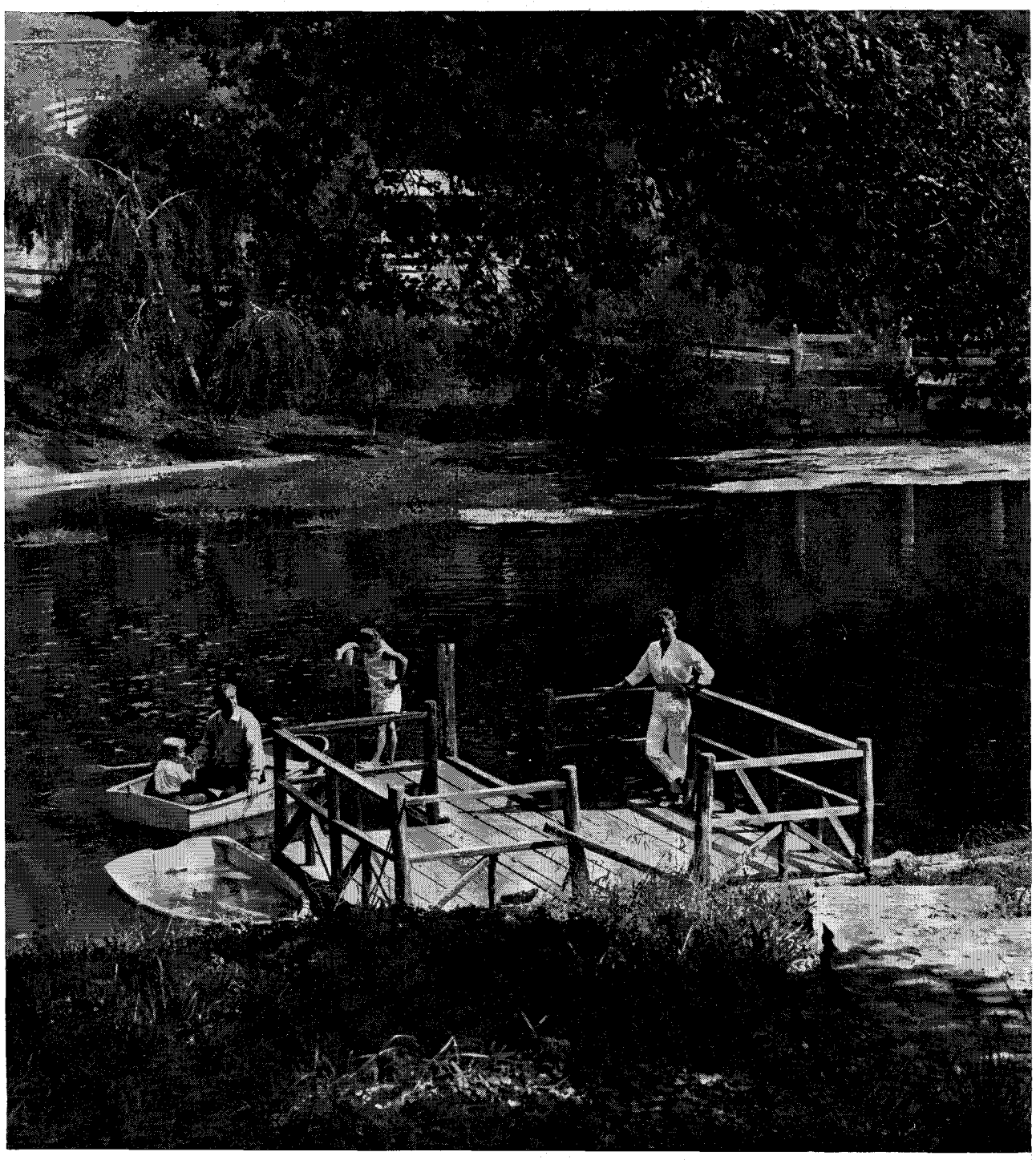
The Powells at home: At left is their son Ricky, who was born on Christmas Eve in 1950. Pamela (right), whom they adopted in 1948, is now nine years old.

The author with her current stepfather, William Brenner, and her mother, Clara, who often stops by to "sit" for the Powells with her two grandchildren.

And on that day came the event that decisively channeled my life into the pattern it was to follow until fairly recently. If it had not happened I might have been a well-adjusted *Hausfrau* whose only connection with pictures is a Friday-night visit to the early show.

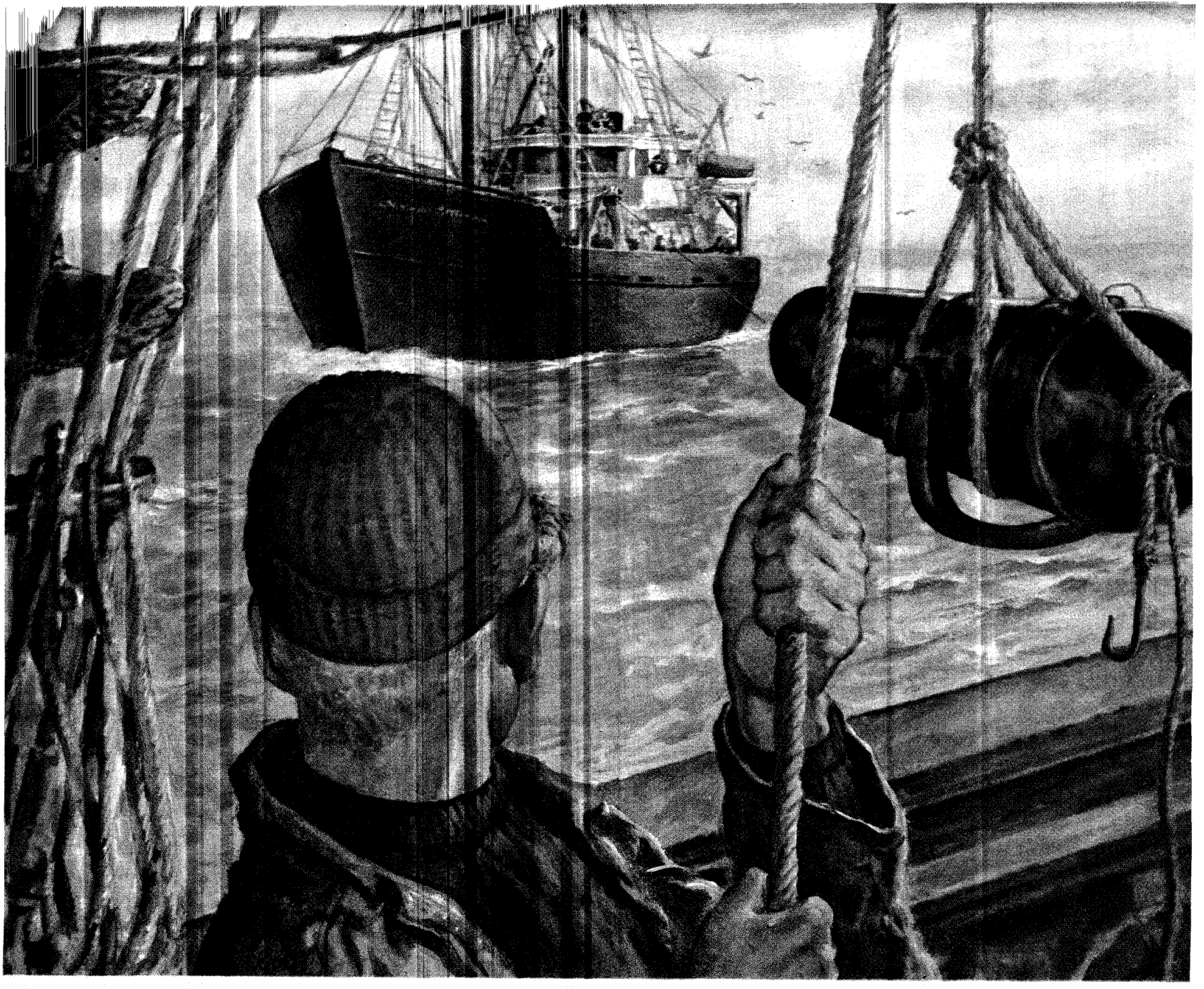
Instead I became a movie star with a compulsive drive beyond all reason. And now that the scales are balanced again, I can look back on that day and thank God for it.

But that day—the Coney Island and taffeta-dress day—I wanted to ride my bicycle when I got home. Mother said no, but when she had gone inside, I pedaled down Lucerne Street with my cousin; and my wire-haired terrier, Teddy, raced beside me with the marvelous idiot affection of dogs. My cousin and I double-dared each other to ride beneath a tree that had been struck by lightning. The tree had a (Continued on Page 57)



Boatman Richard brings son Ricky in for a safe landing after a row around the artificial lake on the Powells' Brentwood estate. Across the pond is the corral which contains their herd of Aberdeen Angus cattle.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# PRIZE BOUNTY

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

## The crew of the little *Molly* was ready to protect its rights at all costs.

Illustrated by Amos Sewell

Far down east on the cold, foggy coasts where the cod swims—Newfoundland, Labrador, Greenland—it behooves a priest to be a fisherman. In many a parish three days a year the harvest of the sea is given to the church for its charities. One of the "Days" is always June twenty-ninth, the Feast of Sts. Peter and Paul; the two others the priest names himself according to his fancy.

In the prosperous Conception Bay area of Newfoundland there was a short, fat, jolly priest named Patrick Roary who was a good fisherman. He loved the suspense and adventure of his "Days" and the give-and-take banter that led up to them. "Peter's Day," as he called the fixed feast day, was his favorite. Peter had become, to Father Roary, a very vivid and beloved personality. To be able to invoke Peter and feel in partnership with him was to Father Roary a very great privilege and pleasure. His church fish always ended up fancy salt cod as white and clean as snow, and he got top price on the St. John's market. He had done much good with the money.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Put the coals to that fuse, Peg Leg," said Jowler James.

In his sixtieth year Father Roary developed an embolism in his plump right leg. After suffering untold agonies, he submitted to amputation above the knee.

"Patrick," said the bishop in St. John's after Father Roary was out from the hospital and hobbling about on a very expensive artificial leg, "the modern mechanization of the fishery is maybe the work of the devil. It is ruining most of our coastal parishes. They will work not at all. You are a fisherman. What can be done?"

"Next to the wheel," said Father Roary, "the net and the fishhook are man's oldest inventions. Fishing has always been mechanized. Your poor parishes have quit because their gear of late is not so big or so powerful as the Yanks'. Little mended nets and rusty fishhooks will still catch some fish. There is still a market. Simply get the lazy rogues to resume fishing."

"Resume fishing!" said the bishop. "Good! Work out a plan I can consider. Go forth, Patrick, to Tops'l Cove. It used to be a very devil for fish. Now it is a sad, forlorn little hamlet."

*And*, said Father Roary to himself afterward, *maybe what he was thinkin' was that a sad, forlorn, peg-legged little priest would be only fitting for sad little Tops'l Cove. Well, Patrick, we go forth to Tops'l Cove, whatever he was thinking.*

It was a ragged, blown-out little village on the Newfoundland south coast. It was all rocks and a wild, bold shore that was eternally thundering under the southeasterly gales that roared ashore out of the whole reach of the Atlantic. With the wind whipping his priest's black valise with his dory boots lashed to its side, Father Roary surveyed his new parish. He was limping badly, for he was tired. There was a place on his leg stump white-hot from stabbing pain; nerve ends were adjusting to change and nerves healed very slowly.

Father Roary put his weight on his good leg. His church—a structure painted yellow with brown trim—depressed him. It frowned down on the little village of white cottages. There was one store and one rotted wharf with a big fishhouse alongside. The season was late May, but there were no flowers. No birds sang.

Two days later, with the sound of the sea a muted, deep roar, he sat waiting for the first meeting he had called in his new parish. It was a meeting of the men. The low hum coming from the parish hall was without the laughter and raucous banter he had been used to hearing.

He limped out onto the hall's stage and smiled his round, warm smile. The room quieted. The men turned up old, deep-etched, weathered faces. He told them what he wanted. The fishing must resume. Self-support and self-respect must return to Tops'l Cove. To start things off, the Days for the Church, those holy harvests of the sea that cared for the sick and the helpless, must be fished. The first one, the feast of the great Saint Simon Peter who had been a fisherman himself on Galilee, was but thirty days distant. There was silence for a long moment. Then a tall old man stood.

"I'm Jowler James, sor," he said. "I speak for all here.

(Continued on Page 79)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

# Swamped

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's beginning to get rugged on mail slide No. 3. Here in Chicago, in the world's largest post-office building, a handful of the city's 36,000 mailmen (18,000 regulars plus 18,000 temporaries for the holiday rush) pick and sort their way through an avalanche of gifts. These are only a few of Chicago's 48,000,000 Christmas presents to the nation. And slide No. 3 is but one of four such chutes manned round the clock in Chicago to dispatch these trifles and treasures by train, plane and truck to donors' relatives everywhere. To the clerks swamped in the tidal wave of seasonal benevolence, the contents of this wide, wide sea of parcels must remain forever a mystery. It's going to be tough enough just to get each package under the right tree by early Christmas morning. ● Photograph by Frank Ross



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Riviera Affair

The sailor couldn't quite believe the girl. And the girl didn't quite trust the sailor.

By VIVIAN CONNELL

They looked down at the flagship of the Sixth Fleet anchored in the narrow bay between the headland and the glittering cruise liner from Norway. The two Americans sat on the hot stone parapet overhanging a garden with grapes turning purple and roses that perfumed the air. Away below, the golden girls of the French Riviera lay on the rocks in the burning light.

Gino, a muscled, dark boy, born Italian in Naples, reared American in Brooklyn, grinned and said to Mike: "Boy, them roses smell good as salami! And look at those babes below—there's a million Monroes in the Mediterranean. I sure wish I was in a bikini right now, not in this boiler suit of Uncle Sam's." He nudged his Irish friend. "Like the picture, Mike?"

Mike had his eyes on the green headland, and nodded, not hearing a word, for he was figuring a problem in astrophysics. He pulled out a fold of ten one-dollar bills and wrote numerals on the back of Washington.

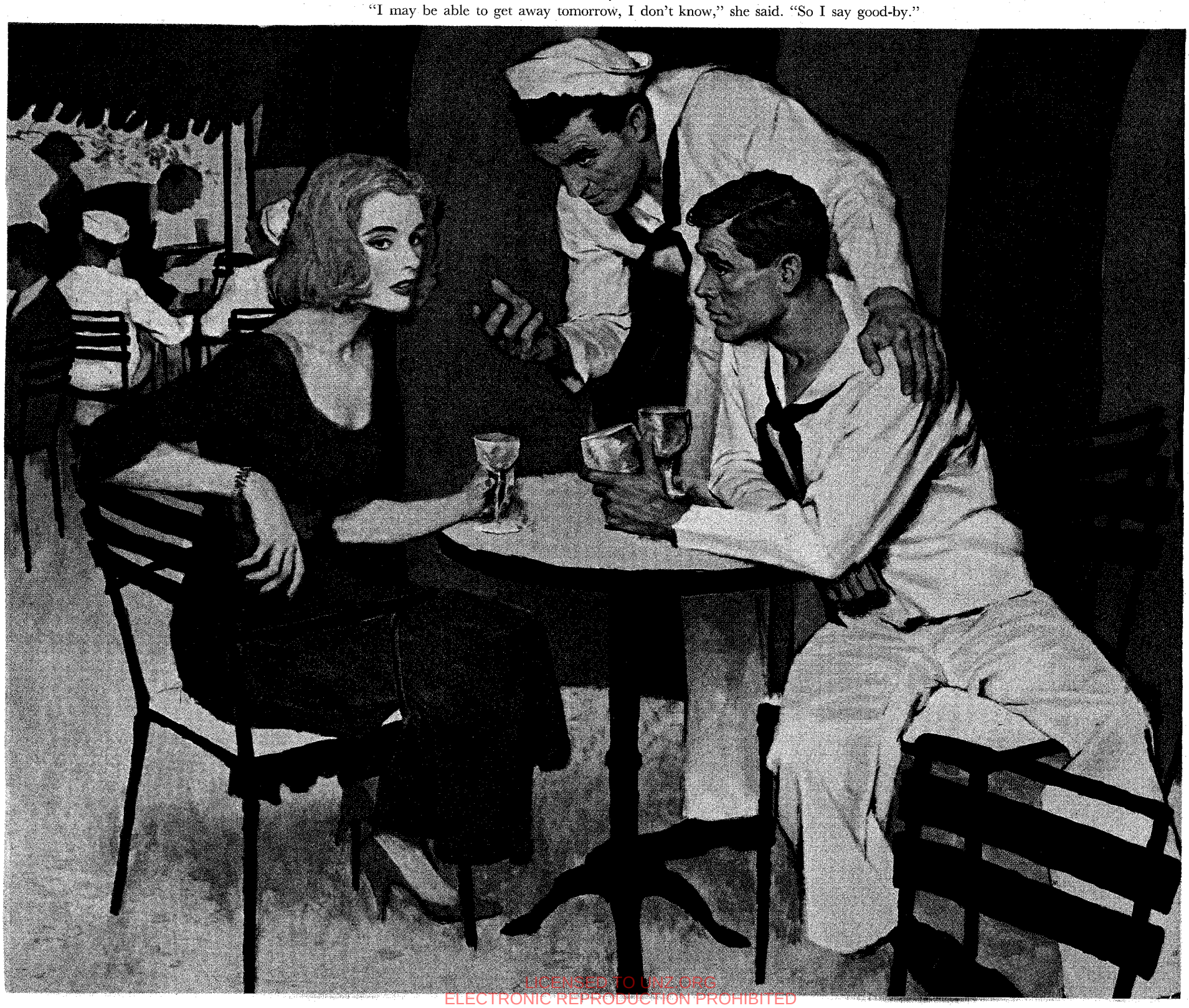
Gino looked at the mathematical symbols and groaned. "Not here, Mike; not here! Once, just once, stop writing tickets into M.I.T.! Boy, you got numbers, not corpuscles, in your blood! Square away, sailor, square away, and let's hit the Promenade with the battle strength of the Navy!"

Gino sighed, lighted a cigarette, and waited, broiling in the sun. Then he began dreaming of the Golden Gloves, and tossed the cigarette away. He had the other guy lined up on the ropes when twenty minutes later Mike sighed, folded away two bills now covered with symbols and said, "Well, that's two bucks used up already, and we haven't even hit the Promenade."

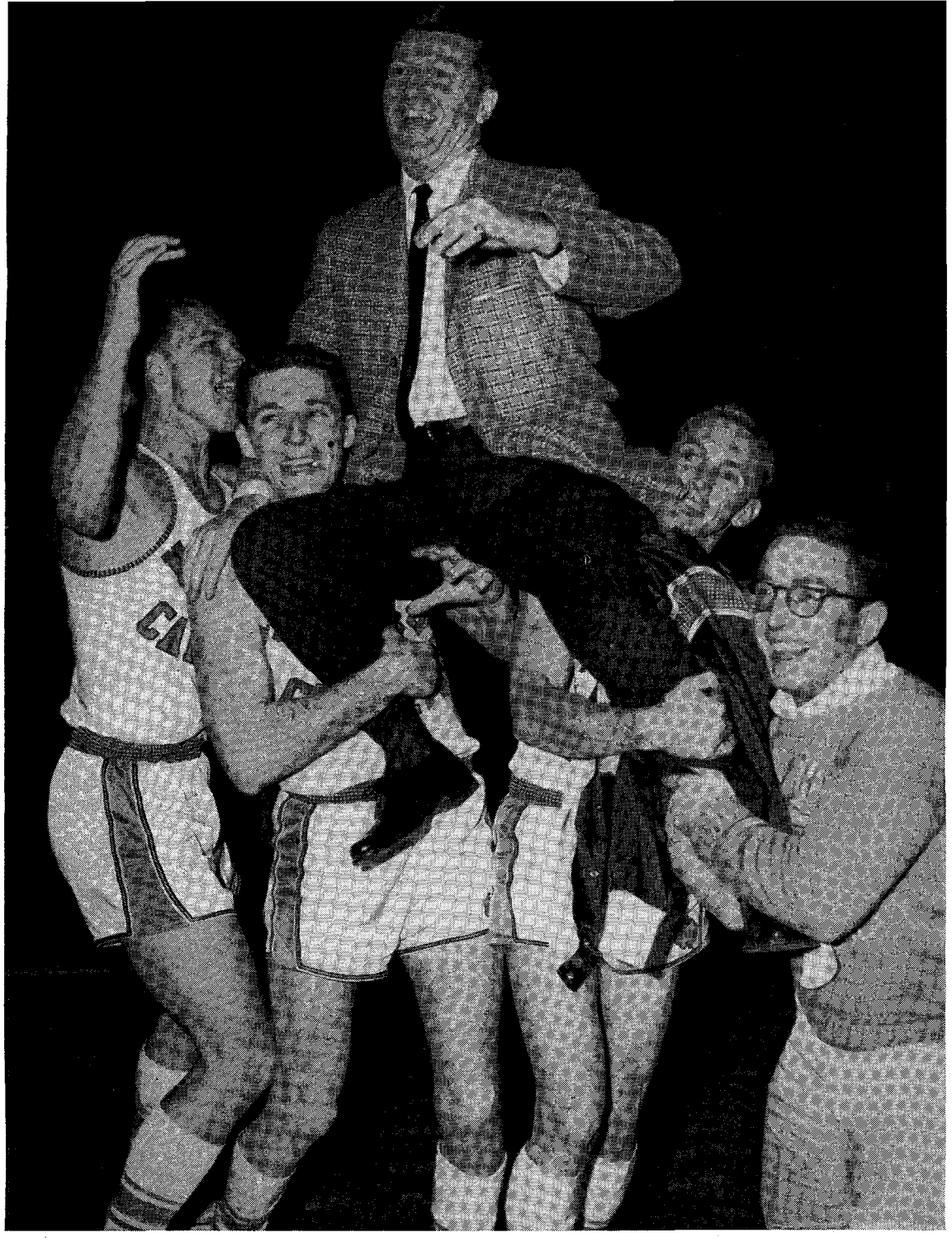
Gino looked, smiling, into those dark Irish eyes and slapped Mike softly on the chin. "Boy, are we crazy!

(Continued on Page 44)

"I may be able to get away tomorrow, I don't know," she said. "So I say good-by."

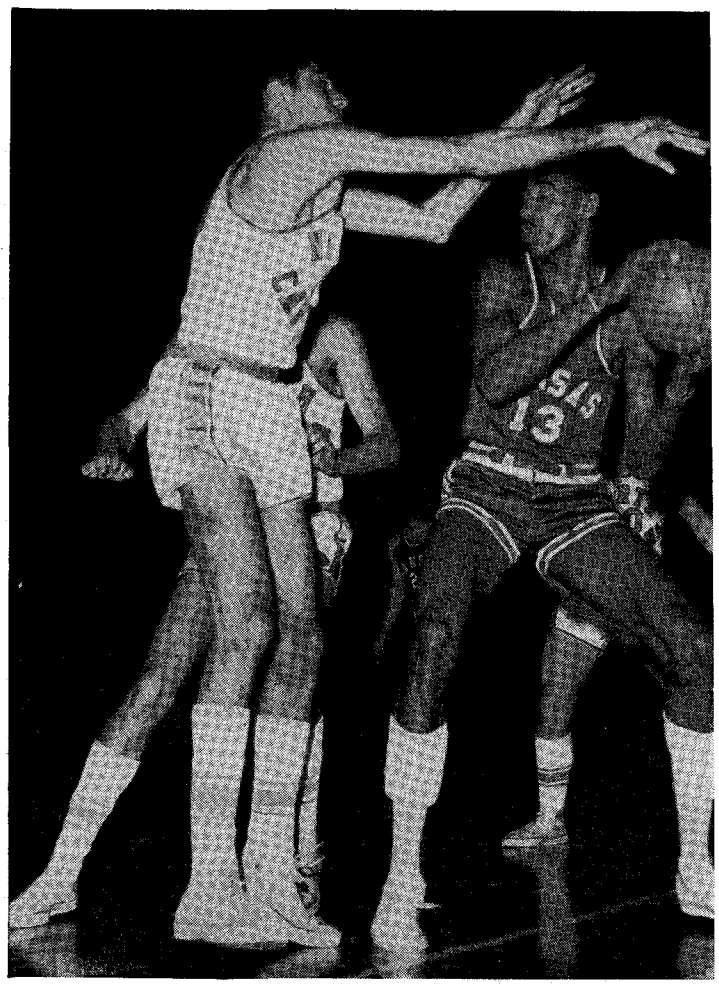


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Jubilant Tar Heel players hoist the author aloft after winning the title last March by one point (54–53) in a third overtime period against Kansas.

Lennie Rosenbluth (below left), North Carolina's All-American, harasses Kansas' high-scoring ace, seven-foot-tall Wilt (the Stilt) Chamberlain.



# How We Became THE CHAMPS

By FRANK McGUIRE, as told to Milton Gross

North Carolina's basketball coach tells the behind-the-scenes story of his team's remarkable performance. He reveals victory's awesome price and forecasts the season's prospects.

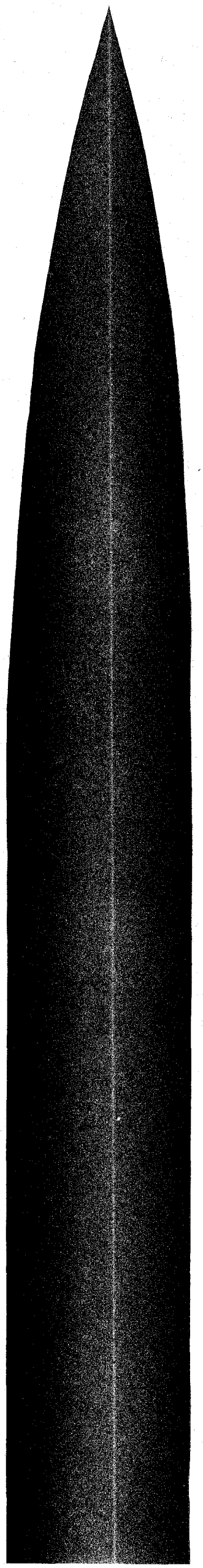
I still can see the look of bewilderment and embarrassment on Wilt (the Stilt) Chamberlain's face as Tommy Kearns lined up to jump against him for the opening tip-off in the National Collegiate Athletic Association basketball title game last March.

Chamberlain, the All-American center of the University of Kansas, is seven feet tall. Kearns, the shortest player we have on our North Carolina squad, is five-eleven. Wilt looked ten feet tall towering over Tommy, but they made such a ridiculous picture together that Chamberlain must have felt no bigger than his thumb.

At least, that's the state of mind we wanted to get him into. North Carolina had to stop Chamberlain to win, and anything we could do to harass him would help. We wanted him thinking, *Is this coach crazy? What other tricks has he got up his sleeve?* What I wanted was for Chamberlain to get a good shock.

As it turned out, he apparently did. Wilt outjumped Tommy, of course, but he then proceeded to miss the first shot he was able to take. Under ordinary circumstances he's a deadly shooter. Chamberlain didn't score his first basket until (Continued on Page 88)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# HOW CAN WE CATCH UP?

An expert tells the shocking story of how the Soviets licked us in developing the deadliest weapons in history. What do we do now?

**By STEWART ALSOP**

### Mr. Alsop Knows His Missiles

When they formed their partnership in 1946, Joseph and Stewart Alsop realized that new weapons had changed the nature of the world we live in. They therefore decided that, though neither brother had a scientific background, it was their function as reporters to master the essential facts about those weapons. One of the first fruits of that decision was an article published in the Sept. 6, 1947, issue of The Saturday Evening Post titled ARE WE READY FOR A PUSH-BUTTON WAR? The Alsops say that this article required the hardest reporting they ever have done. However that may be, the timetable for future missile development in that article stands up astonishingly well today.

The Alsops have been going to school on new weapons ever since. Some remarkably prescient reporting has resulted. For example, on last July 5, Stewart Alsop reported the first Soviet intercontinental missile test. For a time this report was pooh-poohed in the Pentagon, but some weeks later it was officially confirmed, in Washington and in Russia. The Alsops have to their credit a whole series of such news beats, including the dawn of Sputnik's day around 1957–58. —The Editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Sputnik One roared into space, many official voices were raised to assure us that it was a mere "bauble," a "neat scientific trick," and that it had "no military significance." Nevertheless, a kind of collective uneasiness settled over the United States like a dark cloud. When Sputnik Two followed Sputnik One, with its half ton of weight and its pathetic canine passenger, there were no more complacent voices to be heard. For Sputnik Two meant—it could mean nothing else—that the Soviets were ahead of the United States in the race for the decisive weapons of the future, the ballistic missiles of strategic range.

How far ahead? That question cannot be answered with absolute precision, because there are still certain unknown factors involved. But it is possible to draw up an accurate balance sheet of where both this country and the Soviet Union stand today in the missile race. The balance sheet is based, moreover, not on indiscreet confidences whispered to beautiful blond spies somehow smuggled into the Kremlin, but on absolutely solid, indisputable evidence. But before drawing up the balance sheet, it is first necessary to understand why the missile race is important—why, indeed, its outcome will determine the future of the world we live in.

In late August, the Soviets announced that they had successfully tested a ballistic missile of intercontinental range. The Era of Complacency then still persisted, and the President remarked reassuringly that a missile is "a means of delivering an explosive charge, and that is all it is for."

The statement is true as far as it goes, of course. But it could equally have been said in the fourteenth century that "the longbow is a means of delivering an arrow, and that is all it is for." Yet the longbow was the decisive weapon of those times. "At two hundred and fifty yards," Sir Winston Churchill has written, "the arrow hail produced effects never again reached by infantry missiles at such a range until the American civil war." The possession of the longbow gave the British one of history's great decisive victories at the Battle of Crécy in 1346. And there is at least as much difference between the longbow, and the broadswords in the hands of the French knights who were slaughtered at Crécy, as there is between the long-range strategic missile and the manned bomber.

There are two simple but wholly fundamental differences between these two "means of delivering an explosive charge." The B-52 bomber, the main means of delivery of the American Strategic Air Command, can fly from the SAC base in Maine, for example, to Moscow, in about nine hours' flying time. An intercontinental missile can travel between available Soviet bases and the SAC base in Maine in about twenty minutes.

The second difference is related to the first. Because it flies so fast, and also because it flies during most of its trajectory at several hundred miles' altitude, there is no known way to intercept a long-range ballistic missile. There are theoretical ways, which are taken seriously by the experts. But the most optimistic of the experts agree that the defense against the ballistic missiles will remain strictly theoretical for a long time to come.

By contrast, the marriage of the short-range, ground-to-air defensive missile and the nuclear warhead is bringing nearer the day when our manned bombers will no longer be able to reach their targets. Nikita Khrushchev has said that that day is here already—it would be "inhuman," he has said, to try to send bombers over the Soviet defenses. Unquestionably, the Soviets have developed a remarkably effective target-seeking nuclear missile defense, and there are knowledgeable Americans—especially in the United States Navy—who are inclined to agree with Khrushchev.

But the greater threat to the manned bombers of SAC is not over Soviet targets, but on their own home bases, in this continent and abroad. George Kennan once compared the United States and the Soviet Union to "two scorpions in a bottle," each capable of stinging the other to death. SAC is the sting of the Western scorpion, and Khrushchev has never made any bones about it. The main targets of the long-range missiles he is so fond of boasting about are SAC's bases. Their primary mission is to knock out those SAC bases, and thus our capacity for retaliation. Khrushchev's purpose, in short, is to remove the sting of the Western scorpion.

Moreover, there is no doubt at all that strategic missiles will surely replace the manned bombers, as the longbow replaced the knights' swords. The prospect which immediately confronts us is that Soviets will achieve this replacement before we do. There will then be a gap—in the Pentagon it is known simply and ominously as The Gap—during which we shall be in somewhat the position of the mounted French knights at Crécy, sword in hand, facing the skilled British bowmen killing them at will with their long-range "infantry missiles."

The analogy of the sword and the longbow is not, thanks be to God, absolutely precise. There are ways, as we shall see, in which our retaliatory sword can be strengthened and shielded even during The Gap. Yet the fact must be faced that The Gap will be a period of deadly danger, the deadliest (Continued on Page 66)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Lost Ones

By STUART CLOETE

## They weren't the least bit afraid, for they'd discovered a world of their own.

Groot Hendrik Marais, of Sterkfontein, in the Waterberg, one of the finest farms in South Africa, was depressed. He was convinced that his youngest son, Jappie, the apple of his eye, was mad. Not seriously mad, but just mad enough to make him completely inexplicable. A boy like no other boy that he or anyone else had ever seen in these parts. He filled his pipe slowly, stuffing down the Boer tobacco—home-grown, naturally—with an enormous thumb, lit it and put on the metal cap that prevented its popping out when it took. He stared at his feet. They were very big too.

He himself had made the veldschoen he wore, out of the skins of his own beasts. Shoemaking was one of his hobbies. He had five children, so that, with himself and his wife, there were fourteen shoes to make and keep in repair. That was another thing: Jappie would not wear the beautiful shoes he made him. Not ever—not even on Sunday. Of course, most children ran about on the farm barefooted, but he felt that they should wear shoes on Sundays and when they went into the dorp, the little township of Boomspruit. It was respectable. After all, they were not poor whites or Kaffirs and, besides, he liked people to see how well he made shoes. It gave him great pleasure to soften the skins, to cut them and fit them. *Ja*, he made the children's shoes and his wife cut their nails—fingernails and toenails.

One day she had said, "Hendrik, do you know how many nails I cut today?"

He had said, "No. How should I know? That is for women."

And she had said, "One hundred."

It had surprised him to find out how many fingers and toes his children had. But he worked it out. Ten toes and ten fingers each—that was twenty. Five times twenty was a hundred. *Ja*, she was right, as usual. Of course, the bigger ones could cut their own, but they didn't, or if they did they did not do so to his wife's satisfaction. She liked things well done, and so, for that matter, did he.

He brought his mind back to Jappie. He must talk to Jacoba about him. He screwed up his courage at last and said, "I believe that our Jappie is mad. I can find no other explanation for his behavior. *Ja*," he said, "it's a fine thing, my heart, that we should have four fine children and that the fifth, at the age of six, goes mad."

"No, Hendrik," his wife said, "our Jappie is not mad."

"Not mad? Just look at the cats we have. Ten cats, and every one brought home by Jappie. *Magtig*," he said, "in a place where there are no cats he finds one and comes back with it in his arms."

"There are no mice," his wife said.

"No mice! Does it take ten cats to have no mice? And the oxen? Why did he let the oxen out of the kraal and into the mealies?"

"I asked him," his wife said.

"*Ja*, you asked him, and what did he say?"

"He said, 'Ma, the oxen looked so sad and they said, "Please, Jappie, let us out and into the lovely green mealies."'"

"That proves what I said. He is mad. A son who talks to the oxen and does what they say. And he used to be such a good boy."

"He's still a good boy," Jacoba Marais said. "It's just that he loves too much. He wants everyone to be happy."

"What about me? When the oxen eat my mealies, does that make me happy? A son who prefers the oxen to his pa?"

"It's his character, Hendrik. He is a character, that boy. He takes after you. You are a character. All the world says, 'That Groot Hendrik Marais—what a character he is.'"

Hendrik banged his cup on the table. "*Magtig*, I am fifty years old. I can be a character. But what will become of the world if children of six are characters? And what about the time he came home naked, carrying his clothes after a big rain, with us worrying about him, thinking he might be drowned in the spruit or struck by lightning?"

"He looked so sweet," Jacoba said. "*Ja*, he looked like a little angel—except for the wings—standing there in the doorway."

"Give me more coffee," Hendrik said, "before I go mad too." He gulped the (Continued on Page 76)

Illustrated by Douglass Crockwell

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was very peaceft

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*THE MAN IN CHARGE*

Bertram D. Tallamy, a fifty-six-year-old civil engineer, was appointed Federal Highway Administrator by President Eisenhower on October 12, 1956, and assumed the post on February 5, 1957. A graduate of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Tallamy began his engineering career in the construction field in Western New York state in 1925. Four years later, Tallamy, with two partners, formed a firm which planned, engineered and supervised the construction of water systems, dams, sewage-treatment plants, housing subdivisions and highway construction. Between 1935 and 1945, while a member of this firm, Tallamy also acted as chief engineer of the Niagara Frontier Planning Board—one of the first official regional-planning agencies.

Tallamy found the long-term planning of public works so much to his liking that in 1945 he left both his Niagara Frontier Planning Board post and his engineering firm to become Deputy Superintendent of Public Works for the state of New York. In this position, Tallamy made the first state-wide analysis of New York's highway conditions and its future needs and created a Bureau of Arterial Route Planning. This project was one of the first attacks on the problem of how to get highway traffic into, out of and around cities with both speed and safety.

Tallamy's major effort as New York's Superintendent of Public Works—an appointment he received from Governor Dewey in 1949—was directed toward transforming the state's Thruway plan from a routine, bit-by-bit, state-road-building job into the special-project turnpike it has become. This entailed making the 562-mile, $900,000,000 superhighway an independently financed, limited-access, toll turnpike, built and administered by a Thruway Authority. Later, as chairman of the three-man Thruway Authority, Tallamy shepherded the Thruway project from its inception to its completion from New York to Buffalo.

Though his primary goal in his present job is to get the vast Interstate System network built in time for tomorrow's traffic, Tallamy is as interested in the appearance and the traveling characteristics of the new highways as he is in their routing and structural design. An outdoors type who likes to hunt and fish and who lives—when he gets a chance—in a woodsy cottage in the foothills of the Berkshires east of Albany, Tallamy believes the new highways should be a delight to the eye as well as a good way to get from here to there. Locating the freeways so that they take advantage of the scenic possibilities, varying the width of the mall between the traffic streams and the grades and the levels of the opposing traffic lanes—these and many other tricks of road building will be employed to make the Interstate Highway network more interesting to the traveling public.

*The Editors*

# Where are Those Superhighways?

By RICHARD THRUELSEN

## As boss of the $28 billion Federal superhighway network, Bertram Tallamy is in the thick of mounting squabbles over billboards, boondoggles and access roads.

If you ever get that tired feeling about your work, just pause to consider the case of Bertram D. Tallamy, who has to wrestle with the problems of the biggest building job in history. As boss of our national highway system, Tallamy is responsible for spending some $52,000,000,000 of the public's money on Federally aided roads and highways during the next fifteen years. Of this total, an estimated $28,000,000,000 has been allotted to the construction of the spectacular 41,000-mile network of superhighways officially known as The National System of Interstate and Defense Highways.

The Interstate Highway System program—authorized by the Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1956—completed its first year this past June twenty-ninth. This tremendous project for revamping our main intercity highway system by building a network of controlled-access, toll-free superhighways or freeways has the almost unanimous endorsement of the American public. Congress passed the enabling act with but one dissenting vote. The Federal share of the program is being financed on a pay-as-you-ride basis by a one-cent-a-gallon tax increase on gas and diesel oil and additional levies on trucks, busses and tire rubber. During the first year, highway users paid $1,481,000,000 into a special trust fund as a first installment of the total cost of the fifteen-year program.

During this first year, too, John A. Volpe, temporary administrator, and his permanent successor, Tallamy, pushed forward the planning phase of the Interstate program and co-ordinated the activities of the Federal Bureau of Public Roads and of the forty-eight state-highway departments and the construction industry, which will actually build the roads. In scores of places the country over, stakes were driven, earth moved and road structures started as the great task got under way.

This sounds like progress—and it was. Meanwhile, however, urgent problems have arisen. Some of these problems are technical, some political, and some economic. Some of these problems can be solved under the existing law, some

(Continued on Page 63)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As Ramón stepped forward to test the strength of the monarch of Atalco before his own people, Maria Teresa took her husband's arm. "No, Ramón, no," she whispered.

# THE TYRANT

By NORMAN KATKOV

## An ignorant dictator ruled the whole town, until a woman undermined his power . . .

All that you are about to hear came to pass in the village of Atalco in the state of Tlaxcala. Bear in mind, if you please, that the capital of Tlaxcala is the city of that name. It is necessary for what follows, just as you should know that the events took place in the administration of Gen. Plutarco Elías Calles, all more than a quarter of a century ago, when Mexico was awakening to the needs of its people.

Since no need came before education, there was established La Casa del Pueblo, the house of the people. When I was young, the teachers were young, themselves newly removed from the life of the barefoot peon. But, taught by the government, they had the disease which infected all of us: the need to help Mexico.

Naturally, a *casa* needed a teacher. Nowhere, you may believe me, was a teacher needed more frequently than in Atalco, for in Atalco there flourished the regime of the barber, Julio Mora, the village's single citizen able to read or write. While Mora's education, gathered during the few months he had been apprenticed to a barber in Tlaxcala two decades earlier, was rudimentary, hardly that of a fourth-grade student, it was enough to assure him of absolute power so long as he remained the only man in Atalco who had even that much learning.

It follows then that teachers came and went in Atalco like those buses there at the hotel entrance. First, a teacher arrived. Second, Julio Mora attended one of his classes. Third, the teacher left, since, as the barber would tell the fathers of Atalco over tequila, "The man does not know his Latin." Fathers told mothers, and mothers kept their children home, for Julio Mora was not required to elaborate. If there was a single subject under the sun which the barber favored over all others, it was Latin. More often than not, Julio Mora greeted his townsmen in the ancient Roman tongue, although they could reply only by smiling in ignorance.

In this very time of which I speak Julio Mora had caused the flight of teacher Carlos Moreno, the latest victim of his absolute rule. Once again the (Continued on Page 72)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This flower lover rediscovered an age-old method
of permanently preserving floral beauty at its height. Now you, too, can make . . .

# Bouquets That Bloom for Years

By ROUL TUNLEY

A rose may be a rose may be a rose, all right, but the trouble with the blessed thing is that it always stops blooming. Well, almost always. There's a lady in Princeton, New Jersey, by the name of Agnes Hoke who seems to have fixed all that. Her roses bloom for years. Also her peonies and jonquils and chrysanthemums. In fact, almost any flower or weed that Agnes picks will last and last.

You have only to walk through her house to see how true this is. The other morning when she, her husband, Bland Hoke, and an overnight guest sat down to breakfast, there was a bright pink-and-white bouquet of larkspur, babies'-breath, peonies and tiny roses on the table. The guest complimented her on the floral arrangement, which looked as though it had just been placed there fresh with morning dew. He was astonished to learn that the bouquet had been there for a year and a half.

Actually, the bouquet was neither fresh nor artificial. It was dried, but not like the dusty brown things one usually thinks of as dried flowers. And not like the artificially dyed bunches that have a gaudy brightness. It was dried with the natural color intact, so that it retained all the brilliance of a fresh bouquet.

In fact, Agnes Hoke has been so successful in perfecting her drying techniques that two years ago she was (Continued on Page 60)

Mrs. Agnes Hoke selects flowers for drying. She grows many herself, buys some from florists, but gathers most from the woods and fields around Princeton, N. J.

Flowers are hung to dry in the Hokes' attic. Barns and attics of their friends are also taken over for this purpose.

Friends and neighbors help combine attractive groups of flowers. Each box contains a booklet on flower arrangement.

An 18th-century-style display.
It contains: Statice, double larkspur, yellow yarrow, babies'-breath, globe amaranth, cat's-paw, Ammobium, pearly everlasting, blue salvia, grasses and magnolia leaves.

For your own 15″ x 19″ dye-transfer color print of this full-page photograph, mounted for framing, send $5 (add 3% sales tax in Pa.) to Curtis Circulation Co., Box 228, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Offer good in U.S. only.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# WEST OF THE LAW

## Building a railroad through Indian territory involved more than just laying tracks.

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

"What you need," Bednigo told the general, "is a man to do your dirty work. I'm your man. I'd like that job."

Bednigo Claypool, a husky young fellow with a steel-trap mind, knew the general was in for a peck of trouble. Dodge was chief engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad, a colossal effort to push two steel rails across an untamed continent. His work would be menaced both by hostile Indians and by hostile factions in Washington. Unscrupulous profiteers would obstruct the railroad every step of the way with their greed.

Already, Bednigo had noticed, a handsome young woman named Potter Nourse and her sinister "uncle," Wesley Maury, had appeared in Omaha, for what questionable purpose was not yet known. The general would need a man like Bednigo—a skilled tracklayer, an adroit politician and a two-fisted leader of men. So Bednigo got the job.

"Careful, son," General Dodge told Bednigo gravely, "that someday you don't outsmart yourself."

Illustrated by Sam Bates

### II

Jack Casement drove Bednigo Claypool. Bednigo drove the walking bosses, and the walking bosses belabored the men with hard words and savage discipline. West of Elkhorn, on the virgin prairie, scrapers violated the soil which had lain there untouched from time immemorial. There was semblance of military discipline by day, but unrestrained lawlessness by night.

Bednigo, standing by the right of way, a mule skinner's whip in his fist, harried the walking boss. "Drive 'em, Murphy! Drive 'em!" he snarled. "A hundred teams bring in an extra scraper of dirt—that's five dollars. That's how you earn your salt, Murphy."

On that stretch from Elkhorn to Fort Kearney a new art—at least a new technique—was born, and Bednigo was present and serving at the accouchement. It was the art of laying rails with speed and precision such as an amazed world never before had beheld. The method derived from experience in the war, when armies waited for rails, and the fate of a nation hung upon the moving of those armies.

The way of it was this: A light car hauled by a single horse galloped to the end of track with its load of rails. It stopped there. Two men seized the end of a rail and started forward; other men, two by two, lifted the rail and carried it forward on the run to drop it in place. The same labor took place on the other side of the car. Thirty seconds to the rail, two rails to the minute! The emptied car was overturned beside the track to let the next loaded car pass by. Then it was tipped back onto the rails and a yelling driver speeded it back to replenish its load. Then came gaugers, spikers, bolters, and the ringing sound of sledges driving iron into ties was heard across the plains. Three strokes to the spike. Ten spikes to the rail. Four hundred rails to the mile. Twenty-one million times would those sledges descend and sing their song before the laborer was called to refreshment, and the stupendous task of spanning a continent was complete!

That was the way of it in this Nebraska country where the only adversary was nature. But over the horizon were hostile Indians, and beyond the eastern horizon were a hostile President and Secretary of War, and a Congress urged by mawkish oratory to hesitant, obstructive policy toward the red men now banded together to halt this invasion and drive the white men from their hunting grounds.

Bednigo stood beside the tracks—it was a warm August day in the year 1866—when a messenger came to him from General Dodge's car.

"General wants you on the run," the man said, and Bednigo followed him to the private car, which was more an arsenal than a moving residence. Dodge waved a message.

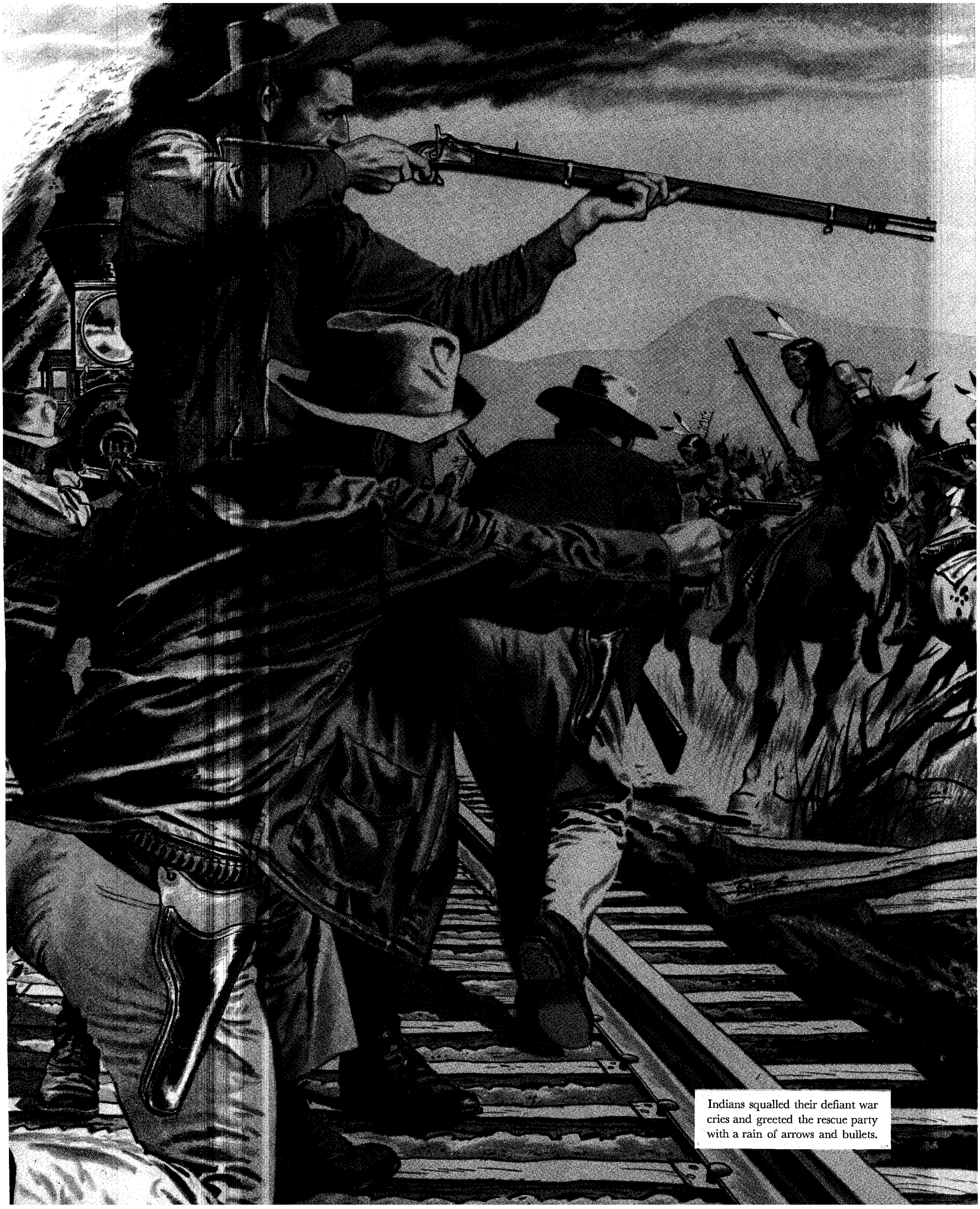
"It's started, Bednigo," he said. "Indians have attacked at Plum Creek. I want twenty men, armed, an engine and car."

In a matter of minutes the little expedition was on its way. It was a run of ten miles from the end of track to Plum Creek.

"They've grabbed a freight train and crew." The general's

(Continued on Page 82)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Indians squalled their defiant war cries and greeted the rescue party with a rain of arrows and bullets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Giant-Killers of the California Coast

By JOHN WESLEY NOBLE

Skipper Bill Bartow, of the Gayle, on lookout. Once a whale is sighted, he has the ticklish job of maneuvering close enough for a shot.

From the nation's last shore whaling station, these crews still stalk the earth's largest creature. Here is how modern whalers make the kill.

It is not a small matter, even today, to kill a whale. The bull humpback we were pursuing in the steamship lanes near San Francisco would gross 90,000 pounds. Even with 400 diesel horses pounding down her shaft, the Donna Mae strained and trembled to bring her gun to bear.

The whale was fresh and strong. It had eluded us repeatedly over an hour and forty minutes and breathed five lazy, pluming spouts in the thirty seconds we took to close. Plunging now for its deep dive, it matched us heartbeat for propeller thrust. At ten yards the huge back suddenly humped. Foam sloshed down the black, scarred flank. At our bow, Don Gamble swiveled the stubby cannon.

"The more you see of whales," he had said, "the less you know of 'em. No one knows what a whale will do."

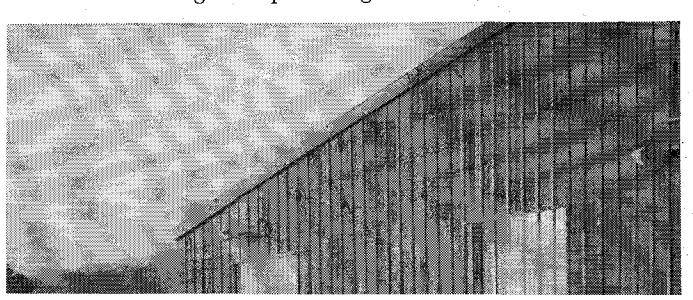
The sudden thunderclap of his shot rocked the Donna Mae from keel to flying bridge. For a shattering instant Gamble's blue shirt blurred in smoke and spray. He peered after the line, shaking his head as if in doubt. Watching from topside, Cap'n Hunk Hunter cut the engine.

"Heart shot," he grunted. "Be dead when it hits bottom." He waited, though. A whale on the hook is not a trout.

Ten minutes passed while shock absorbers at the foremast creaked to the pull from below. A flock of gulls, summoned by whatever oracles serve them, bobbed beside us. At fifteen minutes the winch driver tested his cable. It skidded on the drum, raising wisps of smoke. He gave it more power. Slowly the cable came home, then the heavy nylon foregoer, and a crimson shimmer was on the water. There was the whale, with a round red hole gushing under his hump.

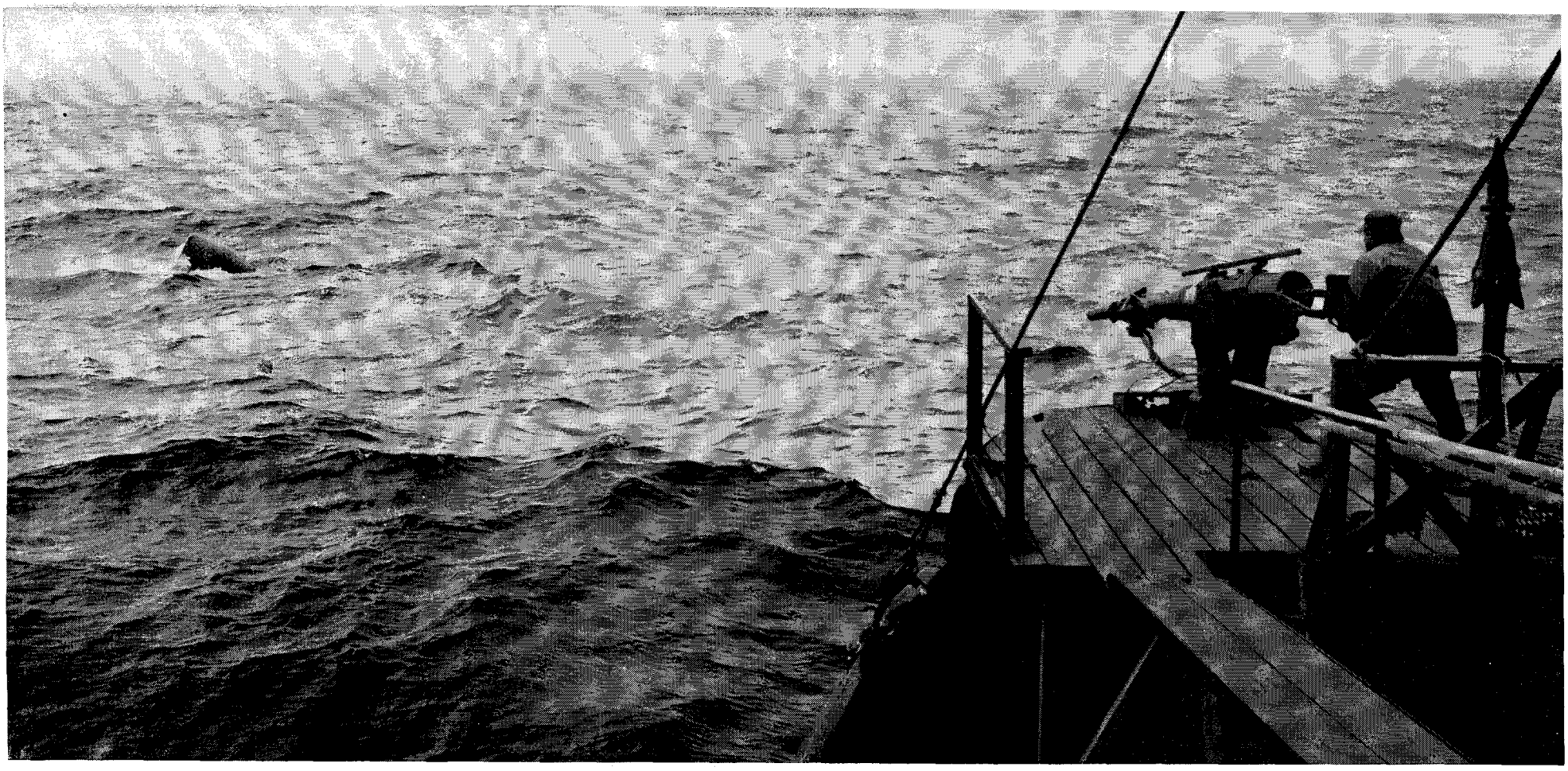
As five crewmen and one observer stared, a great rasping sigh escaped the creature. It blew a misty spout, and another, and we got

At the flensing house near Richmond, the catch is hauled in to begin the processing into meat, oil and bone meal.

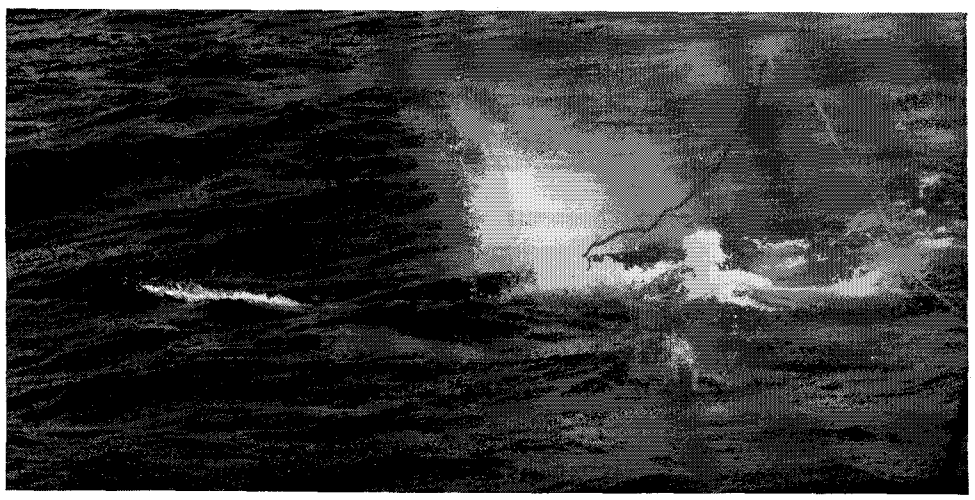


Cutting up the carcass: Here the flensers strip off the blubber and meat, while a fork-lift truck takes flippers, ribs and jawbone to the saws. This year the Del Monte whalers expect to gross about $1,500,000 from their catch.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The harpooner takes aim as a humpback broaches. His split-second decisions determine whether the boat makes a $5000 catch or incurs heavy penalties for killing illegal whales.

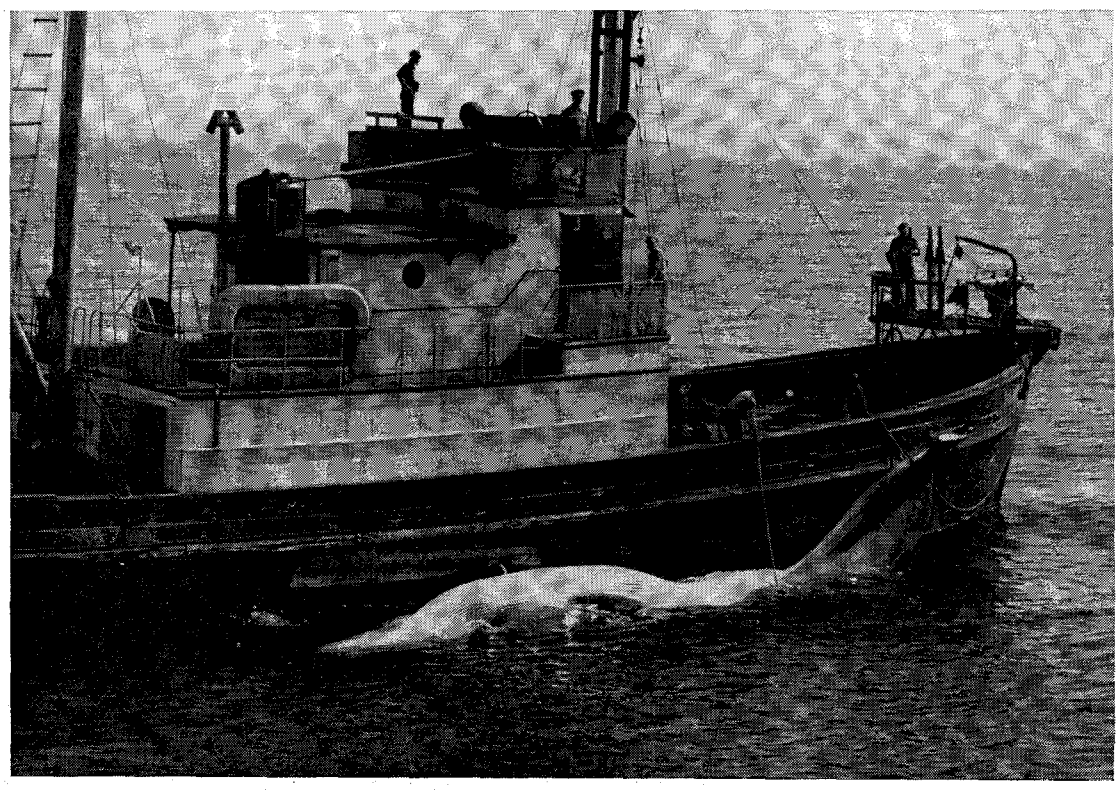


A hit: Five seconds later, a grenade explodes in the tip of the 158-pound harpoon, plunging steel hooks into the whale's innards. Sometimes the moribund monsters tow boats like this for miles.

Photographs by Don Ornitz

our "Nantucket sleigh ride"—on a 103-foot boat off the Golden Gate, while an oil tanker plowed sedately by. It was a short run, to be sure. Five seconds after the harpoon hit, a grenade had exploded, opening a cloverleaf iron claw which clutched the beast by its vitals. On the fifth hoarse gasp, the stout heart quit. Bloody sea water washed over the hump and the whale catcher Donna Mae had forty-five tons of merchandise. The once-dead coastal-whaling industry was again paying off.

It does so, to the fading hoofbeats of wild horses. Once a chief source of pet food, the horse herds of the West are now galloping into limbo while at supermarkets across the land cat and dog lovers are buying canned feeds as never before. Commercial mink breeders from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Northwest are also calling for good red meat, which the whale—being mammal, not fish—has in bulk. Even a medium whale is the equal of fifty horses. Off San Francisco, the Monterey-Farallon Grounds abound in humpback, sperm and fin whales. For the second year in a row, the Del Monte Fish Company is hunting them for a pet food. (Continued on Page 49)



End of the hunt: a whale is lashed alongside a Del Monte vessel, with its belly inflated to keep it afloat. On days they fail to make a kill, or the whale escapes, no one gets paid.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Post Scripts

## The Inside Story

Selecting a gift for a wife is no cinch,
As any man knows who has tried it,
But what's even harder at holiday time,
Is finding a safe place to hide it.
She'll search every corner and nook in the house,
While you keep on moving and shifting it;
I haven't a doubt that she wants to play fair,
But she just can't help touching and lifting it.
You might as well know, men, you haven't a chance,
So just be prepared and take warning,
And don't be misled when she acts so surprised
As she opens it up Christmas morning.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

## Hah!

He's very good at telling jokes,
But will he stop? Oh, my, no!
He won't, at least, until he's told
The two or three that I know.

DICK EMMONS

## It Gets Sort of Discouraging

"Did I ever tell you about the time that I was driving north from Chicago, and I got up as far as—oh, I guess, about Winnetka, and ——"

"Yes, you did."

"You're going to be absolutely flabbergasted when I tell you how much the rooms at the Savoy-National run. They ——"

"Single rooms with baths begin at twelve dollars, and double rooms with baths begin at twenty dollars. Double rooms with just showers run ——"

"I know that this is going to give you quite a jolt, but on next October nineteenth, Jerry Truesdale is going to be ——"

"Forty-three years old."

"See that man standing over there by the pillar—the one with the horn-rimmed glasses and the gray suit?"

"Yes. That's Elwin Barngrover, the song writer—the guy who wrote such hits as Lost in a Mist of Blue, I Offer You My Heart, Serenade to a ——"

"I was figuring up just the other day, and it seems that I've been in twenty-three different states."

"I've been in all forty-eight. I've also been in Canada, Mexico, England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany ——"

"Did I ever tell you that I once saw—in person, mind you ——"

"Quite a few times."

VERNON H. KURTZ

## Uncle Charlie

I suppose I could write up Uncle Charlie as The Most Regrettable Character I Ever Met, but I don't think he'd be happy being translated into seventeen different languages. So let's keep this nice and quiet, sort of a secret between me, you and the POST.

You see, Charlie is a doll. Even my aunt is crazy about him, although she sure has trouble between him and the furnace. Every time she watches one, the other goes out.

The remarkable thing about Uncle Charlie is that he's the most dyed-in-the-wool television fan in the world. I never saw anyone so crazy about TV. Only thing, he doesn't have a set.

So every day, just like clockwork, he goes down to the corner tavern to watch their screen. And, boy, he really watches it. They tell me that last week alone he must have watched five quarts of television. In fact, sometimes he watches it so much that when he comes home he's practically blind.

Doctor Kohler told us it's on account of his glasses. He empties them too often. But the doctor told us not to worry. Big problems require drastic steps. And old Doc Kohler sure made Uncle Charlie take a drastic step. And the reason is that one day Uncle Charlie came home shouting the virtues of color TV. He had been watching earlier than usual that morning, and when he saw Dave Garroway in color, there was no holding him.

We were almost persuaded to get a set when Doc Kohler happened to check. Not only was the Garroway show not in color, it had never been in color.

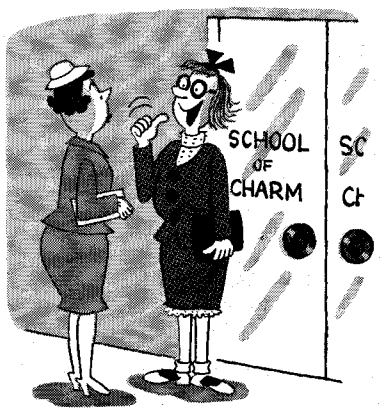
That's why Doc Kohler made Uncle Charlie join Television Anonymous, and he's been wonderful ever since.

HAL BLOCK

## IT MAKES YOU WONDER

By Bill Harrison

"Yeah, I can fix it. How do you get this hood up?"




"You'll love it here, Gladys. They can work miracles."

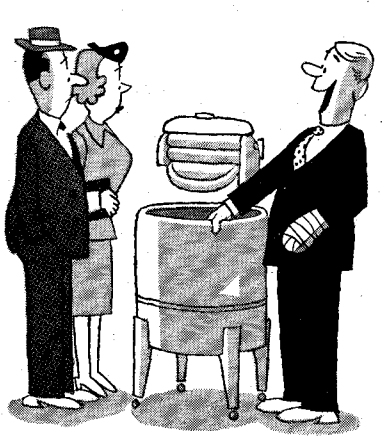
"The finest weight-reducing product on the market today."

"That's the same kind of vitamins I use."

"Now, that's what I call a well-fitting suit."

"I beg your pardon, could you speak a little louder?"

"Just a few drops a day will stop that falling hair."



"This machine is just loaded with safety features."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

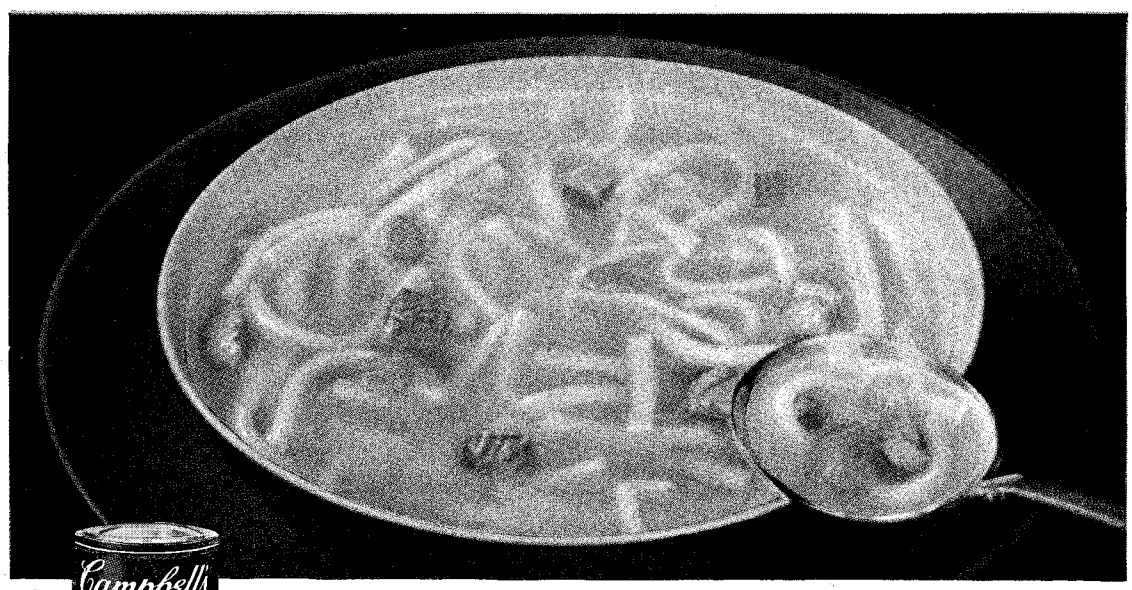
# Campbell's brings you 3 NEW SOUPS

## TRY ALL THREE!

This is the best table news you've had in years! 3 new and different, wonderful and ready Campbell's Soups. Turkey Noodle! Minestrone! Chicken Vegetable! Each made to special Campbell recipes, with all the care and skill that have made Campbell's Soups the most famous of all. Ask your grocer for all 3—treat your family to one of our new Campbell's Soups, today.

## Have you had your soup today?

*M'm! M'm! Good! Nourishing good!*
*Gives you vitamins, proteins—minerals, too!*



### NEW! Turkey Noodle Soup

Here's a turkey noodle soup that's really great! Whole-turkey soup, with full-flavored, long-simmered broth . . . choicest pieces of tender turkey and enriched golden noodles that melt in your mouth. A *new* Campbell's Soup that's sure to please every member of the family.

### NEW! Minestrone Soup

Easy to tell why this Italian-style vegetable soup is good! Look at all the things that make it good! Fine beef stock. Carrots, potatoes and tomatoes. Celery, peas and beans. Turnip greens and mustard greens. Spaghettini, zucchini, a zip of cheese. That's Campbell's Minestrone!

### NEW! Chicken Vegetable Soup

Here's a brand-new combination of flavors . . . Campbell's own blend of chicken and broth, ribbon noodles, peas, potatoes, tomatoes and celery—something very extra special to the taste! A soup so nourishing and good—you'll be mighty glad Campbell's makes it!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*The Olympic Games Torch throws new light on this community's unique way of working...*

# Wausau Story

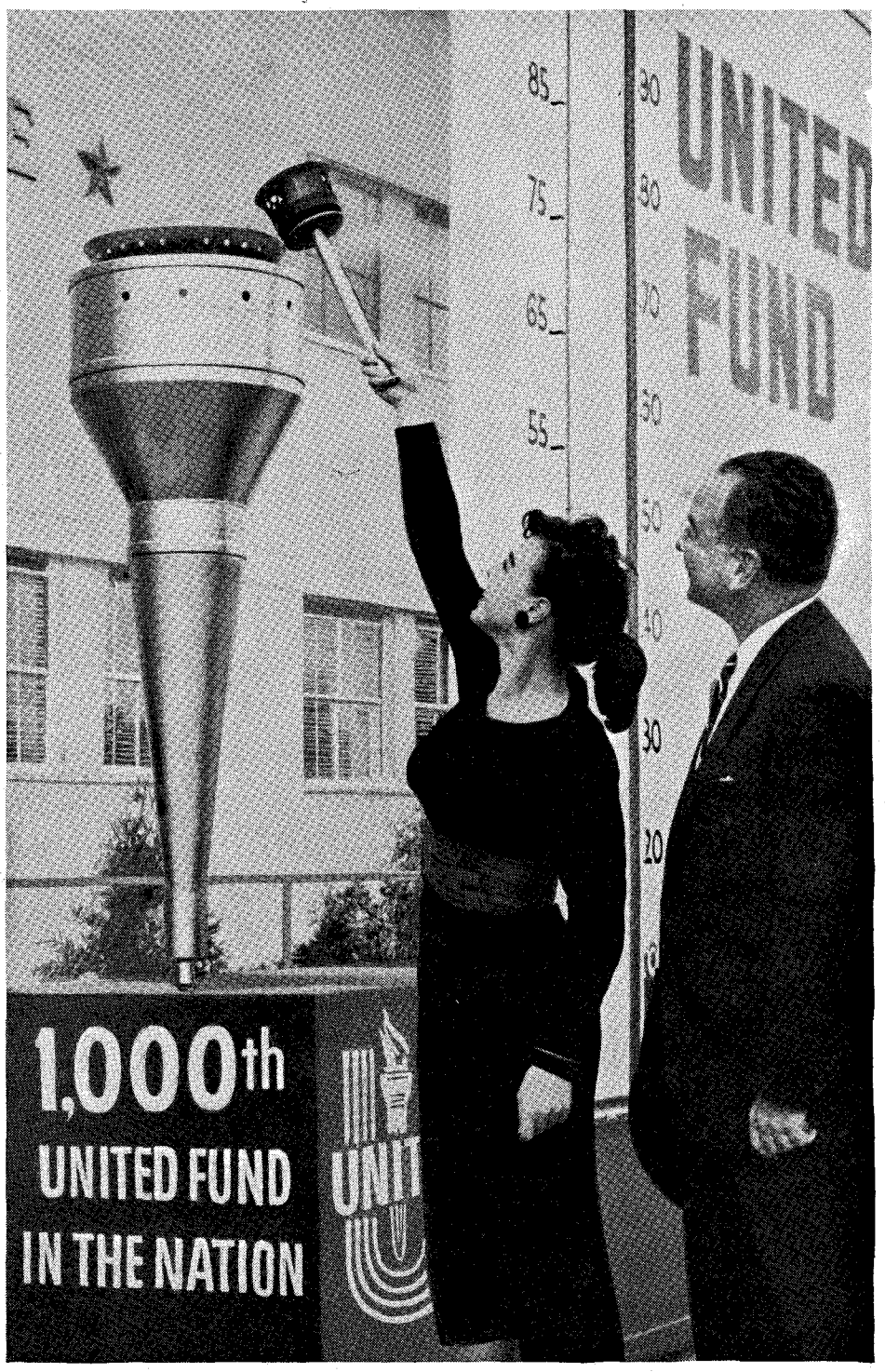
By **JAMES A. LINEN**

Publisher of TIME and President of United Community Funds and Councils of America

"ONE DAY last September I visited Wausau and met the 350 or more men and women who would be leading the United Fund Drive in Wisconsin's Marathon County.

"For me, this was a significant event. As president of United Community Funds and Councils of America, I was in Wausau to help this community become the 1000th United Fund unit. You'll remember, the United Fund idea started in Detroit. That was 8 years ago. Now, 999 cities and 750 million dollars later, Wausau has become the latest milestone in the march of federation. Experience has clearly shown that individual, unorganized philanthropy cannot do the job. The United Fund idea affords the best method yet invented to help support all or most of the voluntary services in any community.

"The launching of the thousandth United Fund in Wausau was an historic event. It was a symbol of American democracy at work. People working together! From what I've heard of Wausau—and from what I saw during my visit there, this is the way Wausau people get things done. Working together is a habit by now. That symbolic torch couldn't burn brighter anywhere."



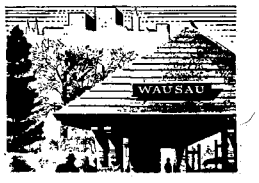

**"Detroit sent their Miss Torchy** (Virginia Lemanski) with the Olympic Games Torch to light the huge Marathon County United Fund torch at Wausau. This is the nation's 1000th United Fund Drive since the idea took root in Detroit 8 years ago. From the beginning, I knew the drive would be a success. What else could it be when Wausau people join forces."

**"For 31 years,** Ellsworth Cotey has carried mail in Wausau. He knows all the families on his route. They're good neighbors, he says—proud of their homes and their community. Incidentally, I felt pretty proud myself when I saw there were many of our publications in Mr. Cotey's pack."

**"I saw where some of the equipment** for our Texas paper mill was made at the D. J. Murray Manufacturing Company. I also saw how management and employees work for the fund. Lee Duncan (left) company division sales manager is co-chairman. Wayne Wirt (right) is a Fund Director."

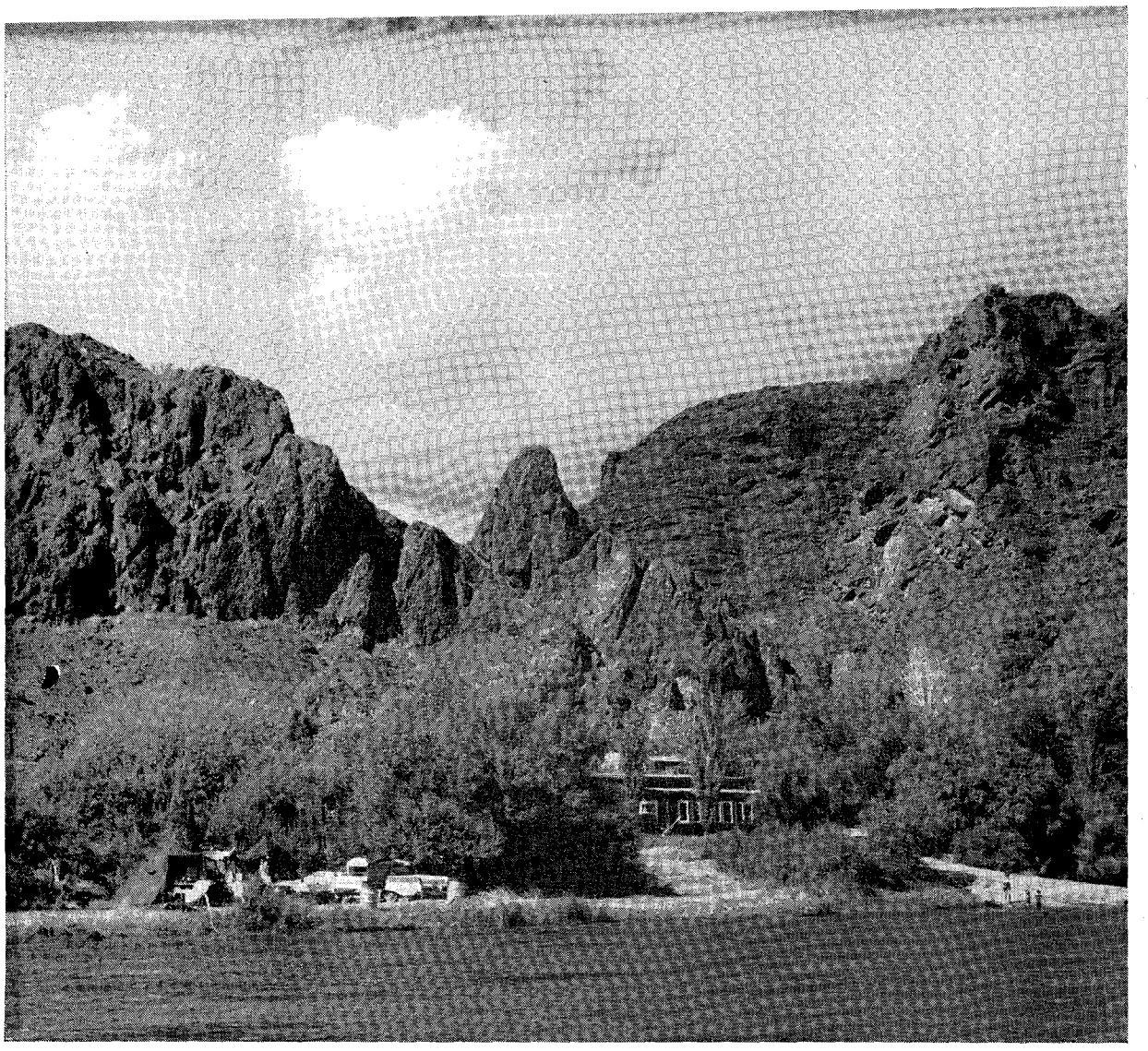
*Thanks, Mr. Linen, for helping us get our United Fund Drive off to a good start. We're glad of this opportunity to know you . . . and to have you know us, our city and our people. We at Employers Mutuals know how our people take up any task . . . work together with enthusiasm, skill and a good heart. It's a constant inspiration for our way of working at our business. That business is insurance. We write all lines of fire and casualty insurance, including automobile. In the field of workmen's compensation, we are one of the largest. Let us tell you about the "Wausau Way" of working. See our nearest representative or write to us in Wausau, Wisconsin.*

Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau



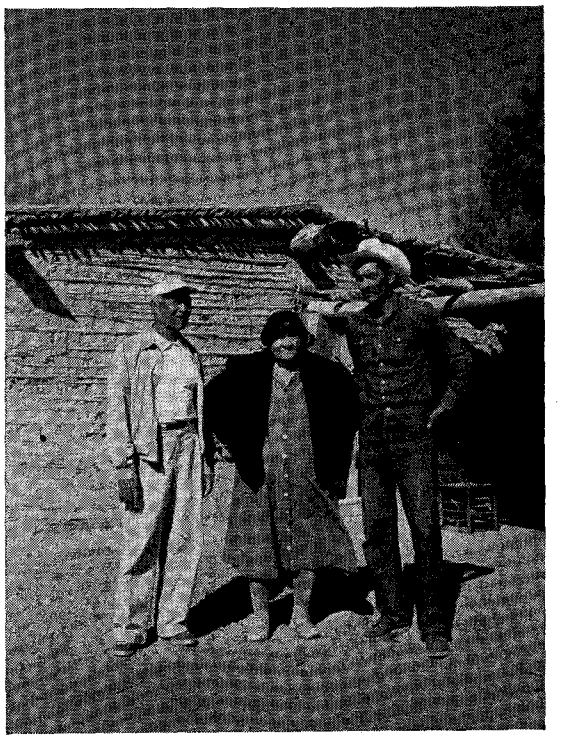

"Good people to do business with"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Riverside squatting: This resort on the California shore of the Colorado rents beach space and camp sites on property that belongs not to the proprietor, but to the Government.

Below: Pioneer settlers of The Island, between Winterhaven, Calif., and Yuma, Ariz., are (from left) A. H. "Doc" Deering, Inez Mendez, and her son Frank.

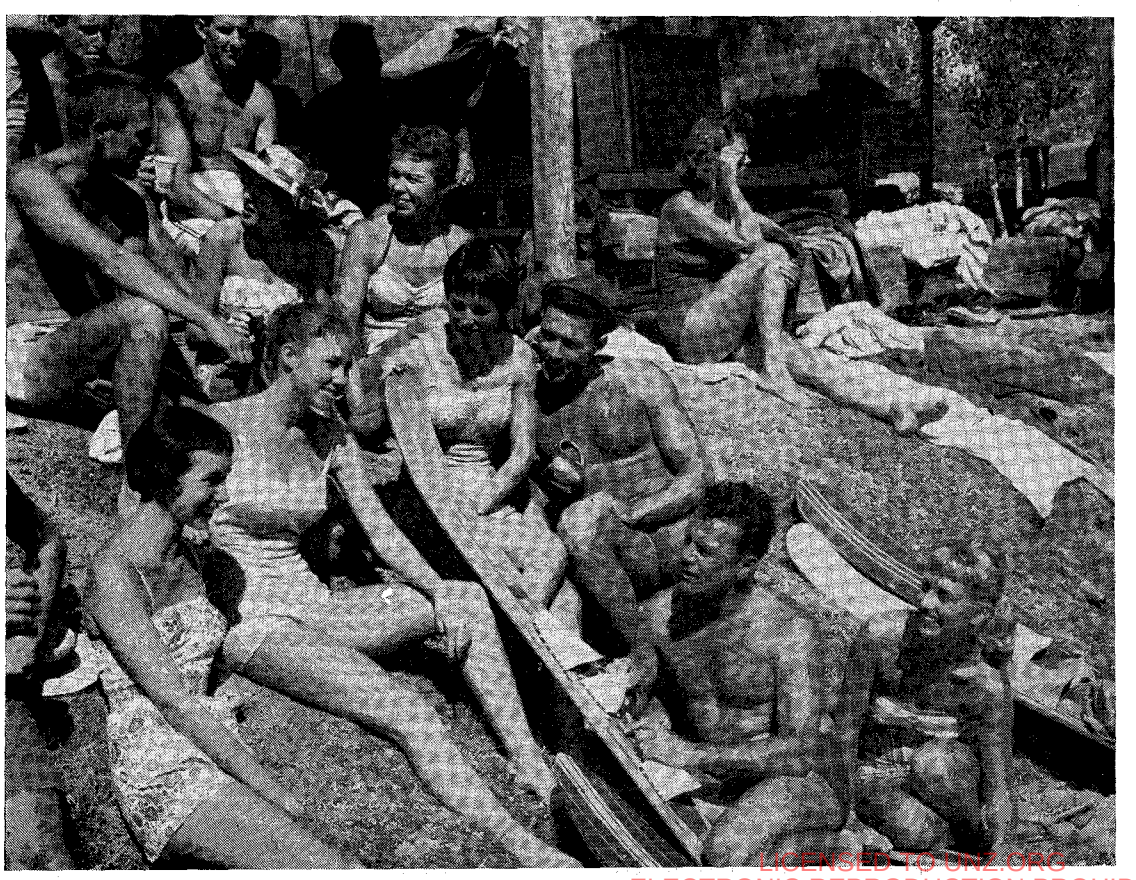


# Free Land—If You Can Hold It

By NEIL M. CLARK

**On a vast tract in Southern California and Arizona, squatters have revived the pioneer art of "pre-empting" public land. But there's one big hitch . . .**

On weekends and holidays, up to 10,000 people invade the river in the Parker Dam area for swimming, fishing and boating off squatter-controlled beaches. Here young water skiers take time out between rounds.

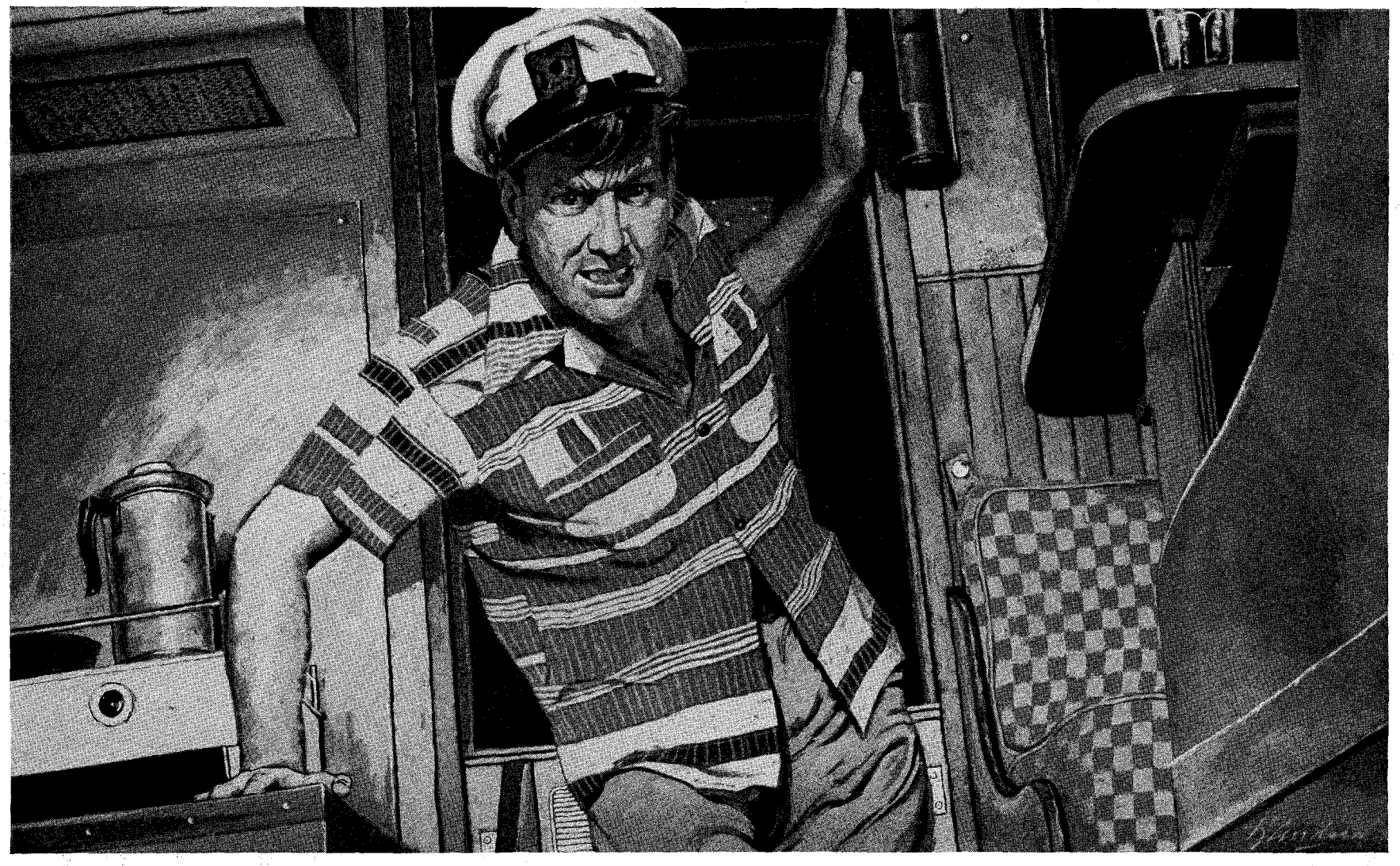


Squatting—the practice of taking possession of a tract of land simply by moving onto it—is an old American custom. Ever since the Pilgrims in 1620 occupied Plymouth without a deed, rugged individuals have been occupying public lands without the formality of a purchase contract or a title. As early as 1828 a congressional committee reported, "It is impossible to prevent settlements," and added, reflecting the feeling of the pioneers, "It is just and proper that he who . . . has created to himself and his family a home in the wilderness should be entitled to his reward."

The Pre-emption Law of 1841 recognized squatters' rights by giving them first crack at purchase of the land they had already occupied when the Government got around to selling it. National growth was speeded. Indeed, someone has suggested that a statue should be erected to the squatter, with the inscription: The Man Who Really Won the West.

The old custom of squatting is still very much alive. In fact, a new chapter in the pioneer art is being written right now on a million or so acres (Continued on Page 69)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The drunken killer was coming toward her.

# MURDER ON MY STREET

**Pam awakened from her drugged sleep to find her nightmare was reality . . .**

By EDWIN LANHAM

Hold Bruce Carter," the inspector ordered. "The King girl has been found. She's been dead about a week." The solution to Sylvia King's disappearance thus confirmed police suspicion that Carter alone was involved in the subsequent murder of his boss, Harry Banks, managing editor of the New York Express. Now he would have to leave his ten-year-old daughter Pam under the protection of Laura Parker at the Long Island estate of editor Arthur Cole and return to the city for questioning. Despite this sudden turn of circumstantial evidence against him, Carter's fears were not for himself, but for Pam. The child's life was in constant danger, for she was the key witness in the death of the King girl's cousin, Adele Sharp, innocent victim of the strange train of events. Although Carter was convinced that Harry Banks, like the King girl, was somehow involved in the narcotics traffic, he protested his own innocence in vain; the two men were known to have been bitter rivals. Then, at police headquarters, fate dealt Carter a new and cruel blow: Pam was reported missing.

## CONCLUSION

Laura wept on the telephone, and Bruce stood with his hand gripped so hard around the stem of the receiver that the pressure molded his palm and whitened his knuckles. After the initial shock his head had cleared and he was alert; his perceptions were keyed high.

Laura's voice was broken by gasping sobs, but she forced herself, tried to control her emotions. "There was someone with her all the time, Bruce, but it was a long day and she seemed so tired that I took her up for a nap about four o'clock; then I went down to the library with Ellen. Nobody saw Pam come down. Mr. Vincent was resting and John was washing a car."

"Was Arthur there?"

"No, he'd gone off to Montauk."

"Is there any chance she went with him?"

"Not possibly. Darling, didn't they tell you about the shoe?"

"Yes."

"She must have awakened and come downstairs and wandered outside," Laura said. "She was fascinated by the radio telephone on the boat and we spent a little time down there listening to the conversations before she took her nap. Maybe she went down there again and followed the road that leads out to the highway where they found the shoe. Bruce, we all feel so guilty——" (Continued on Page 52)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *This Christmas buy cartons of Luckies!*

*Give Luckies...*

*Serve Luckies...*

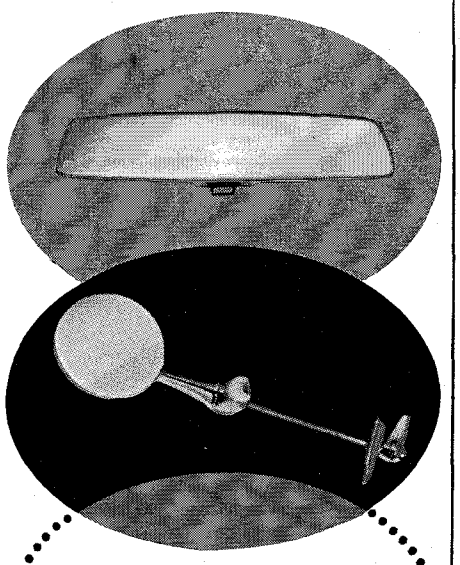
*Enjoy Luckies!*

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE Importance OF HINDSIGHT

Every good driver should realize the need for having a full view of the road behind. For the best view of the road behind . . . Guide offers two specially designed rear view mirrors . . . the View Finder, for glare-proof vision day or night . . . and the Inside-Controlled Side View Mirror, the ultimate for your safety and convenience. Ask your General Motors dealer about these Guide Mirrors when you buy your 1958 car.



With just a flick of your finger, the View-Finder Mirror adjusts to filter out headlight glare.

Guide's Inside-Controlled Side View Mirror makes readjusting effortless.

Guide Lamp
. . . BRIGHTEST NAME IN LIGHTS
GUIDE LAMP DIV., GENERAL MOTORS CORP.
ANDERSON, INDIANA

# The Riviera Affair (Continued from Page 24)

Here I been punching a guy in the Garden, and you've been weighing the moon again on the back of George Washington, and all the Promenade and the Plage waiting to welcome us with long golden arms. Let's go!"

But even as they walked down the hill their minds reached into the past and the future. They were both checking out of the Navy in the fall, and Mike brooded on the office job that awaited him, his widowed mother and young brother and sister at school—and his rainbow called M.I.T. Gino brooded on his father bustling in the noisy Italian store that he had built "out of one salami" for Gino—and of the Golden Gloves and leather singing in the ring. And Gino said consolingly, "Maybe you couldn't get in, Mike, even if you had the time and the dough."

"No, I can make it. I was talking to Lieutenant Sonderland this morning, and his uncle is on the math faculty at M.I.T., and he told me with my school record I could get in—and maybe get help on the way. But it's a gamble, on my brain."

"And what else has a guy got to gamble on? Boy, if we only had a stake for a couple of years."

"Well, I've got eight bucks crazy money right now and —— Here we are, on the Promenade!"

The beach ran for two miles below the Promenade and there was a golden babe under each parasol and shoals of babes splashing in the sea. Gino wagged his head and said, "Mike! Once, just once, let's act like young Americans!"

"O.K!"

The sun was dropping over the Cape of Antibes, but the sidewalk burned through their soles as they strolled along. All the way, white-clad American sailors turned cameras on the bikinis for the folks back home.

They walked a mile and then Gino moaned, "Let's turn back and buy us a long cool soda." They crossed the road in a covey of golden girls. "Don't you ever worry about dames?"

"Only one, Gino. Only one. And when I see her, I'll know."

All the cafés were full until they came to the white and splendid Nigroni Palace Hotel. Right now, its terrace was occupied by Wall Street in sharkskin and the wife of Wall Street in Dior. They sat in the shade of a palm and contemplated the Promenade.

Then Mike saw the girl, sitting in cool green and looking as fresh as a green young tree by a Scandinavian lake in spring. Her golden hair seemed rinsed in April rain. Mike halted and looked at her across the low bank of shrubs, and Gino felt him stop like a watch.

Then Mike looked at Gino, and said with hidden Irish poetry springing suddenly awake in him, "Let's have a drink here, in the cool green shade."

The girl heard him, and she flushed and looked into her drink. They stepped onto the terrace, and Gino moved to a chair, and then, splendid in a white silk jacket with gold braid, the captain stepped out of the restaurant, and spoke. "I am sorry, gentlemen, but I cannot serve you here."

There was a pause, and then Gino asked very softly, "And why not?"

The captain pointed to the sign at the entrance: *Tenue de ville obligatoire.*

"And just what does that mean?"

"It means, sir, that we cannot serve you unless you are wearing a jacket, collar and tie."

"And does that go for admirals too?"

"Yes, sir. Yesterday I could not serve an admiral in Bermudas who was with a lady who wore, I think, Tahitians."

The captain smiled slightly, bowed, and moved away. Mike looked at the viking girl for a long time and then stepped out with Gino on the sidewalk.

Gino said, "Well, what do you know! I didn't even hit the guy!" Then he saw the look on Mike's face. "Is that her, Mike, the one girl?" Mike said nothing and they walked slowly up a small side street.

At last Gino said, "We've got to get her off that terrace. Let's go back and get a gimmick."

Then he stopped outside a small café and read the notice tacked on the wall. The words were chalked in red on a shabby piece of cardboard.

STATESIDE STAKES
HOT DAWGS
AMERICANS MAID HAPPY
EAT AND BUST
TOO BUCKS

The pot-shaped owner stepped out of the doorway.

"Hey, admiral, you come in here and eat to bust, yes?"

Mike said, "How much?"

"I tell you, two bucks, you eat and bust."

"I mean the card. I want it. How much?"

"Three bucks. I gotta make a new ——"

Mike handed him three bills and took down the card and jolted Gino with his knee. "Let's go!"

Gino almost ran beside him as they headed back to the Promenade, and he asked, "You gone crazy? What you gonna do? Mail it home to mom?"

Mike stopped at the corner of the Nigroni Palace, waited for the captain to move away, and then swiftly tacked the card over the Nigroni menu. Then he stood back on the sidewalk and waited for the boys known as the Wolf Pack who were just coming along the sidewalk on liberty from the flagship.

Mike watched as the Wolf Pack stopped to read the card.

"Boy," he said, "not even in Jumbo's did I eat a hot dog like that. And the beer is cold as snow!"

Silently the Wolf Pack occupied the terrace. The girl looked into her glass, smiling. And then the captain came out and surveyed the Sixth Fleet at battle stations on his terrace. He moved over easily. "Gentlemen?"

"Hot dogs and cold beer all round," said a burly sailor with his cap perched down on his nose.

"Gentlemen, we do not serve hot dogs, and ——"

The sailor pointed to the menu at the entrance. "It says hot dogs, and we get hot dogs." He jerked his thumb at the girl. "And a bottle of champagne for the lady, with the compliments of the Sixth Fleet."

The captain went over and goggled at the card. "Sir, there is a mistake. This card ——" He took down the card. "Gentlemen, I cannot serve you if you are not wearing a jacket and tie."

"O.K., captain. Seven beers, cold; seven dogs, hot; and seven suits with collar and tie attached. And champagne for the lady!"

"But, sir ——"

"This, I guess," said Mike, "is where we fade. Before they call the marines." He looked at the viking girl. "She won't be staying now. Let's go round the block and then come back on the Promenade."

"But don't you want to hang around? You don't want to lose her."

"I'm not going to lose her, Gino."

They walked past the café again and saw the little round Frenchman writing out a new card on a table inside. They came down on the other side of the block and past the small cubicle shop where tickets were sold for the French National Lottery. A slim girl in a black dress, her hair in a pony tail, stood in the doorway, waving a ticket.

"*Le dernier billet! Le dernier billet! Tirage ce soir.*"

She waved the ticket under Mike's nose and Gino stopped.

"What's she saying?"

But the pony tail from the Midi could speak American too.

"The last ticket only," she called and smiled at Mike. "They draw the lottery this evening. In Paris. You want the forty million, yes? This the last lucky ticket only. You see, I wait for you to buy the winner ticket."

"How much?"

"Seventeen hundred and fifty francs."

"How much in dollars is that?"

"That is five dollars, just."

Mike went for his money and Gino groaned.

"Five bucks! Can't you ever say no?"

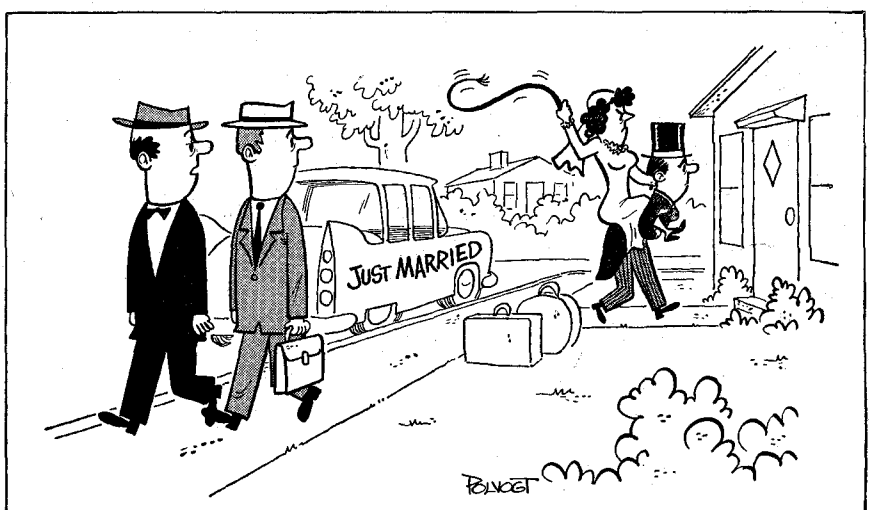
"How much do I win?" asked Mike of the pony tail.

She pointed to a V on the ticket.

"If group five win, you get forty million francs. Then other four groups in the same number get four million. So you get four million anyway when your number win. You come back tomorrow and I tell you if you win. Yes?"

Mike slipped the ticket into his cigarette pack. They walked down the street and Gino groaned again.

"You come out with ten bucks. Two are loaned on mathematical problems. Three gone on a menu card. And the last five on a lottery ticket. Where do we go to get taken next?" Then Gino caught the bright sea light in Mike's eyes. "Yep,




"Poor Jones! I'm afraid he's off to a rather poor start!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I guess we go and meet her, if she's not gone."

"She won't be gone," said Mike.

They turned by the American Express into the crowded Promenade, throbbing with Latin-American music, thronged to the last table by broiled and thirsty sun bathers up from the beach. Gino swore and licked his lips in longing for a cool drink. Then they saw two tables just vacated in the small shaded café nearby. Just as Gino started forward, the viking girl came along from the Nigroni, and she saw the vacant table on the Café Miami terrace. It seemed to wait for her as she strolled along. She sat down. and Gino moved fast. But not so fast as an immaculate marine who quickly installed himself at the table next to the girl.

"Leave this to me," breathed Gino, and he walked along, looking alert and busy. Going directly to the marine, he said urgently, "Say, what's your name?"

"Holder."

"Step on it, brother. Your corporal is at the American Express, calling all you guys. Asked me could I find a guy called Holder." The marine looked at him suspiciously. Gino shrugged. "Don't blame me if it's something from the Pentagon."

"Thanks a lot," said the marine, and left with a quick good-by as Gino signed to Mike to come along to the cool green shade of the viking girl.

"Great guys, marines," said Gino, as he fanned himself with his cap. "Always rarin' to go. . . . Beer?"

The viking girl becalmed a smile that was moving on her long curving lips and ordered in French from the little dark Midi waitress. Mike saw the cool green light in her eyes. Gino felt the silence under the palm and then Mike looked straight into her eyes until he drew the blood up into her face and his own face grew pale.

Gino whispered to himself, *Boy, I hope it happens to me this way*. Then suddenly he spoke to the girl. "Did the boys get their beer at the Nigroni?"

"Yes." Her smile was calm and friendly. Her English was slow and precise. "They quite insisted they must get the cold beer that must be cold and they insisted quite also that I must drink the champagne. So I must go after one glass or I find myself in the American Navy." She smiled now at Mike. "I think also that you two boys have the American power of organization in a very great degree."

Right then the marine came back, paused, stepped forward with military precision, leaned down to Gino, spoke one word, saluted the viking girl, and clicked his heels as he walked away.

"He congratulate you on your power of organization, yes?" The viking girl had a lilt in her voice even in a foreign language.

"He just hung a medal on my ear," cracked Gino. "Say, where'd you learn to speak English?"

"At home, in school, in my country, and that is Norway."

"Are you on vacation here?" asked Mike. Her cheekbones were like polished marble. And that hair. It was not gold. It was amber.

"Yes, perhaps I am on the vacation, perhaps I am not. But I leave the college and I travel, and now I am here. I pass on a lingual journey, so that I speak the French here, and the Italian in Italy, but in Spain I am an infant in the tongue. So. . . . And you? You pass the short time in the Navy or you stay in always and become the admirals?"

"We both get out and go home in the fall. . . . Say, I'm Mike, and this is my buddy, Gino, and we're very happy to meet you. Miss ——"

"Greischa; I am Greischa."

"Greischa," repeated Gino. "You don't say it, you breathe it." He felt Mike's eyes on him and stopped.

There was a pause now, and the lowering sun was golden smoke as it burned down in the sea. Mike asked softly, "Are you staying here long, Greischa?"

"Just one, two days more, then I go down by Napoli and Capri. And then, later, I go home and I try once again to get the money to take me to the university in America. Maybe I have the money by the fall in next year. And then I go if I am accepted into —— But that is all my dream. Ah, if I am the American, then I have no money problem. . . . Why you smile, Mike?"

Mike looked away at his rainbow, and Gino said, "Mike's a guy with the same problem, honey, and he's an American. This guy can weigh the moon on a piece of paper, and maybe he's got a Nobel prize inside his head, but he lost his father a year ago, and he's got a family to keep. He just lives and breathes mathematics; that's his rainbow, but he just hasn't got the dough. So ——"

"And you, Gino, have you not a rainbow in your sky?"

"Sure, I want to be a fighter, but that's no problem, not like you and Mike got. All I gotta do is step into a gym and I get a yes or no mighty soon. . . . And you, Greischa, what's your rainbow?"

"I like to go to Radcliffe and continue political-science study there."

The silence seemed to come down on them with the sudden blue night of the Mediterranean. Suddenly Gino said, "Gee, Mike, there's your star!"

The evening star was huge in the sky over a golden light that seemed to echo from the day. Gino shivered. "Gee, it's all inside me, working. I feel it."

He was surprised when her hand lay on his. "What, Gino?"

"I don't know. Something's changing our lives. You and Mike —— Boy, I'm just talking crazy in this crazy light. Somebody call me a cold beer. . . . Say, why don't we go eat? All of us. Go and eat some place in a garden."

She looked at her watch and shook her head and the light shivered in that amber hair. "I can't, Gino, I must go now."

Gino started up in alarm. "But you can't go. I mean —— When do we see you again?"

"I may be able to get away tomorrow. If so, I'll meet you here, in the late afternoon. But I don't know. So I say good-by, and it was nice to meet you, and ——"

She moved, but Gino stayed her with a hand on her shoulder. "Listen, you can't go like that. I ——" Then he roared at Mike, "Why don't you tell her she can't go, and why? What's wrong with you?"

He was so loud and angry that people at the nearby tables turned to look, and Greischa moved in embarrassment, then said lamely, "I give you my address in Norway. And then give me your address in America. Perhaps one day ——"

She pulled out a card and gave it to Gino. He growled at Mike, "Have you got anything to write on?"

Mike found nothing but the lottery ticket in his cigarette pack, and wrote his address. He handed the ticket to her and his face burned when she took it gently from his hand. Then she got up, shook hands and said good-by.

Gino watched her go and then lifted his glass, slammed it down on the table and splashed them both with beer. "What kind of a guy are you, Mike? I saw an H-bomb explode between you and her. . . . I don't understand. Why didn't you say something?"

Dial yourself into Summer on Wintery nights!
Ummm! Slip between sheets cozy as sun on sand, bask in uninterrupted warmth till morning. Westinghouse bed covering *automatically* adjusts to changes in room temperature, warms as little or as much as you need, hour by hour. It's the easiest way to outsmart a fickle thermometer!
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC BED COVERINGS, as low as $19.95
ELECTRIC SHEET goes over top sheet, under light blanket to keep in warmth. Packs easily for travel. Washable white plisse, fits twin or double bed. With single control $19.95. With dual control $24.95.
ELECTRIC BLANKET of luxurious, deep-pile washable nylon blend in pink, blue or green with matching nylon bindings. Twin bed, single control $29.95. Double bed . . . single control $34.95 . . . dual control $39.95. King Size, dual control, nine foot width (for king-size beds) $69.95.
YOU CAN BE SURE...IF IT'S Westinghouse
Watch TV's top dramatic show, Studio One, every week.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mike wiped the beer from his knees and spoke softly, "Because I was afraid, Gino; afraid." Then suddenly he looked up and his face came alight again. "But I know I can't lose her. I know. I just know. . . . Let's go back to the ship."

The bay was a bowl of moonlight and the sea lapped at the flagship from the wash of her liberty boats and the launches serving the Norwegian cruise ship, glittering like an aurora borealis in her lights. Midnight tolled softly from the bell-tower clock above the port.

"Boy," said Gino in a low voice as he joined Mike on deck "this Riviera really takes a guy at night. You going below or staying up here to think about that viking girl?"

The lights were dimmed now on the Norwegian ship, but the saloon was aglow and dance music floated over the water. The blue spotlight from the flagship lit the Norwegian as it swung over the bay.

"It's crazy," said Gino. "Here you brood about a girl and you let her go just like that and don't even ask her hotel or locate her in any way. I guess you're not going to sleep so good tonight thinking about what a hayseed you been."

"O.K., but don't ride me, Gino. I see her again or I don't, and that's it. It's funny, but I don't feel she's gone. I guess we're under the same moon and maybe that brings her nearby."

"Hi!" shouted Gino, as the blue spotlight swung back over the Norwegian. "Hold that spot on that girl away astern on the Norwegian!"

The spotlight stopped on her and she turned in the light and tried to look at the flagship.

"Greischa!"

She moved out of the light and looked over the rail to get away from the beam. Gino punched his palm. "Why didn't I guess? And where would a Norwegian girl be if she's not on a Norwegian ship!"

Gino looked over at her white figure in the moonlight as she leaned alone on the rail. But Mike was looking into the water below. Gino spoke softly, "Hey, Mike! What gives?"

There was no answer and then Gino saw it, too, and mused aloud, "Yep, I guess it doesn't check so good. I'd say that cruise costs about a year at Radcliffe. I guess she was playing it down to Uncle Sam's sailor boys."

Mike's voice was cold. "Let's go below."

He did not look once over at the Norwegian. But Gino, as he turned behind him, waved a hand to the viking girl, so lonely on the stern. He hoped the wave did not mean good-by.

Mike was impatient next afternoon as the shore-patrol jeep dropped them in the hot and shadeless square of the town. They walked along in silence through the bustling street and turned down to the Promenade. The girl in the black frock and the pony tail was standing in her doorway lost in some Midi dream.

"Hi!" said Gino, as they walked by, and she said, "Allo!"

Then suddenly she gasped and caught Mike by the arm. "You —— Wait." She rushed into the shop and came back with the sheet of paper. One number was ringed in black pencil. She handed the sheet to Gino, and clutched Mike's arm. "The ticket! The ticket!"

Gino read the number and said in a lazy way, "Boy, and to think you threw it away in that cigarette pack!"

Now the pony tail grabbed Gino by the arm. "He what? He —— Where is the ticket?"

"Down in the briny, I guess. He stowed it in his cigarette pack, and he tossed it overboard last night in the liberty boat."

"He lose it? But—*Pas possible?* He lose it in the water. Forty million ——" Her nails bit into Gino's arm. "But he can't lose it. He must have the ticket. They pay only on the ticket. Oh. . . . You go see the admiral. He send down a diver and find the pack and the ticket."

Gino held her away and drawled, "Baby, relax! It's only a hundred grand or so in dollars."

"But—you are mad. I go see the American consul and tell him see the admiral."

They left her leaning in the doorway and walked down the street. At a small wine shop they ordered beers. They sat and sipped and then the sweat began to pour from Gino. Mike looked taut and Gino knew his heart was hammering on his ribs.

"We've got to get it, Mike. We've just got to. Why'd you have to give Greischa that ticket with your address? Why? Boy, I'm in pieces. . . . Don't just look at me. What do we do?"

Mike wiped the sweat out of his eyes. "Well, I guess we go see if she's at the Café Miami."

"And if she's not?"

"Then we start thinking."

"O.K. What is it in dollars, Mike?"

"One hundred and fourteen thousand."

"Boy, I'm just going to keel over if —— O.K., suppose she's at the Café Miami. How do we get the ticket back?"

"Well, we just tell her."

"Are you crazy? How do you know how she'll come back on that? We don't know her. She says she can't go to America yesterday, and then last night we find out she's on a de luxe cruise ship. It doesn't check. I like dames that check. We've just got to get it back, all casual like. Say, have you got a telephone number at home?"

"Sure."

"O.K., you ask for the address and say you want to add on the telephone number. Then you find you haven't room on the ticket, and you write the lot on another piece of paper. She won't guess a thing. . . . And this time," said Gino furiously, "let's have a piece of paper!" He paid for the beer. "O.K., let's go, and let me play it, soft and low, and don't look in those green eyes even once. Not until we've got that ticket back in your pocket. O.K.?"

"O.K." Mike looked sour. "But I don't like it. I just don't like it that way. Why don't we tell her the truth?"

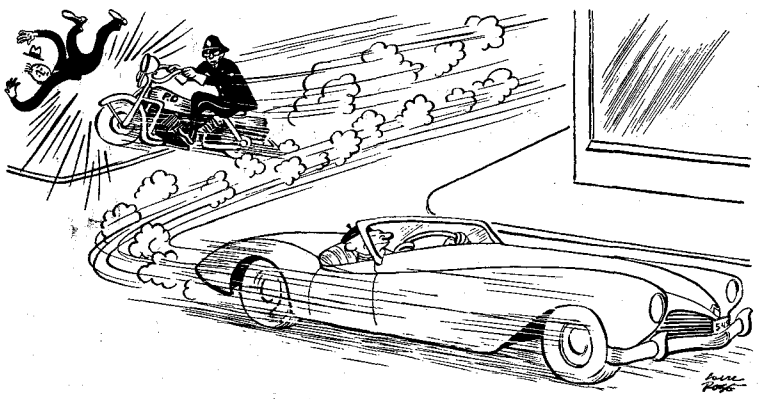
Gino gripped his arm until Mike winced. "Because, boy, all your life, and M.I.T. and whatever you can be, is written in a number on that ticket, and you owe it to you, and to your mother, and your family, not to lose it. . . . Hi!" Gino called to the waiter. "Gimme a couple of pages off that pad, please."

He stuffed the pages in Mike's pocket and they went down to the Promenade. It seemed a million miles to the Café Miami.

She was there. In the same cool green dress, with the same cool green eyes. She welcomed them to her table with a warm smile, but instantly they saw that she seemed to conceal a tension.

"Hi," said Gino. "You made it!"

"Ah, I am so glad you come!" She looked at her watch. "I wait, and then soon I must go! But I wish to keep my word with you. I steal away, in one little moment, but (*Continued on Page 48*)



## You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Ferdy, having just bought a sports car, tried to see how quickly he could get from one side of town to the other. He was doing sixty in a twenty-five-mile zone when Motorcycle Officer Clancy gave pursuit. Turning a corner, Clancy lost control of his cycle and hit pedestrian Albert Wheat. Wheat, seriously injured, sued Ferdy as the cause of it all.

"When Ferdy broke the law by speeding, Clancy had to go after him," Wheat contended. "Therefore Ferdy's illegal driving really is to blame, and he should pay me damages."

"Why blame me for Clancy's inability to control his motorcycle?" Ferdy replied. "He, not I, hit Wheat. He, not I, ought to pay the damages."

If you were the judge, would you make Ferdy pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Ferdy did not have to pay. The court pointed out that Ferdy had not directly brought on the accident by swerving or forcing the motorcycle off the street. It said the cycle was under Clancy's "exclusive control," so Ferdy was not to blame for the accident.

*Based upon a 1947 Ohio decision.*

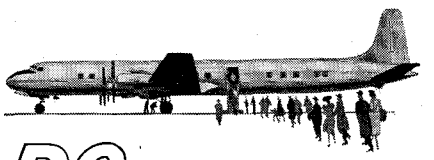
**These airlines...**

...and other commercial operators fly the fast, luxurious, four-engine Douglas DC-6, DC-6B, or new DC-7 series airplanes:

AEROLINEAS ARGENTINAS
AIR LIBAN
*ALASKA AIRLINES
ALITALIA
AMERICAN AIRLINES
AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL AIRWAYS
BRANIFF INTERNATIONAL AIRWAYS
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORP.
CANADIAN PACIFIC AIR LINES
CATHAY PACIFIC AIRWAYS
*CIVIL AIR TRANSPORT
CONTINENTAL AIR LINES
DELTA AIR LINES
EASTERN AIR LINES
*ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES
FLYING TIGER LINE
*GREAT LAKES AIRLINES
*HUNTING-CLAN AIR TRANSPORT
JAPAN AIR LINES
*JUGOSLOVENSKI AEROTRANSPORT
KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIR LINES
LINEA AEREA NACIONAL DE CHILE
LINEE AEREE ITALIANE
*LOIDE AEREO NACIONAL
*LOS ANGELES AIR SERVICE
*MARITIME CENTRAL AIRWAYS
MEXICANA DE AVIACION
NATIONAL AIRLINES
NORTHEAST AIRLINES
NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES
*OLYMPIC AIRWAYS
*OVERSEAS NATIONAL AIRWAYS
PANAGRA
PANAIR DO BRASIL
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
RIDDLE AIRLINES
SABENA BELGIAN WORLD AIRLINES
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM
SLICK AIRWAYS
SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS
SWISSAIR
TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LTD.
*TRANS CARIBBEAN AIRWAYS
TRANSPORTS AERIENS INTERCONTINENTAUX
UNION AEROMARITIME DE TRANSPORT
UNITED AIR LINES
WESTERN AIR LINES

*Flying soon

*More people and more airlines fly Douglas than all other airplanes combined*



DC means DOUGLAS


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Grandma, we're here! We took a DC-7"

# Whatever your reason for getting home sooner...

## Take the DC-7—world's fastest airliner

With its top speed a remarkable 410 miles an hour, the DC-7 wings you with velvet swiftness across the oceans, across the continents—anywhere in the world!

There's unbeatable luxury and comfort, too. The spacious DC-7 cabin is pressurized, air conditioned, soundproofed and tastefully appointed to make your travel completely restful.

Next trip, get there *sooner*, more *comfortably*—by DC-7. See why *more* people and *more* airlines fly Douglas than all other airplanes *combined!*

**DOUGLAS**

BUILDERS OF THE DC-8 JETLINER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 46*) first I say good-by, because I leave so early in the morning."

"But what's the hurry now?" asked Gino, probing. "On a vacation, time is your own."

"Ah, yes. But you see I live also on a ship. And they do not like it that I am away, so ——" She smiled. "I am on that Norwegian ship that lies inside your flagship in the bay."

"But what's the rush?" persisted Gino. "There are boats out to that ship all the time."

"Ah, yes. But you see, I work as a stewardess on the ship, so in that way I can travel, and not pay, like so many students, and today I am on duty. But I steal away to see my American friends.... Ah, Mike, you flush that I call you my friend!" She called for her check.

"So, good-by, Mike, perhaps I come to see you if I go to America, yes?"

"Say," said Gino anxiously, "did you give Greischa your telephone number, Mike? She can call you if she gets down Boston way."

"No, I forgot," said Mike, and he looked down at the table.

"Let's have that piece of paper with Mike's address, Greischa, and he'll add on his telephone for you."

She paused a fraction, then she said, "Oh, I put that in an envelope. I —— Perhaps you write the number on another piece of paper, please."

Mike took out one of the pages and wrote his number and handed it to her in a terrible silence. The strange thing was, she seemed as tense as they were, and Gino's head began to hum. And then she was standing up. She opened her handbag, and took out an envelope, and laid it on the table. It was addressed to Mike in Boston. Her voice was very soft, and very cool.

"Oh, I was going to mail you this if I do not manage to see you today."

Mike took up the envelope, opened it very slowly and took out a clipping from the Paris New York Herald Tribune that gave the results of the French National Lottery, with the number ringed. And neatly clipped to it was Mike's ticket. Mike dropped his head on his hand and his arm began to tremble. She laid her hand very gently on his head.

"Why did you lie to me, Mike?"

Gino jumped up and caught her arm and said, "It wasn't him. He didn't want to do it. I made him do it. I thought of the telephone number. . . . Oh, damn. And I wouldn't have done it if the ticket was my own."

Mike spoke to the table in a bitter voice, "If this is what money does to people, then ——" He moved back his chair, picked up the ticket and took out his cigarette lighter. His eyes burned like cold gray steel.

"No, Mike; no!" cried Greischa.

He looked at her for a long time and then he said, "Very well. But I'm going to say something. When I've said it, I'm going to count five. If you don't both say yes before five, then I burn this ticket. O.K.?"

"Go on," said Gino.

"We share it equally, we three, or it goes up in smoke. Yes or no? One, two ——" He flicked the lighter into flame.

"Yes, Mike," Greischa said quickly.

"O.K., buddy," Gino agreed. "And I'll sock your nose round to the back of your head for this when I get you back on ship."

Mike held the ticket as if he did not like it, then said coldly, "What do we do now?"

"I've checked it for you, Mike." Greischa was very practical now. "You deposit it here in the American bank and they will draw it for you. That is the best way. It will take a little time."

"O.K., let's go," said Mike, grim and unsmiling. "We all go."

The bank arrangements took only minutes. The American manager, a former Navy man, gave them receipts for the lucky ticket and arranged to make a copy of Greischa's passport and papers so that she would get her share of the winnings. They were to return.

They paused outside in the sunlight and Gino said, "Well, you've got to wait an hour now, anyway, Greischa, so let's go sit in the shade of the Café Miami."

They went back and found a place under a palm and seemed imprisoned in silence.

"What are you thinking, Mike?" Her voice was a little troubled.

"A simple thing. I've got nearly forty grand now, but it can't buy back what I lost today when I told you that miserable lie about a telephone number."

"It was my lie and my idea, Greischa," said Gino. "But there was a reason. We saw you on that Norwegian last night in the spotlight, and we thought you might be a rich girl who was playing down to us, and I guess I just got uneasy about you. Please understand."

"Oh, I see!" She paused. "But I would never have got uneasy about you and Mike. But—let's forget completely it now, and then we be happy again."

"Look," said Gino, "I wanna buy me a Provençal-costume doll, and I'm going to do that right now. I'll be back."

When Gino had gone there was silence and then her hand stole over on Mike's and she smiled.

"Mike, I don't think I can get you away from all that bad spirit in so short a time before I sail in the morning. When does your ship sail?"

"We never know these days, but I guess we ought to be here another week."

"Mike, I think I take my suitcase tonight and leave the ship and arrange with the captain I come back down at Napoli or somewhere, and stay a little time here, and then we do not say good-by in your bad spirit and also I can see your American consul and find all the things I have to do to get to America because perhaps I now can go in the fall. Do you mind very much if I do that and perhaps I know you better then and we can make all the plans for America. Yes, Mike?"

"If you see it that way."

"Ah, Mike, you are still in the bad spirit. But I change all that. Oh, yes." She paused. "This morning when I see the Herald Tribune, I remember your ticket and then I go to my cabin to look at the number, and then I get the most queer feeling before I look at the ticket. I don't have to look. I know.... You believe me, Mike?"

"Yes."

"And last night I go to sleep in a deck chair in the moonlight and I have a curious dream. I see you standing at a board and you chalk up figures, numbers, symbols, and they become stars, all still in the sky. And then you come back home, and I am there, and then all the stars leap off that board and go whirling like sparks around your head, and ——"

She paused as if she wanted him to know and complete the dream.

He said, "That's when I kissed you, isn't it? And there was a green lawn, always April green?"

"Oh, Mike, I knew you were like that, and I ——"

Gino came back with the Provençal doll in his hand. He sat down and said, "You didn't forget the guest room for me, I hope." THE END

If your headlights are two years old . . . install new Guide T-3s for MORE LIGHT—AIMED RIGHT!
GUIDE T-3
FIRST headlamp designed with three "Guide Points" for quick and easy aiming by precision mechanical method.
SAFETY AIMER
EASY adjustment without even having to turn headlamps on . . . assures perfect alignment and placement of light on the road.
PERFECT AIM IN MINUTES
ATTACH AIMER . . . a quic
screwdriver adjustment an
the job is done—in minute
—even in broad daylig

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Giant-Killers of the California Coast

(Continued from Page 37)

Del Monte's plant, ten miles up bay from San Francisco, is the only shore whaling station now operating in the United States. From its dock each morning—April through November, weather permitting—three catcher boats set out through the Gate. Each night, luck holding, they return with one to three whales in tow. They took 145 whales in 1956, the largest a sixty-two-ton finback, and processed 4,000,000 pounds of meat. This year they aim for 300 whales. Counting bone meal, oil and other by-products, this catch could result in a gross return of $1,500,000 for eight months' work.

International law now requires that you be prepared, before killing a whale, to dispose of it usefully, neatly and with dispatch. This, as Del Monte discovered, is easier said than done. The first whale to reach its plant, a thirty-eight-footer, took twenty hours to dismantle; it might have been done in six, but experienced whalemen aren't as available as, say, carpenters.

You can't, in this day and age, shanghai crews off the old Barbary Coast. You must train your own, and a whaleman is cut from special cloth. Don Gamble is a case in point. As a boy in Montana, taking trout on deer-hair flies and reading Melville, he dreamed of being a whale killer. When he went awhaling at last—as a gunner, naturally—he missed his first three shots, got a bad hit on the fourth, and six hours later was still being towed by the whale. Later he whaled off Peru, married a pretty Chilean girl and showed up when Donna Mae needed a gunner. His split-second decisions determine whether the boat makes a $5000 catch or incurs heavy penalties for killing an illegal whale. In the heat of the chase, jauntily balanced on his pitching gun platform, the blond young hearty grins as if life held no greater calling. A man of paler stripe would be content to net for herring.

Gamble's counterpart on the Dennis Gayle, another Del Monte boat—the third is the Allen Cody—is Erhardt Nielsen, who came to whales from bottom fishing. Nielsen, a wrinkled little Norseman who treats an ulcer with milk and vodka, was missing shot after shot early this year; he simply doubled the vodka and swore he'd still earn $12,000 for the season. He and one dirt farmer, one merchant seaman and one salmon fisherman, were trained as a killer crew last year by Bill Bartow, skipper of the Gayle. Another crew was trained by Harold (Hunk) Hunter, owner-captain of the Donna Mae, who had fished everything from albacore to crabs and shot a few whales during sporadic revivals of the industry.

Cap'n Hunter, a slender, middle-aged man in green plaid jacket and baseball cap, was the Ahab of my first chase. I found him at midnight by the huge and redolent carcass of a sperm whale he'd just towed in. "We sail at three," he said curtly, and went aboard the boat. At 2:59 A.M., Donna Mae put her gray pug nose to the wind and hastened down the bay with her two stout masts dipping to the stars. Fourteen miles out at sunup, with the lightship nodding off our port quarter, all hands were searching for whales.

"Some days," Willis MacAdam, the burly ex-Seabee deck hand, was saying, "they're tame as cows out here. Other times they're runnin' to hell an' gone, all spooked. Find a couple of tame ones now and we'll be home by dark." Would the skipper shoot so close to shipping? Mac laughed. "Hunk'd take a whale on Market Street if he could get a fair shot."

In the new era of whaling, I found, there's no keening cry of "Thar she blo-ows!" Off the Farallon Islands, Mac said simply, "There we are." He pointed to two whales, perhaps a mile seaward, swimming together. Cap'n Hunter arrived on the flying bridge with his second mug of coffee. It was 7:30 A.M. A squad of porpoises romped at the bow. "Our dawgs," he said. Hunk, for one, accepts the old whalemen's claim that porpoises will lead you to whales. Off to the north, a spout hung against the sky like a cloud.

"That's the kind we want!" Mac exulted.

The next hour and forty minutes were to be an object lesson in the frustrations of whaling. The whales ahead sounded. Hunk throttled down; he didn't want to spook them. When they reappeared, they were wallowing along on a new course, showing just the ridge of their black backs. They would blow five or six times, uprear their flukes in the massively graceful way of whales, and disappear for five to seven minutes. They surfaced to the north, on still a new course; Hunk brought Donna Mae about. We lost them for ten minutes, then found them down to the south. Hunk's cheeks grew steadily redder.

The chase appeared aimless, even hopeless, but slowly we worked closer. Don Gamble sauntered out to his platform and knocked off the gun clamps. The whales surfaced fifty yards ahead. Gamble studied them carefully—both over thirty-five feet, the legal minimum, and no calves. He held his fire; in a cross-wind there's little accuracy to a 158-pound harpoon trailing heavy line. The whales up-fluked and sounded. Don gestured for a southerly course, but Hunk, high on the bridge, thought otherwise. While every man laid a silent bet, he veered west at full throttle. And his guess was good.

The whales broke water, breaths jetting, thirty yards to port on a parallel course. The nearer one, seeming to sense danger, dived. Don hastily swiveled on the bull and for five full seconds we pounded after it. At ten yards it, too,

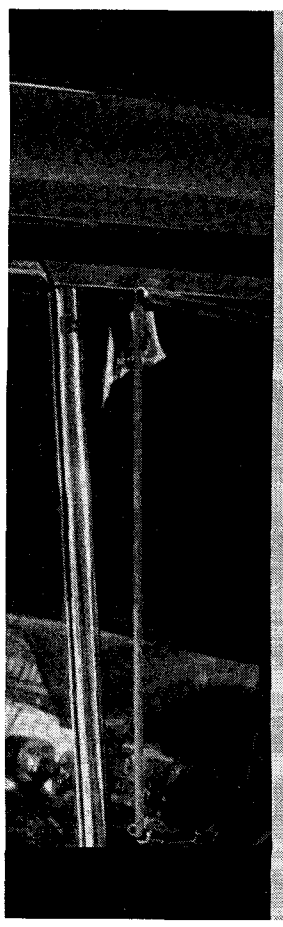
## Little Hearth Song

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

So scrape the snow from off
the wood
And bring armfuls to burn,
The trees that long have
lain in death
Across the fated fern.

The oaks, in lengths, the
maples, split,
The end of towering might;
Let's speed the slow of
quiet rot
With crackling flame
tonight.

The day was long, the
house is chill,
The hearth's an anodyne;
We'll watch the fire, bright
ballet,
Come steal a dance from
time.

The best reasons a man could possibly have for

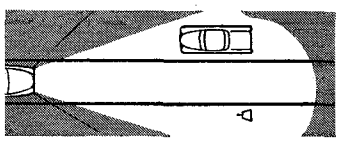
"aimed light"

when he drives at night!

Guide T-3

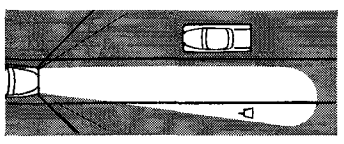
SAFETY-AIM HEADLAMPS

POOR AIM



HEADLAMPS out of adjustment . . . reduce visibility, can blind approaching drivers.

PROPER AIM



GUIDE T-3 Headlamps can be aimed in minutes for better visibility and safety when you drive at night.

BUY IN PAIRS WHERE YOU SEE AC

AC THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Watch Walt Disney Studios' ZORRO weekly on ABC-TV


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sensed its peril. The great back humped. Don fired his thunderclap shot—it was 9:00 A.M.—and we had our sleigh ride up the crimson path.

As the crew turned to trice up the dead whale, a spout lifted to starboard. Not twenty yards off, huge ox eyes fixed on us, was the mate. Why she'd come back after escaping the gun herself, no man could say. She stared and blew, as if fixing the scene on her mind, and was gone.

Don shrugged. "Whales," he said. "No one can figure them."

He didn't pause for further philosophizing. Humpbacks sink if they are not quickly inflated. Hunter edged up to the rolling body; Gamble drove home a slender air pipe. A hundred pounds of pressure slowly ballooned the whale. Donna Mae's diesel chuckled as she came alongside the swollen whale, and the crew put chains on the catch. They turned it belly-up so the barnacled flippers wouldn't saw at the hull, leaving the uptilted tail threshing wildly over the open deck, aft. Ducking in with a tape, Mac measured the limp flukes—eight feet, eight inches across the tips—and jumped back to make way for Gamble. With quick, deft jabs of a flensing knife, he hacked off the flukes. They sank quickly, leaving only the amputated stub to rub at the rail. Topside, Hunk was hunting the next whale.

The sea to the north blossomed with spouts. On the radio salmon fishermen were complaining: ". . . nothing here but whales—not enough to bother us yet." Hunk snorted and headed north. Within the hour he raised three humpbacks traveling together. They turned for the open sea, lunging through a series of dives and blows. On the final run they crashed a swell, three abreast, flinging spray on Don and his gun. As one back after the other disappeared, he swiveled to the next, firing on the last one in the final possible second. An instant later a pale green bubble broke at our bow, as if the whale had blown out its entire breath. "Lung shot," said Hunk. The whale sank to forty fathoms and stayed there. Don grinned. It was ten minutes after noon. With eighty-odd linear feet in two whales, he'd earned nearly $200 for the morning, the boat over $2000, and Del Monte had a twin mountain of titbits for the dogs and cats of America.

But a whale doesn't pay off on the bottom of the sea. The shot had blasted a gaping hole and the hooked whale rose grudgingly, staining the water. Gulls dived greedily for the torn flesh. With Hunk holding close, Don jabbed his slender pipe, but the whale wouldn't hold air. Don tried repeatedly while Donna Mae drifted and the whale sank slowly by the head. At Gamble's suggestion, Hunk ran Donna Mae over the limp body and brought it alongside the starboard rail. Leaning far out, Don jabbed at the tongue. It took the air. As it inflated, the pleated jaw sagged open and the lolling head was buoyant at last.

A six-foot shark appeared, its blue back iridescent at the surface. It hovered, eying the tongue, shied when it saw the men, and glided off to wait its chance. At 2:30—after two full hours—the chain was made fast. We could see the surf dashing on Point Reyes and heard the Dennis Gayle report herself at the Gate, homeward bound with her whale for the day. Donna Mae picked up her throaty beat and the shark sidled off. With the whales riding low at each rail, we plodded along at five knots; it would require ten hours and at least one change of tide to reach the plant. Some of the crew sought their bunks while Hunk engaged Ray Reeves at cribbage, dollar a game. He was a different man, gloating and thumping the galley table as the cards fell his way. Good whaling will do that for a man.

Cap'n Hunter, as owner of the boat, collects a flat fee—probably twenty-five dollars per linear foot of whales delivered at the dock. Out of this, he provides fuel for the boat, working gear and pay for his five-man crew. They buy their own groceries. Gamble gets $2.25 per foot as gunner, the rest a sliding scale down to $1.60 for the newest hand. As skipper of the Gayle, which is owned by Hunk's nephew, Bill Bartow draws $2.40 per linear foot. No one gets paid on days when they're dock-bound—weather last year allowed only ninety-two days of whaling—on days they fail to kill a whale or, killing one, fail to bring it home.

This happened to the Gayle. Coming in at sundown one day, they shot a forty-ton humpback behind the fin. The whale turned straight for the boat. Cap'n Bartow tried to back off as it dived, but the propeller slashed the line. The whale, bleeding heavily, surfaced a quarter of a mile away. Though they chased until dark, they couldn't get it in range again.

I went with them next day to hunt "Moby Dick" and his hundred feet of trailing nylon line. But the Pacific was seething under a southerly wind. You couldn't have seen a whale unless it jumped thirty feet off the water. "Some days," Bartow said ruefully, "you can't do anything right in this game."

A whale washing up on a beach with a harpoon in it automatically starts an investigation, with every likelihood the owner of the iron will be found and identified. Boats losing a whale are required to report it.

Should the gunner shoot a "short" whale—a sperm under fifty feet or a humpback under thirty-five—everyone loses. The International Convention for the Regulation of Whaling, to which the United States became a signatory in 1946, has its eye on every whale in the sea. Del Monte must report each whale it takes by date and species, as well as the amount of oil and other products obtained. In two years it has reported three short whales—one only three inches short at thirty-four feet nine inches, an understandable error in the heat of the chase. Yet the gunner forfeited his purse, and at season's end the International Whaling Commission invoked a penalty on the plant. Actually, the economics of whaling are against short whales—no company can long afford to process them.

Off San Francisco, gunners must also be watchful of the California gray whale. A few years ago, this creature was nearly extinct; now it is guarded as carefully as the whooping crane. The Department of the Interior, which licenses domestic whalers, last year refused its own biologists permission to take one for study. Del Monte may take baleen whales—they're mostly humpbacks—for six months, May through October, and sperms for eight months, April through November. For this privilege the station pays a Federal license of $250 a year, plus $100 each for the catcher boats. In addition, the state collects twenty cents per ton on the first 5000 tons of meat processed, then ten cents for each succeeding ton.

"No one's getting fat but the minks," Ray Reeves said cheerfully. Having lost three straight crib games, he'd seen Hunk off to his bunk and was frying chicken for dinner. We were off the lightship, inbound. "I've handled enough whales now to feed ten thousand minks," he said, "and I couldn't make a down payment on a sleeve. Can't even afford to feed my crew whale steaks, though Doc Gilmore recommends them."

Dr. Raymond M. Gilmore, biologist for the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, is the whalemen's special mentor. A husky, graying scientist, he is one of the country's foremost authorities on mammals of the sea. He helped when Dr. Paul Dudley White, the heart specialist, and Donald Douglas, the airplane manufacturer, tried to measure a living whale's heartbeat.

When we reached the dock at 12:30 A.M., Doctor Gilmore was there to record the Donna Mae's catch. Finding one a pregnant female humpback of forty-five feet nine inches, he stayed to retrieve the unborn calf. As the winches peeled back the black hide, barnacles popped on the deck like hailstones. As usual, Doc was conducting a seminar for the young flensers.

"No man's been able to follow a whale to the depths," he said, "so we don't know for sure how the barnacles catch on. My theory is that the water eddies at certain points of the body as the animal swims, and they start there." He waded off to examine a blood vessel the size of a garden hose. Though the aura of a whale is not to be ignored, it scarcely wrinkled his nose.

The whale, it would seem, dies rather quickly, but the scent never does. Fortunately for Del Monte, there's a spot behind a northern hook of the bay where the creatures may be butchered without causing evacuation of nearby Richmond, Berkeley and Oakland.

The factory, a former sardine-rendering plant, is thoroughly seasoned. One long warehouselike shed with a ramp to the water is the flensing house. As the whales are dismantled, chunks of blubber, meat, bone and viscera move to adjoining cookers of Independent Renderers. From there, trucks and railway tank cars carry the meat, meal and oil off to market. The station is managed by two young cousins, Johnny and Chuck Caito—the latter a certificated schoolteacher—whose families for years have sold fish in San Francisco. Their foreman, Bob Casebeer, has taught even primitive peoples in Peru to dismantle whales, but Thorveld Hoagland, a Norwegian, was brought in from British Columbia to train the original crews here. The head flenser is a dark-bearded young man who works the off season in an auto-wrecking yard.

The butchering, though hardly a pretty spectacle, draws nightly processions of spectators. As the work proceeds, with flensers cutting the blubber into strips, tractors growling in to scoop up meat for the cooling tanks, and fork lifts to take flippers, ribs and jawbone to the saws, it all seems to disintegrate in a bloody free-for-all.

Divested of its black outer rind, the whale slowly comes to resemble a huge turkey carcass after Thanksgiving dinner. Doc Gilmore, a voluntary Jonah seeking scientific answers, crawls into the remains. This time he located his unborn calf, a fifteen-inch replica at ninety days of an adult whale. Turning to the brain, he removed a purplish-red globule the size of a crab apple. This gland, the pituitary, is the key to the fantastic growth of the whale, earth's largest creature. Using pituitaries supplied by Gilmore, a scientist at the University of California has started experiments which may one day lead to control of human stature. A medical school asked the station for the 200-pound kidney, a 100-pound liver and a whale heart, 500 times the size of a human one, which, they say, "will show us nerve pathways too small ever to be seen in human hearts." To the eyes of science, the dead whale today is as challenging as the fabled white sea beast which lured old Ahab to his death.

The San Francisco operation is, of course, hardly a ripple on the surface of global whaling. Three hundred whales is a trifling part of the worldwide bag of 30,000 or more, and Del Monte's three killer boats cannot be compared to the great fleets that rendezvoused at the Golden Gate a century ago. Sperm oil, however, is still one of the world's finest lubricants for precision instruments, baleen oil is a necessary ingredient of margarine, and spermaceti is used in the manufacture of cetyl alcohol and cosmetics. As the wild-horse herds vanish, the San Francisco operation will loom larger and larger to dog and cat lovers and the breeders of sleek, expensive minks. Certainly no pet could ask more gallant fare than the red-blooded meat of the fighting whale—I like it myself in scaloppine, though I doubt if it will ever replace veal. THE END

"Yes, I do have a house in your price range, but it's in Guatemala."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# ENJAY BUTYL fabulous new rubber

## *Scores again in advanced automotive design*

*Bumper guard inserts of Enjay Butyl rubber are an outstanding feature on one of America's newest automobiles. Now, when bumper meets bumper, shock is reduced and noise eliminated. Enjay Butyl is ideal for these guards because it absorbs bumps better than any other rubber, can be color-matched to the chrome, and resists weather and wear. This versatile rubber is now out-performing other types of rubber in over 100 parts in today's new cars.*

ENJAY BUTYL

ENJAY COMPANY, INC., 15 West 51st St., New York 19, N. Y.
Other Offices: Akron · Boston · Chicago · Detroit · Los Angeles · New Orleans · Tulsa

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Murder on My Street

(Continued from Page 42)

"I'm coming out there right away, Laura," Bruce broke in, and hung up.

"We'll go in my car," Inspector Harrison said. "I have a telephone in it and we'll keep in touch. There's an alarm out for Charlie Pearl. He can't get far."

On the way down the stairs Digby took one of Bruce's elbows and the inspector the other. Their solicitude was painful, but also welcome.

Digby left them outside, saying, "I'm going after Charlie Pearl, Bruce. We lost him in traffic this afternoon, but he was headed somewhere in his car. I'll find out who was working with him somehow."

Bruce nodded and got into the inspector's car with Molly Conley. Inspector Harrison sat in front with his chauffeur, and at once he got busy on the radio telephone, calling Mineola for the latest report from the Nassau County Police.

As the car raced up the East River Drive, occasionally using the siren, Bruce said, "I don't think we should concentrate exclusively on Charlie Pearl. How did he know she was out on Long Island? That's what bothers me."

"He must have followed the kid out," the inspector said.

"I drove her out there this morning, and it's automatic with me to check in the rear-vision mirror," Molly said. "I didn't notice anybody tailing us, but I could have missed it."

The inspector was talking in a low voice on the telephone, and Bruce leaned forward and tapped his shoulder. "If that's the Nassau County Police, ask them to check in Huntington Harbor for a sloop named the Tern. She's about thirty feet over-all, Marconi-rigged."

Inspector Harrison put his hand over the mouthpiece and asked, with the air of humoring a man in distress, "Why, Mr. Carter?"

"Gordon Gilman chartered that sloop at City Island for the weekend," Bruce said. "He came into Lloyd Harbor this afternoon, saw us, and headed out again, then I saw the sloop going into Huntington Harbor. He saw us aboard the Sea Robin. He knew where Pam was."

"O.K.," the inspector said. "You just relax, Mr. Carter."

"Please don't humor me," Bruce said. "Gordon Gilman has a heroin addiction and he frequented the Revelry Club. I think he knew Sylvia King. Remember what Charlie Pearl said about the girl? She was pregnant. Gilman could have been involved with her and maybe he took her out to Lloyd Harbor for a heroin jag and got wild and killed her."

"Why Lloyd Harbor?"

"That snapshot of Sylvia King was taken out there."

"It's the same lighthouse, inspector," Molly put in.

"He could have run down to the East River in that sloop and dumped her overboard," Bruce said. "He could have returned her overnight case to her apartment to make it seem that she was still alive, but Adele Sharp surprised him there and he killed her. It fits. It could have happened. I think we ought to cover every avenue."

Into the telephone Inspector Harrison said, "Do something for me. Check Huntington Harbor for a sloop named the Tern, chartered at City Island by a fellow named Gordon Gilman. Hold him for questioning." He hung up and looked back at Bruce.

"Today Gilman came into Lloyd Harbor and immediately scuttled out again," Bruce said. "Maybe it was because he saw Pam on the beach and was afraid she would recognize him. He knew Pam was with the Coles, but did Charlie Pearl know that?"

After a time a red light flashed on the dashboard and the inspector reached under the cowl for the telephone. He carried on a low-voiced conversation and Bruce heard him say, "Please keep after it"; then he hung up and said, "They found that sloop tied up at a gas dock in Huntington Harbor, but there was nobody aboard. The attendant at the dock said a man and a woman came ashore, made a telephone call for a taxi and went off together."

"Can they locate that taxi driver?"

"They're working on it, Mr. Carter."

The siren began to scream again as the car turned off the parkway. It was only a few miles now and Bruce sat forward, with his hands clenched between his knees. It was close by—it was here. The car swung into the drive and stopped in front of tall Ionic columns. Bruce saw two police cars parked in the driveway, saw uniformed men searching the grounds.

Laura came from the house with Ellen Cole, put a hand clingingly on the smooth surface of a column; then, as he got out of the car, she ran quickly down the steps and into his arms, sobbing, saying, "Darling, please forgive us!"

He held her tight. "It happened," he said. "I don't blame anyone. There's nothing to forgive."

At the entrance door, white-faced and with his right arm in a sling, stood Ezra Vincent. His china-blue eyes had a glazed look from pain and his white hair was uncombed and rumpled from the pillow. He called softly, "Bring the boy inside."

They went into the great drawing room overlooking the sound and Bruce paced the floor. The sun was setting and in less than an hour it would be night. There was a dreadful finality in the settling of darkness; it seemed that with the coming of night all hope would be gone—if it was not too late to hope already.

The telephone rang every few minutes, and each time the jangling summons brought Bruce up short, listening. He heard muted conversations, saw detectives going back and forth.

"I told the marine operator to keep trying the Sea Robin," Ellen Cole said. "Trouble is, Arthur hardly ever turns the set on when he's under way, because of the ignition noise. . . . Laura, did you reach your father?"

"He wasn't in his room at the hospital when I called," Laura said. "They told me he got dressed and went out. He had a couple of hours before his next X-ray tests." She turned to Bruce and took his hand. "Darling, have you eaten anything?"

He shook his head. "I couldn't."

The telephone was ringing again, and a detective who answered it called out, "Inspector Harrison, for you."

When the inspector had finished talking, he looked at Bruce and shook his head. "That was Digby," he said. "Charlie Pearl walked into the Revelry Club a few minutes ago. He claims he hasn't been out of the city and he says he has an alibi."

"Was there anyone with him?"

"I'm afraid that was a bum steer, Mr. Carter. He was alone, and he claims he never has had any kind of partner."

"No word about Gordon Gilman?"

"Not yet."

Bruce turned back into the drawing room. He sat on a sofa beside Laura and he was aware of her presence, deeply conscious of her sympathy and support, but he had nothing to say to her. He felt as if his heart had been torn out by the roots. He had no emotion in him, only a deep and consuming hopelessness.

When night came, it was like the falling of a curtain; it was the shroud of hope. This was no kidnaping for ransom. This was an abduction. The purpose was to seize a little girl and silence her voice with cold and calculated brutality. Night had come and now there was no more hope. The ringing of the telephone no longer alerted Bruce; he sat sunk in despair.

It was after nine o'clock when Inspector Harrison strode into the room and said, "We have Gordon Gilman."

Bruce got slowly to his feet.

"We had men watching that sloop in Huntington Harbor, and Gilman showed up there a little while ago," the inspector said. "The girl with him was his secretary. That's why they ducked out when they saw you in Lloyd Harbor. They went ashore at Huntington and had the taxi driver take them into New York and back. Gilman said he forgot something, and you can guess what it was—they found six decks of heroin on him. We're checking it all out, but it looks like they're telling the truth."

"Where does that leave us now?" Bruce asked in an empty voice.

"I know," the inspector said. "But there's still hope."

Bruce shook his head and sat down again. Ezra Vincent's nurse was at the door, saying in a professionally cheerful voice, "Hadn't my patient better come up to bed now?" Ezra Vincent only shook his head. His eyes were shiny from pain and he sat with a brooding expression, studying the pattern of the rug.

Charlie Pearl had an alibi, Bruce thought; Gordon Gilman had an alibi. What avenue was open now? Pam had been brought out here to Long Island, far from Greenwich Village. Why had the murderer been so panicky that he had followed her out here and abducted her in broad daylight on a public road? It was not simply fear that she might see and recognize him on some Greenwich Village street, he thought; it was panic. He must have known that she would surely see him. That was the key to it. He must be someone she was bound to encounter on the street or he must be someone who knew Bruce; the thought rounded hard as a stone in his mind, a thought that set ripples of perception in motion, like a stone falling into still water.

Ezra Vincent's nurse edged past him, moved some objects about on a table, and turned with an apologetic smile. "Did anybody see an ampoule around?" she asked.

"An ampoule of what?" Ellen Cole asked.

"A little ampoule of morphine," the nurse said. "I wanted to take Mr. Vincent up to bed and give him sedation, but I seem to have mislaid the morphine."

"I'm not going to bed yet," the Old Man said in a strident, irritated voice.

Bruce began pacing the floor. His eyes were wide and staring as they traveled about the room. Something was missing. He had noticed it a long time ago, but it had made no impression. There was something missing from this room that he had seen here three days ago when he had dined with the Coles. The suspicion grew. The suspicion flamed in him, and he swung around and walked out of the room.

He found the nurse in the hallway and asked her urgently, "Is your hypodermic needle missing too?"

"No, it's there. It's just the morphine I mislaid. It's serious for me, you know. I'm responsible."

Bruce strode into the library and stopped short, drawing in a deep breath, exhaling with a growling noise. A framed photograph was missing from the wall. This was not chance, he thought; this was not coincidence.

Behind him, Laura asked, "Bruce, what is it?"

He had not heard her coming. He turned and caught her hands. "Do something for me," he said. "Get Ellen Cole out of the living room. Find some excuse."

She looked at his set face, nodded and turned away. He remained at the door of the library until he saw her crossing the hall with Ellen; then he walked quickly into the drawing room.

"Mr. Vincent, there was a photograph of Arthur Cole on the piano the other night. In a yachting cap. I don't see it."

The Old Man glanced at the piano. "I suppose the maid moved it."

"There was another picture in the library," Bruce said. "It showed you and Arthur Cole laying a cornerstone."

"That was Indianapolis," the Old Man said. "We put up a new building there a couple of years ago."

"I don't see that picture either," Bruce said. "It's been removed from the wall."

Laura had returned, alone, and was watching him from the doorway. Inspector Harrison seemed thoughtful and inattentive, but Molly Conley's eyes were alert as she stood with her back against the wall.

(*Continued on Page 54*)

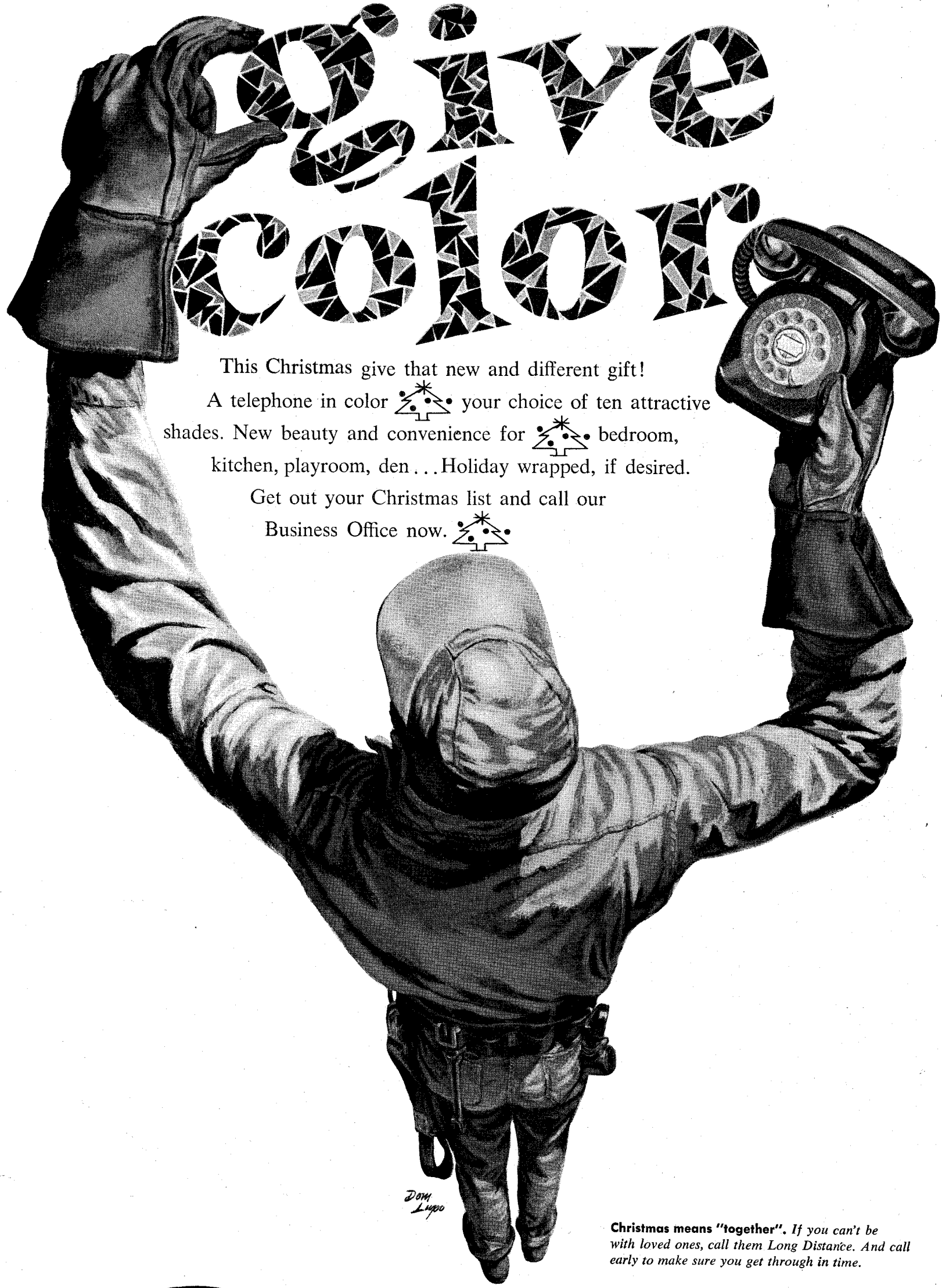
"Don't move."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# give color

This Christmas give that new and different gift!
A telephone in color • your choice of ten attractive shades. New beauty and convenience for • bedroom, kitchen, playroom, den . . . Holiday wrapped, if desired.
Get out your Christmas list and call our Business Office now.



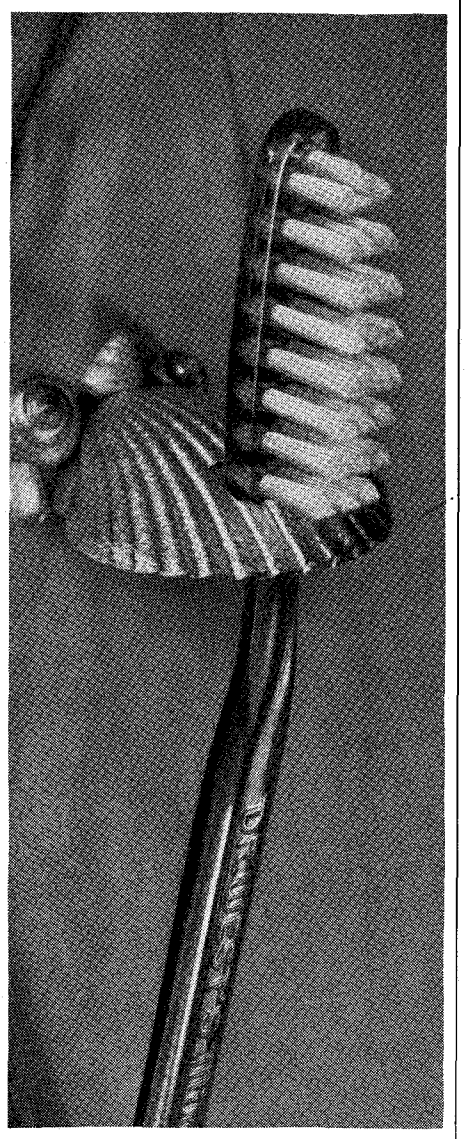

**Christmas means "together".** *If you can't be with loved ones, call them Long Distance. And call early to make sure you get through in time.*

GENERAL SYSTEM

## GENERAL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT COMMUNICATIONS SYSTEMS • 260 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

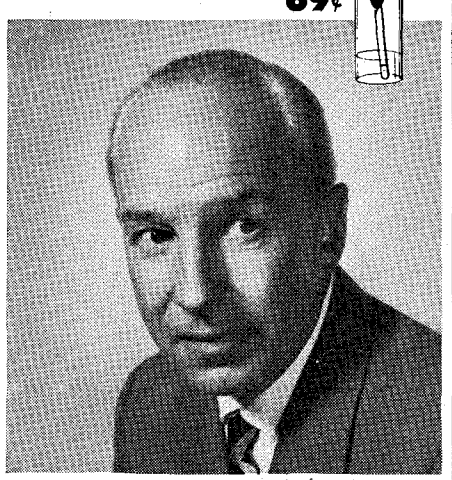
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



**LLOYD NOLAN'S TOOTHBRUSH**

**He calls it his "insurance."** Lloyd Nolan's toothbrush, a Dr. West's Germ-Fighter, carries a very special kind of "insurance." By attacking germs picked up during brushings or while the brush hangs in your bathroom, the Germ-Fighter insures you a safe, clean brushing every time you brush. The Germ-Fighter inhibits or destroys germs that lodge on it and hold to it. Fights them up to 4 months in use. Get this unique protection today.

THE ALL NEW
**DR. WEST'S GERM-FIGHTER TOOTHBRUSH** 69¢



**LLOYD NOLAN** . . . Starring in Jerry Wald's production of the best-seller, **"PEYTON PLACE."** A 20th Century-Fox release, directed by Mark Robson.

Copr. 1957 by Weco Products Co.

(*Continued from Page 52*) "Mr. Vincent, I want to ask you one question," Bruce said. "What would your reaction be if Arthur Cole got into real trouble with a girl—a scandal, a paternity suit, something like that?"

The Old Man's eyes opened a little wider, seemed brighter now. "I don't know what you have in mind, young man."

"I think you do," Bruce said. "Just today you told me about the French model who was hurt in an automobile accident. So long as it was hushed up, that was all right, wasn't it?"

The Old Man's lips tightened, and Bruce saw a gleam in his narrowed eyes before he turned his head away.

"Harry Banks did the dirty work for Arthur," Bruce said. "Harry Banks went to Oklahoma with him. Someone paid Sylvia King twenty thousand dollars, and Harry got half of it. We thought it was the proceeds from the sale of a kilo of heroin, but now I think it was blackmail."

"Oh, see here, Mr. Carter," Inspector Harrison said. "Making wild charges won't help the situation."

"Is it a wild charge?" Bruce said. "Suppose you check Arthur Cole's bank account and see if he withdrew twenty thousand dollars in May."

"If it will ease your mind, I'll have it checked Monday."

"Monday is too late," Bruce said in a low, withered voice. "Don't you see? My little girl may be out there with him."

"You're on the wrong track, Mr. Carter," the inspector said. "We've conducted a thorough investigation here. . . . Miss Conley, please ask the chauffeur to come in here."

John, the chauffeur, was on the terrace, and came in at once with Molly, standing rigidly attentive.

The inspector said, "John, I want you to tell Mr. Carter what happened this afternoon, from the time Mr. Cole came home. What did he do?"

"Why, he went up to change," John said. "Then he went down to the boat. When he was gassed up and ready to cast off, he came up and asked me to carry his gear down. I stowed it in the forward stateroom."

"Was anyone else aboard?"

"No, sir."

"And then did Mr. Cole cast off?"

"Yes, sir. Immediately, sir."

"Thank you," the inspector said. . . . "Satisfied, Mr. Carter?"

"Just one more question," Bruce said. "Did you look in the hanging locker or the head?"

"No, sir."

"I was aboard that boat today. It's a good-sized clothes locker."

"It is, sir," the chauffeur said. "Mr. Cole keeps his beer and whisky and canned goods in there, as well as his shore clothes."

Bruce turned to Ezra Vincent. "Can you tell me whether Harry Banks has been out on the Sea Robin since last weekend?"

"I'm sure he hasn't," the Old Man said. "He was here last Sunday afternoon, but they didn't take the Sea Robin out. He and Arthur did a little work on the boat."

"He was aboard her, though," Bruce said, and swung around. "Inspector, you think that Sylvia King's earring was planted in the managing editor's office to take the investigation away from the newspaper, and Mr. Cole kept insisting that Harry Banks couldn't have been mixed up with Sylvia King. I think I know why. I think he wanted to take the investigation away from Sylvia King."

"If that's so, why was that earring planted?"

"It wasn't," Bruce said. "Harry had that earring. That's the whole point. I suggest that Harry found it aboard the Sea Robin. The man who murdered Sylvia King would never have kept possession of that incriminating earring, but a man who appreciated its potential for blackmail would have. That's the key to it. Planting that earring made no sense. Harry already had it. He must have!"

Inspector Harrison shook his head doubtfully, but the Old Man looked up quickly at Bruce's face and his eyes showed a light of understanding.

"Lieutenant Digby found some seasickness pills in Sylvia King's overnight case," Bruce said. "He assumed it was for airsickness, but I think it was for seasickness. I think she went out for a weekend on that boat. Arthur Cole took the Sea Robin out last Saturday, and they must have had a rendezvous, at City Island or some other harbor where he could take her aboard without being noticed. I think he killed her and ran down to the East River in the night and dumped her body there. I think Harry found the earring and suspected what had happened, and that was the sort of thing that was grist for his mill. That was the sort of thing that got him the job as managing editor."

"Mr. Carter, you have no proof," the inspector protested.

Bruce pointed to the piano. "Where is that photograph? He knew Pam would be spending the day here. He probably tried his damnedest to prevent it. He cooked up a quick fishing trip, but gave in to pressure from his wife and Mr. Vincent. He didn't want to be conspicuous in his objections, so he removed his photographs and found a reason to spend the day in New York. He didn't come back here until after he saw me in the Express building. He assumed that Pam had come back with me. I didn't tell him she was still out here."

"I'm afraid that's not proof," the inspector said.

Bruce shook his head. "I suppose I have no proof, but this thing is burning in me. I feel I'm right. I want you to intercept that boat."

"Be reasonable, man, there's not a chance of finding the Sea Robin out there in the night. He'll be in Montauk by eleven o'clock."

"You can ask the Coast Guard to try."

"On the strength of these wild surmises, how could I?"

"Two photographs are missing," Bruce said. "They stick out like sore thumbs. I can feel their absence. One could be explained, but two are missing."

## Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

These days you'd better think twice before promising a girl the moon.

If you're living within your income, it's probably still early in the week.

One way to avoid wrinkles is not to hang your own wallpaper.

When you stretch the truth, people can usually see through it.

A man owes a lot to a wife who doesn't insist on being paid.

You're an old-timer if you can remember when the family chauffeur wasn't mother.

The inspector turned to Molly Conley. "Talk to the butler and the maid," he said. "Look around the house. See what you can find out about those photographs."

"There's a man of mystery in this case, inspector," Bruce said, as Molly went out the door. "There's a man named Peter Johnson, down in Oklahoma. Adele Sharp met him and she said he was a married man. Miss Parker can tell you about the gay times Harry Banks and Arthur Cole had in Oklahoma; how they used to run over to Tulsa, where Sylvia worked as a carhop. A few months ago Arthur made another trip to Oklahoma, and I think that was when Peter Johnson looked Sylvia up again. Later she came to New York and got a job in the Revelry Club, and probably Harry Banks ran into her there. At any rate, she found out who Peter Johnson was. She told Charlie Pearl that she had a rich boy friend with a yacht. I think that she and Harry together blackmailed Peter Johnson and collected twenty thousand dollars. It was the kind of thing that would have given Harry malicious delight. I think they must have tried to collect more, and Peter Johnson took her out on his boat and killed her, not knowing that Harry Banks was also involved in the blackmail."

Inspector Harrison frowned and said, "It's true the girl was pregnant. The autopsy today confirmed that."

"Exactly," Bruce said. "And she could have created a scandal that would have broken Arthur Cole's career." He swung around to Ezra Vincent. "That's true, isn't it?"

The Old Man said quietly, "It's quite possible."

"So he killed Sylvia King," Bruce said. "He must have thought he was safe, but there was a girl from Oklahoma who knew Peter Johnson by sight. This girl from Oklahoma reported her cousin missing and she went up to the Express office to deliver a photograph to me. She didn't wait to see me, and I think I can tell you why. I think she ran face to face with Arthur Cole, the editor of the New York Express, and she recognized him as Peter Johnson. She must have asked him about Sylvia. Had he heard that she was missing? Did he know anything about Sylvia? Obviously she would have run straight to Detective O'Reilly and told him who Peter Johnson was. So he must have stalled her off. He must have told her he knew where Sylvia was and that he would bring her down to the apartment. Just wait there, he probably told her, and then he got Sylvia's overnight case and went down to the apartment in Greenwich Village and killed Adele Sharp and left the overnight case there."

"Why had he kept the overnight case?" the inspector asked. "That makes no sense."

"I think in the excitement of the night he killed Sylvia he forgot to dispose of it, and he planned to drop it overboard the next time he took the Sea Robin out, but Harry Banks showed up out here next day. Harry found the earring and put it in his pocket, but he must have asked questions about Sylvia. Probably he told Arthur he knew she was in town, working at the Revelry Club. Probably Arthur had already made plans to cast doubt in Harry's mind as to whether or not the girl was alive or dead even before Adele showed up. At any rate, he still had that case, and he took it down to the Village and murdered Adele."

Bruce drew in a deep breath and went on in an unsteady voice, "But as he was leaving the apartment, Pam saw him. She went up there on an errand and she saw him. He thought she was a neighbor-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hood child who would be no danger to him, but that night—that very night—I came here to dinner and I showed him a snapshot of Pam. Immediately he offered me a job in the London bureau which would take me three thousand miles away."

Laura had been standing at the door, and now she said in a low, worried voice, "Bruce, it was Ellen who suggested that I try the sub-teen shop at Beacham's. She could have mentioned it to Arthur."

"So he waited in Beacham's for you and Pam to come in?" Bruce said. "Yes. He had to find out if Pam knew him. He showed himself to her in Beacham's and she did know him. He had to get her out of the way. He sent an anonymous note to scare me out of town. He urged Mr. Vincent to fire me. But Harry Banks knew, and after Harry learned that Pam had seen the murderer in Beacham's, after I had accused him of knowing Sylvia King and knocked him down Thursday afternoon, I think Harry called Arthur Cole to talk the thing over, because it was getting hot for Harry. I think Arthur went to his office through the back door and Harry showed him the earring he had found on the Sea Robin. When his back was turned, Arthur picked up the Ayer cup and struck him down, but the earring rolled away—a blue earring on a blue carpet. He couldn't find it and time was pressing. He had to get out as he had come, by the back door. It all fits, inspector. Don't you see it fits?"

"Yes, it does fit," the inspector said, "but ——"

"Today I was fired, at Arthur Cole's insistence," Bruce said. "I would probably take Pam out of town, frightened by that anonymous note. By the time he got back from Montauk we would have been gone, and I expect he would have prolonged his fishing trip until we were gone."

"There's just one hole, Mr. Carter, but it's a very big hole," Inspector Harrison said. "Arthur Cole went out alone on that boat, and you're forgetting that shoe out by the road."

Bruce saw Molly Conley outside the door, saw Ellen Cole's pale face and large, dark eyes behind her. Molly came slowly into the room and held out in each hand a framed photograph. Her low, dry voice said, "I found these in Mr. Cole's bedroom. In a drawer of his bureau. Hidden under his shirts."

"Do you see it now, inspector?" Bruce asked hoarsely. "Isn't it as plain as day now?" He stood with his eyes half closed, his face trancelike. "I see him coming home this afternoon. I see him going up to change, and out the window he catches sight of a little girl. She is here. If she recognizes him he is lost. He is trapped. He sees her go down to the Sea Robin. She is fascinated by the ship-to-shore telephone and she has gone down to listen. Here is his chance to dispose of the last peril. I see him going into Mr. Vincent's room, where he is sleeping. I see him taking the hypodermic needle and an ampoule of morphine ——"

Bruce's voice broke and for a moment he stood with his eyes squeezed tightly shut. An uneasy silence filled the room, and then Ellen Cole's voice came in unbelieving distress from the hall, "Mr. Carter, what are you saying?"

"I see him going down to the boat," Bruce said. "I see him stepping aboard. The little girl turns and sees him. She knows him."

"My God, Bruce, stop!" Laura cried, and moved up beside him, taking his hand and pressing it to her heart. "Darling, please!"

But he went on, "He seizes her. He subdues her and injects the morphine. When the drug has acted, he puts her in the clothes locker, then he takes one of her shoes and walks out to the road, hidden by the trees. He drops the shoe at the roadside and then he goes to the house and returns the hypodermic needle to Mr. Vincent's room. He asks John to carry his gear down to the boat and cast off the lines, so that John will see that he is going out alone, that there is no one aboard but him. The clothes locker is shut and John doesn't look inside. He doesn't see a little girl huddled in a drugged sleep."

He looked around at all their faces.

"It's too late now," he said. "What can we do now? When we find that boat, Arthur Cole will be alone aboard her."

No one spoke. At the door, Ellen Cole made a strangled sound and put her head in her hands. But Inspector Harrison was already on his way to the telephone, and Bruce heard his quick voice saying urgently, "Get me the Coast Guard, please."

The voice on the loud-speaker came in high in volume, but fuzzy with static and broken by the ignition, confused by the sound of the motors, "New York marine operator calling the yacht, Sea Robin. Come in, Sea Robin. . . ."

The child stirred. She had slept a heavy, drugged sleep and she awakened slowly. First she was aware of the driving sound of the engines, then the jerky, plunging motion and the splashing sound of water along the hull close to her ear. Suddenly she sat bolt upright. Her head felt very heavy and ached dully, and she looked about her with big, blinking eyes. Often she had awakened from a sound sleep in fright, with vague and almost formless dream images swimming in her head, and found the familiar reassurance of a chair, a window, the shape of a room. But now she awakened to find the nightmare was reality.

There was no light here in the forward stateroom, but the door was hooked open and she saw a light aft, saw a man's shoe at the level of her eyes. The man was standing at the controls, steering the boat, but all she could see of him was one shoe soled in crepe rubber.

The memory came like a thundering shadow across her mind, as his shadow had fallen upon her in the cabin of the boat when she had turned her head and seen his shining eyes. She had been squatting in front of the ship-to-shore telephone and he had been upon her before she could scramble to her feet. He had held her tightly as he pulled her down the three steps amidships and she had felt the jab of the needle as she was held vise-like in the crushing grip of his knees and one suffocating arm. Then there had been darkness and frightening, half-remembered dreams until now, when she had awakened and sat staring at the crepe-soled shoe.

Now she saw his face. He had stooped over and leaned around to look down at her. She saw his black eyebrows and dark eyes, his square dark chin, and she drew back instantly out of his sight, with her legs drawn in and her shoulder pressed against the bulkhead. All at once the humming of the motors ceased and the lifting motion of the bow fell off. The Sea Robin rolled sluggishly and it was very quiet aboard, except for the wash of water along the hull. He was coming toward her. She heard the thumping of his crepe-soled shoes on the steps, on the deck. But he stopped in the galley and she heard a clink of glass. She peeked around the corner of the bunk. He stood with the small of his back braced against a table as he poured whisky from a bottle.

"Come in, Sea Robin," the droning voice said. "New York marine operator calling the yacht, Sea Robin. . . ."

This year give him the gift he'll enjoy every day!
Season's Greetings Tom — Mary
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Dear Tom! This tin of Prince Albert is a little something extra I just knew you'd enjoy.
Mary
P
A

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He went on pouring whisky and he glanced toward Pam as he lifted the glass to his lips. He did not speak. He simply stared at her somberly, then he picked up the bottle and turned away. He went up the three steps into the cabin.

He had retreated into the shadows of the cabin, but now she saw his silhouette in the moonlight in the cockpit of the boat and a moment later heard his thumping footsteps overhead. There came a great and violent scraping overhead, the sound of a heavy object being dragged on the deck, then it stopped and she heard his thumping feet moving aft again. There was a crashing noise in the cockpit that brought her out of the bunk, trembling and staring into the darkness beyond the galley light. The rolling of the boat threw her hard against the opposite berth.

He was returning now, and his tread seemed softer. His face came into the light as he stood on the top of the three steps, staring off into the darkness.

The voice on the radio telephone came crashing unexpectedly in the stillness, saying, "Attention, all craft. Please stand by for an important announcement from the United States Coast Guard. . . ."

He did not seem to have heard. He put the bottle down on the sink and turned toward Pam. Now his eyes were focused on her, dark and terrible, his chin was thrust forward. He took one slow step toward her, and behind him the operator's voice said, "Attention, all craft. Please keep watch for the power cruiser, Sea Robin. This craft is a sport fisherman, about forty-five feet in length, and has a flying bridge and outriggers. The United States Coast Guard and the New York State Police request that you report any information about this boat. Do not attempt to intercept her. If sighted, call the New York marine operator or call the Coast Guard direct at twenty-six seventy kilocycles and receive instructions."

The voice ended abruptly and Pam heard the violent exhalation of his breath. She heard a click as he changed to the Coast Guard band, and at once a man's voice came in high and clear in the middle of a sentence, ". . . logged by the Eaton's Neck Station an hour before dark, heading up the sound at twenty knots or better. She ought to make Plum Gut by ten P.M."

Another voice said, questioning and alert, "We can head her off at the Gut, but what do we do about her?"

"Board and search her. There may be a child aboard. This is a case of suspected kidnaping. Exercise all caution. The man aboard is dangerous and may be armed."

His voice overrode the sound of the loud-speaker. He began to swear in high, explosive bursts of rage, and Pam heard him mutter, "How the hell do they know?" He was coming back toward her, down the three steps. He reached for the bottle and his eyes turned bright with anger to Pam.

"They'll be waiting at the Gut," he said. "Well, do they think I'd go barging through the Gut? Let them wait at the Gut. By ten o'clock we'll make the Connecticut shore."

He sprang up the three steps and started the motors. The boat made a great, sweeping turn that put the moon on the starboard side and drove ahead into the night.

Pam saw his face again as he stooped over, heard his deep voice asking, "You hungry, kid?"

She shook her head.

"There's plenty of stuff in the ice locker," he said. "Make yourself a sandwich. You got nothing to be scared of. Go on, for heaven's sake, eat something."

Pam found a small, treble voice that did not seem to be hers at all. It said, "I'm not hungry."

"Suit yourself," he said, and his bright eyes held hers. "You don't even know. You don't know what the hell it's all about, and look what you did to me!"

His eyes glittered and his mouth shone wetly. Pam was trembling with fright and her heart pounded. She backed away, out of sight, and crawled up on the berth again. She lay huddled there with her knees drawn up to her chest and her face buried in her arms.

A long time passed; Pam had no way of knowing how long it was or what the time was, but the moon was noticeably higher now and much brighter.

She heard voices on the loud-speaker again, and suddenly he turned off the motors. A voice came in clearly, saying, "We sighted a sport fisherman answering that description five or ten minutes ago. She was running without lights and we picked up her silhouette against the moon. She was headed toward the Connecticut shore, bearing toward New Haven."

"What's your position?"

"We're east-northeast of Stratford Shoal about twelve miles. We passed the light about an hour ago, steering eighty degrees magnetic, and we do about twelve knots."

"Hold your position and keep your eye out for a plane or a helicopter. Let us know as soon as you sight either one. The plane ought to be there in five or six minutes. She was northwest of Horton Point last report. If you've got a searchlight turn it on and flash it around."

He went charging out into the cockpit, into the moonlight, and stood staring into the distance. Pam knelt on the bunk and looked out the porthole at the brilliant moonlit sky. She could see lights glowing on the far horizon, and suddenly there was a quick flare like a candle flame, low and far away, but very bright.

She heard him cursing as he stumbled back into the cabin. The engines roared and the boat began swinging until the moon was on the port side.

After a time Pam heard a new noise—the faint, vibrant throb of an airplane's motors, growing louder, mounting steadily in volume. She got down from the bunk and saw him in the dim light from the galley. His face showed white and drawn and his eyes looked through her as if he did not see her.

The noise of the airplane was louder. The plane was flying very low over the water, but it was a long way off.

He took another drink from the bottle and seemed to choke on it. He coughed and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Suddenly he bent and turned off the ignition, and Pam heard the airplane very clearly.

He said harshly, "They saw our wake. I think they saw our damned wake."

Pam saw red and green lights and the great white eyes of light flashing brightly on the water, tracing a broad path that led directly toward the Sea Robin. The lights were nearer, brighter; they flashed in her eyes, and with a deafening roar the plane passed almost immediately overhead. Out the porthole Pam saw its dark bulk against the sky, saw the wing dip as it banked.

He had moved out of sight, but now she saw him in the cockpit aft, a shadow in the moonlight. The great white eyes of the plane's landing lights returned and for an instant the cockpit stood out in stark illumination, showing his braced body, his upturned face.

The searching white eyes of the plane were on them and the motors were an angry roar; the Sea Robin lay rolling in a slow, calm swell, discovered and exposed. There was no use starting up the engines. The Sea Robin could not get away. There was no escape now.

It was quiet again, except for the distant droning of the motors, steady in volume as the plane circled. She saw his shadow towering for an instant in the moonlight; then it seemed to dissolve and she heard a splashing sound. She stood listening, hardly breathing, until the plane came swinging back and the bright lights showed the swells of water aft, slick and undisturbed.

Pam went cautiously up the three steps to the cabin, and because she limped a little, she noticed for the first time that she was wearing only one shoe. She was still frightened, still not sure, but the voices on the loud-speaker comforted her. She dropped to her knees and in the faint glow of the dial lights found the handset transmitter.

She pushed the button down with her thumb and said in a tiny, trembling voice, "Hello." There was no response and she spoke louder, her voice rising in panic, "Hello, somebody!"

The plane was returning and she jumped to her feet and ran out into the cockpit. The lights were blinding on her face as she waved both her arms and shouted, "Here! I'm here!" She saw the black belly of the plane overhead and then it was gone again.

On the loud-speaker a voice was saying, "Who was calling? Give me the name of your craft, please, and the call letters."

She ran back into the cabin, dropped to her knees and snatched up the transmitter.

"Hello," she said. "I don't know about any call letters, but the boat is the Sea Robin and I'm all alone here."

"Hold on," the voice said. "Inspector—Mr. Carter, I think I have your kid. She says she's all alone on the boat. . . . Hello, come back in, Sea Robin. Come in."

Pam said, "Hello," but she had forgotten to depress the thumb button and the voice on the loud-speaker kept saying, "Come in, Sea Robin. Come in, Sea Robin." And then her father's voice was on, a hoarse, worried voice saying, "Pam? Is that you, Pam? Honey, have you got the button pressed down? Pam!"

She pushed the button down and said, "Hello, pop."

"Oh, thank God!" Bruce said. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

"Where is Mr. Cole?"

"He jumped in the water," Pam said.

"Jumped in the water? Off the boat?"

"Yes, pop. I'm all alone here."

The first voice said, "I'll take it from here, Mr. Carter. . . . All right, Pammy; we have you. You see the plane, don't you?"

"Yes, it just went past again."

"The plane saw you, too, and it will stay with you to show where you are. There's a fishing boat that should be alongside in just a few minutes. There's not a thing to worry about now. Your daddy is here at the Coast Guard station and when you come ashore he'll be waiting. You just sit there and listen. I'm going to talk to the fishing boat and tell him what to do, and you can listen to us. You'll know what's going on."

Pam sat by the radio telephone, listening to the voices on the loud-speaker as the plane kept circling overhead to mark the Sea Robin. It seemed no time at all before she saw a bright light and ran out on deck. The searchlight beam picked her up and remained fixed blindingly on her as a squat gray boat came alongside and a man in a khaki shirt and a soiled gray cap jumped into the cockpit of the Sea Robin and said, "Hi, Pammy. My name is Jack. How you doing, kid? Everything O.K.?" He patted her shoulder. "You've had a big night, haven't you?" His smile was nice and he had a dry Yankee voice. He took her hand and as he was leading her into the cabin he stumbled over something and said in a quick, surprised voice, "What's that anchor doing here?" Then his fingers closed more tightly on Pam's hand, and he said gently, "Honey, everything is all right now."

In the cabin he picked up the transmitter and reported casually, "I'm aboard the Sea Robin and everything is under control. The little girl is O.K. I'll bring her into Port Jefferson. . . . Right? Ought to be there inside an hour in this baby."

He stooped suddenly and picked Pam up in his arms.

"Kid, you've had it," he murmured. "You've really had it, haven't you? I'm going to tuck you in back there on one of those bunks. O.K.?"

Pam smiled. She was tired, very tired, and she relaxed in his arms as he carried her down the three steps amidships.

Pam stretched out in the bunk, feeling the motion of the boat, watching the swaying of a porthole curtain, until her eyes drooped shut and at last she fell asleep.

She slept as the Sea Robin came in through the narrow entrance channel of Port Jefferson Harbor, showing its red and green running lights to the group waiting on the distant gas dock. The police were there, and an officer of the Coast Guard, and Bruce and Laura and Molly Conley, standing under the floodlights on the dock. Voices came through to Pam and lights passed across her eyes. She awakened, hearing the cheerful voice of the fisherman calling from the wheel, "She's down below, fast asleep."

Bruce jumped into the cockpit and Pam sat up, holding out her arms, calling, "Gee, pop, am I glad to see you!"

He picked her up and held her gratefully in his arms. She clung to him, and then saw Laura coming and turned up her face to be kissed. She put her arms around both their necks and they all smiled at one another. It was in their eyes. It was in their smiles. They were very close together now, the three of them.

No one put it in words, but Pam knew they were a family unit now, and she felt a surge of pure delight and said, "Pop, she is your girl, isn't she?"

Bruce grinned. "You bet she is."

"And you're going to be married?"

"Well, give me a chance to ask her, Pam."

"You mean you haven't asked her yet?" Pam said. "Gee, pop, you're slow."

THE END

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Sneak Thief

By E. C. Craig

The counter girl had left
her place;
The toys unguarded lay,
Toys upon toys, and no one
near
To drive the child away.

A giant panda caught his
eye;
To clasp it—oh, what bliss!
He stood tiptoe; he reached
his prize,
And softly stole—a kiss.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Let's be Frank About Me (Continued from Page 19)

great limb that had been condemned, but it had not yet been removed.

Then just as Teddy and I passed beneath it, the limb crashed down on us. Teddy was killed, his back broken. The bicycle was smashed beyond repair, and Ella Geisman lay there unconscious in her pink taffeta dress, her skull fractured, her spine injured and her pelvic region badly damaged.

Mother heard the crash and rushed to help me. But she fainted, and no one else there knew who I was. Perhaps this is where it began—this feeling of mine that no one knew who I was. Perhaps this is the source of the recurrent dream that continued even after stardom, when I'd wake up crying because I had been lost and people were saying, "Who are you? Who are you?" And I could reply only, "I'm nobody—nobody," and someone would ask, "Does anybody know this little girl?" and nobody ever knew and I'd wake up crying.

But that was then, when I was eight, long before the dreams were to start. I was in Fordham Hospital for five months, in traction in a large and ugly cast extending from shoulder to hip. For a long time it was thought I would never walk again.

And when I finally did I had to wear a steel brace to support my spine, and a sort of girdle with straps under my arms to hold my back straight. In adolescence I took it off only when I danced on the stage, and I never could relax with it or be truly comfortable. Even with it I limped for a long time, and I'll never forget my dear friends shouting, "Freak! Freak!" and calling me "Gimpy."

But being "Gimpy" Geisman was not nearly so bad as living with mother and yet hardly ever seeing her. She was working a kind of swing shift, which meant that day after day I would come home from school to a dark railroad flat; while other kids went home to families and warmth, I went home to nothing. Heaven knows it wasn't mother's fault. It was just the way things were.

I still limped a little when I finished eighth grade in P.S. 14 and started Theodore Roosevelt High School in the Bronx. There I dreamed of being a famous surgeon so I could help others as I had been helped, and I also wanted to be a celebrated actress. But most of all, I wanted to be a dancer. When the limp had gone and we had a little money ahead, mother sent me to Ned Wayburn's for dancing lessons. Perhaps it was the limp that made me want to be a dancer, perhaps not. As it turned out, I wasn't a very good dancer and haven't improved much since, but at that time I was running so hard that it made no difference.

I decided to have a stage name and became "Elaine Peters," taking the last name of the man who was to become my stepfather. And I entered every amateur-night contest in the neighborhood, never winning, but always entering, always hoping for the next time.

Then I discovered Loew's Paradise on the Grand Concourse in the Bronx. It was new and big and cool, and its stars winked from the deep blue ceiling. To me it really was Paradise. There the shadow people of the movies were always gay; their lives always beautifully symmetrical and their endings always happy.

I saw Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in The Gay Divorcee sixteen times—mother says it was eighteen—managing the cost of tickets by inveigling the boys into taking me not just to any old movie, but to dance movies. The plots didn't matter; I wanted to see the dance sequences. But not always Rogers and Astaire, of course. I remember one famous juvenile named Dick Powell, but he was more of the singing type.

I didn't really think I could be another Ginger Rogers. I was skinny and rather plain, lisping and stuttering a little, but I was working on a career. I wanted to be something. I answered every newspaper ad wanting chorus girls and dancers for Broadway musicals. I was rejected again and again and again.

Then, during summer vacation of 1937, when I was still fourteen, a minor miracle happened to me. A theatrical producer, either wonderfully gallant or conveniently myopic, hired me to do a tap number and a song at the Club Lido in Montreal. It was my first professional engagement, and it paid fifty dollars a week—more than my mother was ever to make working six days a week from dawn to dusk.

Montreal was the start—the start of a career and the start of a flight. But it was fun there despite my ignorance. I didn't know how to get on a stage or how to get off. I didn't know about bows, and I had no encore. To complicate things further, the difference between United States and Canadian money flustered me hopelessly.

But there was a young comedian on the same bill who was very kind to me and tried to help. My memory may not be accurate—after all, I was only fourteen then—but if he was not Red Skelton, he certainly looked like him. And Red thinks it might have been.

When summer was over, I had to return to high school, back to routine and

Merry Christmas to all... and for You a delight!

Walking, looking, trying, sighing,
All are part of Christmas buying.
Lugging, wrapping, spending, sending,
Seems as tho' it's never ending.

But there's no need to shop or ship,
If you take this buying tip.
Say-it-with-flowers Christmas Day,
To friends near or far away.

Just call your florist, FTD,
Behind the sign of Mercury.
He'll do all the work for you,
Fast, guaranteed, inexpensive too!

CALL HIM NOW 'FORE YOU FORGET,
FOR THE EASIEST, MERRIEST CHRISTMAS YET!

Find Your FTD Florist in the Yellow Pages

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY — Send Flowers Worldwide — INTERFLORA

*This Emblem guarantees absolute satisfaction or your money cheerfully refunded*

SEND FLOWERS-BY-WIRE THRU 11,000 MEMBERS OF Florists' Telegraph Delivery


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

normalcy. But life could never be routine and normal to me again. I had fallen in love with show business.

However, high school didn't last much longer for me. When I was sixteen, mother remarried. And although my then stepfather, Arthur Peters—my present stepfather is William Brenner—was the manager of the transportation department of a candy factory, his salary was too low for the three of us. If mother continued to work, we could stay together, but this was unthinkable after so many years of swing shifts and twelve-hour days. So I quit school at the end of my sophomore year and started out on my own. That was all the education I ever had.

I moved into the American Women's Club—now the Henry Hudson Hotel—with two other girls, living for the first six weeks on the pooled allowances of friends and on the money that mother and Arthur Peters had given me.

The Montreal song-and-dance routine had given me some momentum, and soon still sixteen and the child-labor laws notwithstanding, I landed my first chorus work in the line of the musical comedy Sing Out the News. The producer was the kindly genius, George Abbott; who convinced me that the name Ella Geisman, and even Elaine Peters, left something to be desired. It was then that I manufactured the name June Allyson. I'd always thought that the month of June was pleasant and pretty, and I took it for a new first name. I coupled it to the name Allyson, which I'd found somewhere back in the family tree, so June Allyson was born, ready for Hollywood and the false studio biographies that were to come.

From Sing Out the News, I went into Very Warm For May, then into Higher and Higher, which sounds very nice and very successful, but ignores the betweentimes when I was getting nothing but rejections. I will never forget the time I fainted while trying to sell myself as a chorus girl after three days of not eating.

I was in despair when auditions for Panama Hattie were held. I'd had an appalling string of turn-downs, and I knew I didn't have a chance of landing the bit part I wanted. Even the audition started discouragingly. I'd hardly walked out on the stage when a bored voice said from the darkened seats, "I know you sing and dance; go ahead." I did, and when I'd finished, the voice droned, "I think you ought to hire her. If you don't, she'll probably sing again, and that I don't think I can stand."

The voice was that of Richard Rodgers, the composer, who today is one of my dearest friends, and I will always think he endorsed me in the same spirit he would take in a hungry kitten. He still denies it, insisting that he saw possibilities in me. But I think kindness embarrasses Richard Rodgers.

So I had my specialty part in Hattie, but it was not enough for me. I doubled as understudy for Betty Hutton, the star, and after each show ended at eleven P.M., I would dash over to the Copacabana to dance in the chorus line at the midnight and three A.M. shows. I was running faster.

Then one night Betty came down with measles, and I had to earn my five extra dollars a week as her understudy. I was going on for Betty Hutton!

There have been stories about that night, saying that before I went on I sent wires to all the important producers, columnists and critics, urging them to come and get a load of a great new talent, June Allyson. And I'm supposed to have signed the telegrams with the names of the other stars, Ethel Merman and Arthur Treacher.

Obviously I can't confess to this perfidy, but George Abbott, my old employer, did appear and I almost threw him out.

It happened this way: In the show there was a practical-joking chorus boy named Freddie Ney who was a wonderful mimic and who often whispered phony rumors to the cast, telling them that producers were out front to scout them. And on this night I was his victim. I was being scouted, he assured me, but he wouldn't name the producer, and I shrugged him off.

After the show I heard a man's knock on the door of my dressing room—really Betty Hutton's—and I called, "Who is it?"

"George Abbott," the voice answered.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Abbott," I said, speaking to mimic Freddie Ney. "Sarah Bernhardt here. What can I do for you?"

He laughed and called through the door that he'd like to have me for his next show, Best Foot Forward.

"So sorry, Mr. Abbott," I called. "But I'm so crushed by prior commitments that I just couldn't consider it now. Nice of you to think of me, though."

But Freddie was oddly persistent. Usually he knew when to drop a gag, but not this time. He mentioned seventy-five dollars a week, which in 1941 was not grain. I was tired, and that made me irritated enough to snap back that it was not near enough and to please go away. But he wouldn't. He kept raising until he reached $150. I went to the door in sheer exasperation and discovered I'd really been talking to Mr. Abbott.

I almost fainted, even assured Mr. Abbott that I'd work for him for nothing, purely for the chance. But he stuck to his price when I finally left Panama Hattie for the part in Best Foot Forward and my leap into films.

Meanwhile Betty Hutton recovered from the measles, returned to the show and then left for Hollywood. I thought I would get a chance at her part, but it was not to be. The producers wanted a name, and I was only a number. Finally I left Hattie, went to Best Foot Forward, and was swept along with the entire cast into Hollywood for the movie version.

I was running fast and running scared. I knew I was not good enough for Hollywood. I couldn't last there. I'd be back on Broadway as soon as the film producers discovered that I had absolutely no talent.

But it didn't work out that way. In the next three years I made six pictures, attained feature billing, was named the most promising newcomer of the year, and married Richard Ewing Powell, a man I had met before on Broadway when he had come backstage to see not me but Rosemary Lane.

So there I was, a movie star despite my barrel-house voice, my slightly bowed legs and my skinniness. How did it happen? Who knows? Even very wise and experienced experts in Hollywood and Broadway cannot explain it. "Just what does she have?" they still ask.

And I don't know exactly. I remember weeping in despair when I saw the first screen test I made for 20th Century-Fox. I was simply terrible. And apparently Fox thought so, too, for they got it out of there just as fast as possible, sending it on the customary rounds of other studios. When Joe Pasternak, then an M-G-M producer, saw it, he had to plead with L. B. Mayer to take a look at it.

What Joe saw in the test I'll never know, but he said to Mr. Mayer, "Please look at this test and do just two things. Look at her eyes and listen to her voice. Don't pay any attention to anything else about her. These are distractions we can iron out."

Mr. Mayer deadened his senses and I was signed to a Metro contract.

What did Joe Pasternak and Mr. Mayer see? Well, I'll admit I'm not in the grip of any phony humility when I say that I suspect I'm a competent actress and may yet turn out to be a very good one. But I certainly wasn't then—at the time of the first test—so I guess that doesn't tell us what June Allyson has, does it?

Perhaps the best explanation came from a director I worked with recently. He said, "The average girl sees Junie on the screen and goes away thinking, 'If she can do it, I can do it.' She does wonders for the morale of those who'd like to try pictures themselves."

One high-flown critic has said that I am the "improbable distillation of the nonexistent thing we call 'average.'" I suppose he means that I am the Girl Next Door, the Perfect Wife, and America's Girl Friend, all of which I've been labeled.

And there's certainly nothing mysterious about the huskiness of my voice. It's caused by a chronic bronchial condition and enlarged vocal cords. I'm told that any competent surgeon could strip them in fifteen minutes and make me a soprano. But that seems rather inadvisable as long as I am in films.

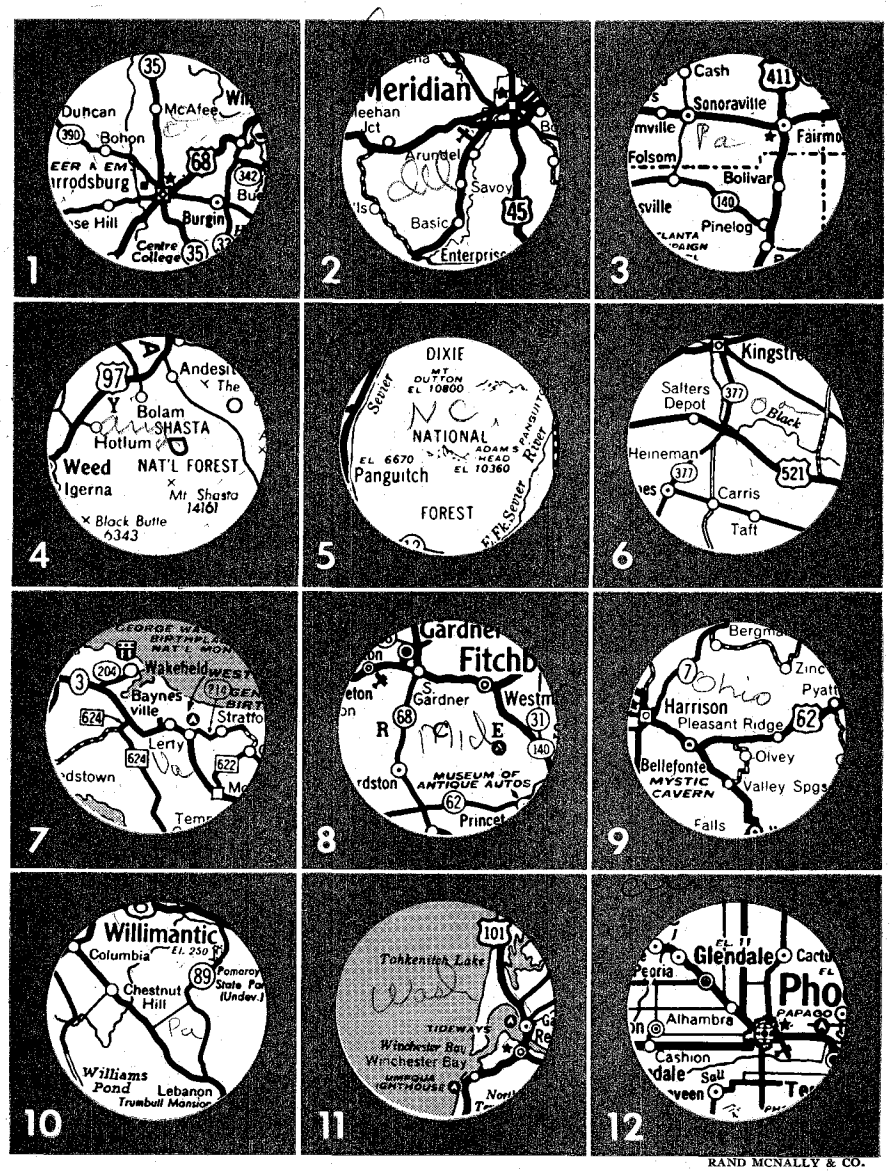
Actually the wistful, dewy-eyed, tremulous-of-lower-lip June Allyson—the character known to movie-goers—was born when I made Two Girls and a Sailor with Van Johnson and Gloria DeHaven. The script called for me, as one of two competing sisters, to take Van away from Gloria. This just didn't make sense. Gloria is an absolutely beautiful girl and it was ridiculous to believe that Van would choose me over Gloria.

The studio executives finally agreed to allow me to test for the shy, plain girl, and I appeared wearing short bangs and no make-up. Gloria was a walking dream. Of course the test showed me pathetic and wistful, while Gloria was glamorous and sexy. Our roles were switched and "June Allyson" became more than a name; she became the Girl Next Door.

But the Girl Next Door was frightened. Inside me I was still a Bronx waif, insecure, confused, still lying about my background, still hiding from runny-nosed Ella Geisman who had begged crates under the Third Avenue El in the Bronx.

I made very few friends, and although it frightened me to be alone, I lived without roommates in a Hollywood apartment. Many nights when the fright became too much to stand alone, I rapped on neighbors' doors to ask to sleep on their day beds.

Yet I was a successful actress on my way up. I was making pictures, and that was what I wanted. I was also dating




RAND MCNALLY & CO.

## Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Dorothy Joyce

(*Answers on Page 61*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dick Powell, who awed and confused me.

Richard still awes me, but now after twelve years of marriage, I suppose I confuse him more than he confuses me. But then, I was dating one of Hollywood's truly great legends, a true star, later a brilliant director and producer, prominent in television, proficient at everything he touched.

Naturally I was awed by him, and naturally I began to suspect his intentions. We had been seeing each other for some time—in fact, I made four pictures during this period—and although I knew he was in the process of being divorced from Joan Blondell, he had said nothing about us.

And so one night, in rather imperious dudgeon, I demanded to know just what was on his mind.

Richard thought I was kidding. He laughed and said, "I never discuss trends without talking to my business manager."

I burst into tears, told him we'd better stop seeing each other, and he left, somewhat bewildered.

In half an hour the phone rang. It was Richard calling from the San Fernando Valley, twenty miles away. "Your voice sounds funny," he said. "You crying?"

"Why?" I asked with what little dignity I had left. "Why in the world should I be crying?" And that touched off a series of wails that must have been heard in the valley without benefit of telephone.

Richard was back in thirty minutes. "Honey," he said, "my divorce won't be final for six months. And then I hope you'll marry me. I love you, Junie."

My reply would have staggered a lesser man. Years before, in New York, I had dated a singer who is now a photographer here in Hollywood. His name is Tommy Mitchell. And this night when Richard told me he loved me, I looked up into his eyes and murmured, "I love you, too, Tommy."

We have survived it.

Richard and I were married August 19, 1945, in the home of composer Johnny Green. Richard was late for the wedding, and my first thought was that he had forgotten. That was how confident I was in myself. But he turned up all right, and that began a period that was full of both pain and happiness.

The happiness was from my love for Richard and the wonderful, nearly unbelievable fact of our marriage. The pain came from my desperate feeling of inadequacy.

Richard was forty years old, a mature, responsible man. I was twenty-one, but the difference was not a matter of ages; it was the simple fact that I was a woman who was still a child. I tried to respond to his efforts to help me grow up when he delegated responsibility, but I just couldn't manage it.

Right at first, during our honeymoon on Richard's boat, I set fire to the galley. Then I couldn't manage the big house in Bel Air; I couldn't run a small house, let alone a big one. I didn't know how to order food or plan meals or how to handle personnel. Half the time I was scared to death—scared of being a failure.

Richard told me it didn't matter, but I was sure it did. I was trying to be the wife I thought he wanted me to be, and I just couldn't seem to understand that he had no such demands. He wanted only to have me grow up in my own way, to become a mature woman.

But I was so tight, so intense about being a successful wife that even the simple prospect of entertaining guests was enough to put me to bed, and the funniest blunders were deadly serious to me. Once, instead of one cord of fireplace wood, I ordered seven, and they lay there looking like a beached whale until Richard sent back six.

Then later, after we'd sold the house and bought The Farm, the hilltop estate in Brentwood where we now live, I planted sweet peas on the front lawn because I'd never heard about sweet peas and trellises. They spread and spread, bedraggled and reproachful, and no one could walk on the lawn because no one but a rotter would step on a sweet pea. I can laugh now, but not then. To me, these were serious and stupid mistakes that proved I was a failure.

And I continued with the Westchester myth, burying Ella Geisman deeper and deeper, giving myself a social background that I never had. One night, I remember, we were having dinner with Richard Rodgers, and he asked me where I was from. The old reflex went into its act, and I answered, "Westchester," just as natural as could be.

"Don't you mean the Bronx?" sighed Richard—my Richard.

"How was that?" asked Richard Rodgers, and I kicked Richard P. under the table—hard.

"Westchester," I repeated.

Later, my Richard said, "Junie, you've got to grow up sometime. Why not now?"

But I couldn't. I cried and I was sorry, but I just couldn't.

Richard tried again and again to snap me out of it, to bring me back to reality. Grow up, darling. You're a big girl now, a big star. Don't be afraid. People love you. And show me the American who cares what your beginnings were or what your true name might be. That was Richard talking.

Later came the psychiatrist, and in a little less than a year I was discharged by him with the assurance that he had done what he could. And that, with Richard's tireless comfort, was a very great deal. Today I can say that I am deeply ashamed of having been ashamed of what I was ashamed of. That surely is one of the most tortured sentences of this or any other season, but it says exactly what I mean.

The next big step forward came in 1948 when we adopted our daughter, Pamela, who is now nine. Having her to love and care for was my greatest test, and I passed it. I was so happy about her that we talked of adopting another child, a boy.

But although two doctors had told us that I could not have a child because of my childhood pelvic injuries, apparently nature had not heard the good doctors, for I gave birth to Pamela's baby brother, Ricky—Richard Keith—on Christmas Eve, 1950. Now I was just one step shy of heaven.

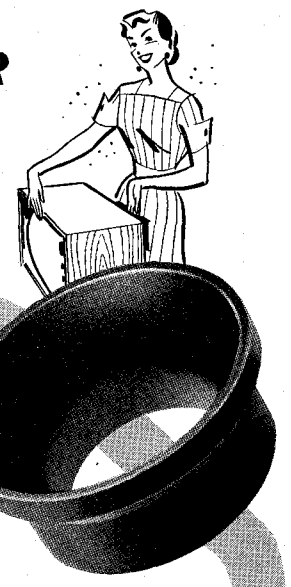
But heaven can't last, and you can't stay for long on its doorstep. Nasty tongues began to wag, saying that we had deliberately postponed having Ricky until after we had adopted Pamela because of the publicity value of the adoption.

Living as we do, Richard and I and the others in this business, we become reasonably tough-skinned, because malice and gossip are a part of the package and you must learn to take it. But this story of the deliberate delay of Ricky's birth really hurt me. I wasn't quite tough enough for it yet.

Later, in the summer of 1955, I came in for even more of the malice and gossip of the scandalmongers, and I became the target of a generally hostile press, about which I will write later. But by then I'd learned that rumors always seem to exist and the best way to handle them is simply to realize that they are there and you must live with them. Either that or get out. And I stayed.

Editors' Note—This is the first of two articles. The second will appear in next week's issue.

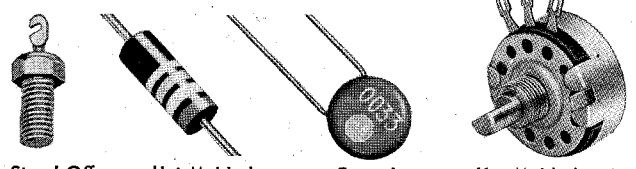

**SLIMMER...TRIMMER TV SETS with Allen-Bradley Ferrite Cores**



You've seen the new TV sets. They're shallower, by far, than previous models . . . a result of the new 110° picture tube. And Allen-Bradley flared yoke ferrite cores—especially designed for these new tubes—are being used in practically all of these up-to-the-minute sets. Here, as in other critical circuits—both industrial and military—Allen-Bradley *quality* electronic components provide reliable, unfailing, and superior performance.

Allen-Bradley Co., 138 W. Greenfield Ave., Milwaukee 4, Wis. In Canada—Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

The Allen-Bradley flared yoke core for the new 110° TV tubes. Allen-Bradley makes "Quality" ferrite shapes and sizes for television and electronic applications.



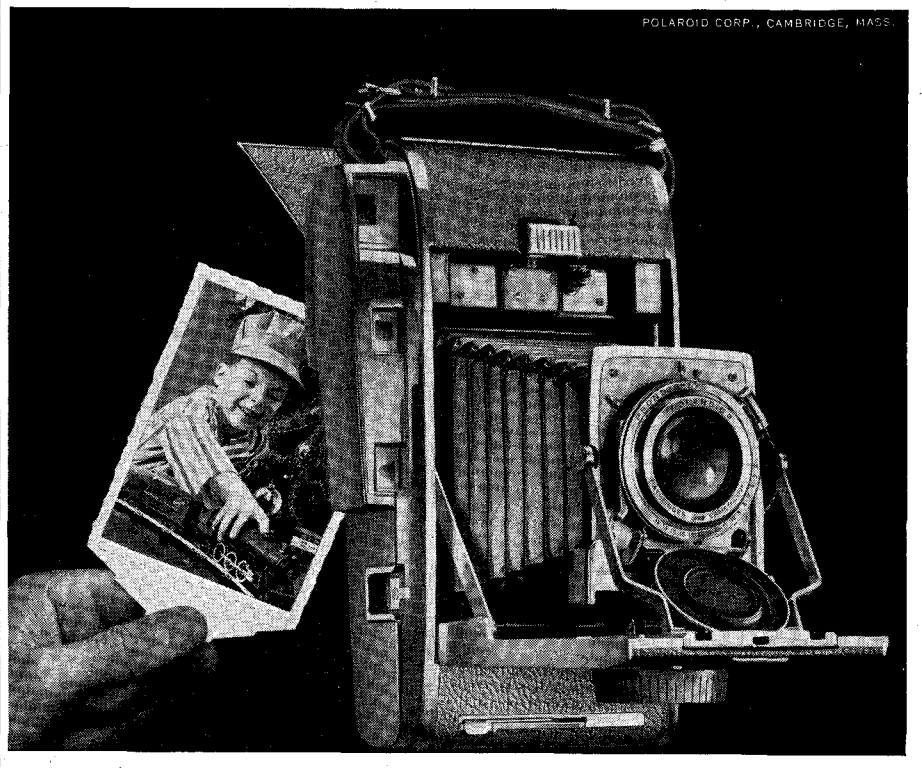
Stand-Off Capacitor | Hot Molded Fixed Resistor | Ceramic Capacitor | Hot Molded Variable Resistor

A-B QUALITY

ALLEN-BRADLEY QUALITY



POLAROID CORP., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.



# Yes!

THIS IS the unique gift.

The Polaroid® Land Camera. The only camera that gives you a picture in sixty seconds—the camera that everyone's talking about, that everyone wants.

Available in five models from $72.75 to $169.50.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Bouquets That Bloom for Years

(Continued from Page 33)

forced to go into business to meet the demand for her bouquets by friends and admirers. Since that time, she has become the biggest producer in her field, now sending boxes of her mixed bouquets across the land. And she has been called on to ship her flowers as far afield as Puerto Rico and Hawaii, which, in her opinion, is a little like carrying oil to Texas.

Agnes would be the first to state that there is nothing new or secret about drying flowers.

Since Biblical days, people have been trying in this way to capture the fleeting beauty of a garden. The Egyptian Pharaohs dried blossoms in sand. There was a brilliant revival of flower drying in England in the eighteenth century which spilled over into Williamsburg, Virginia—the place, incidentally, where Agnes was first bitten by the bug.

Right now there's a fair chance that we may be in for another era of flower drying. This may be accounted for partly by the missionizing of Agnes Hoke and partly by man's normal instinct for a bargain. Cut flowers are expensive in winter; dried flowers can be had for a few dollars a box—or for nothing at all if you want to go to the trouble of growing and drying them yourself.

People who are thinking of taking up the art should be warned that devotees often become as engrossed as the most manic golfer, fisherman or bridge player. It seized Agnes herself only a few years ago, and life hasn't been the same since. You never can tell where and when it is going to strike.

For example, one day Agnes decided to do some shopping for dinner in a nearby supermarket. Outside the store, she spied a field of dazzling goldenrod and, for the moment, forgot all about the evening meal. Instead of pork chops, she could think only of how beautiful that goldenrod would look in her bouquets.

It was a hot September day, but she started gathering the weed, oblivious of the heat. A young professor's wife saw her and, touched by Agnes' interest in such a humble plant, decided to help. While they were collecting the goldenrod, Agnes told her a lot about the rewards of flower drying. The next day the professor's wife knocked on Agnes' door with a bedraggled bouquet of pepperweed in her hand. "How would this dry?" she asked.

"I knew by the look in her eye," Agnes commented later, "that she was born to be a dried-flower lover."

By the way of Agnes, enthusiasm for flower drying has spread to a goodly portion of the intellectual college community of Princeton. Interest is by no means limited to women. One chemistry professor decided to revolutionize the natural drying process by substituting infrared rays and thereby speeding up the whole thing. The experiment was carried out in a neighbor's garage with one brave jonquil. The result, alas, was near tragedy. The jonquil wasn't hurt at all, but the neighbor's garage almost burned down. The professor now is working on a freezing process.

As might be expected, Agnes has some of her most enthusiastic disciples in her own family. And although husbands have been known to do strange things for their wives, probably no other husband has done exactly what Bland Hoke did one day last fall. An enthusiastic private pilot, he was flying home from a trip to his native Virginia when he laid eyes on a delectable field of pearly everlasting on the eastern shore of Maryland. This particular weed grows only in old fields, and it's not easy to find.

Bland didn't hesitate an instant. He swooped down, made a precarious landing and took out the scythe he always carries with him. In no time at all he had the field cut and was loading the crop into the plane. A farmer, who had been watching all this bug-eyed, from a rocking chair on the porch, finally strolled over. "I've seen a lot of things in my time," he said, "but I've never seen a fellow fly here in an airplane just to cut down weeds."

Bland smiled and finished loading the plane. The farmer watched in silence. Just as the visitor climbed into the cockpit, the farmer said: "I've got three fields that need cuttin'. Like to do them before you go?"

"Next time," said Bland, and took off.

All of the Hokes' friends have been drawn into the act more or less. On one of Bland's recent stag-hunting trips to Canada, his party bagged more floral specimens than game.

Agnes' zest for flowers was rather late-blooming. Most of her life has been spent with food rather than flora. Born in the bluegrass region of Kentucky in a town with the flowery name of Cynthiana, Agnes always loved cooking. At the University of Kentucky she studied to be a dietitian. One summer back in the '30's, while visiting a sister in New York City, she was offered a job there as a food director of a restaurant run by a Kentuckian. She accepted immediately and loved every minute of her job. Despite a lifelong love affair with food, she never gains an ounce. She eats all she wants and still weighs exactly what she weighed in college—106 pounds.

By 1937, after several years in New York, she had made such a name for herself that the newly restored colonial capital of Williamsburg, Virginia, seeking to re-establish a superior Southern cuisine, sent for her. She became assistant food director at the fashionable Williamsburg Inn.

On arriving, she was told that one of her collateral duties would be to handle the flower arrangements as well. "I almost dropped dead," she relates. "I had never made a flower arrangement in my life."

Undaunted, however, she took on the job and soon began to find flowers as fascinating as recipes. In this, moreover, she was ably assisted by Bland's mother, Mrs. Annie Lee Hoke, who was acting as a kind of consultant on flowers and decoration at the inn. Bland himself was assistant manager. The result of all this close family co-operation was that Agnes found not only a new hobby but a husband as well. She and Bland were married in 1941.

While at Williamsburg, now a near-perfect reproduction of an eighteenth-century town, Agnes became acquainted with Mrs. Louise Fisher, who was doing research on the kind of flower arrangements used by our forebears in colonial days. Mrs. Fisher, early in her studies, had come across a letter written February 6, 1743, by an English horticulturist to John Custis, in Williamsburg, which, in effect, rediscovered the whole world of dried flowers. The letter said in part:

> I am much delighted to hear you have your globe amaranths. They are a real and, I may say, a perpetual beauty. If the flowers are gathered in perfection and hung up with their heads downward in a dry shady room, they will keep their colour for years and will make a pleasant ornament to adorn the windows of your parlor or study all the winter. I dry great quantities for that purpose and put them in flower pots and china basins and they make a fine show all winter.

Triggered by this important letter, Mrs. Fisher did other research. Soon she knew enough about the art to fashion a whole group of eighteenth-century bouquets for the reconstructed rooms of Williamsburg. Agnes took to drying flowers, too, especially for the inn. However, she did not limit herself to eighteenth-century arrangements. She experimented, trying to achieve the natural and brilliant color of flowers in any period.

At the moment, however, she did not have all the time she needed for research. There were her food chores, and there were her babies. Bland, Jr., was born two years after her marriage, and Betsy four years later. Her husband entered the Navy in 1942, and the family spent most of World War II at the Mine Warfare School base in Yorktown, Virginia.

It wasn't until 1948, when Bland became manager of the Bedford Springs Hotel, Bedford Springs, Pennsylvania, that Agnes could concentrate again on flower drying. She was very proud of the first bouquet she produced, and carried it into the hotel drawing room and put it triumphantly on the mantel. The next morning it was gone. The mystery of its disappearance was not cleared up until the following day, when Agnes questioned the cleaning woman about it. "Oh, I threw out that bunch of flowers," said the woman. "I touched them and saw they were dead."

In 1953 the Hokes moved to Princeton, where Bland took over the management of the Princeton Inn. There Agnes put in a cutting garden of the things she knew would dry particularly well. She also spent spare moments searching the fields for the kinds of weeds and wild flowers that would look best.

In addition to fresh-flower arrangements, she put some dried ones in the public rooms of the inn. So immediate was the response that she was asked to make a few bouquets to be sold in the gift shop. A florist in town also asked for some, and before long she found herself head over heels in the thing. In fact, she couldn't quite keep up with the demand.

Up until that time she had made all the arrangements herself, not only gathering and drying the flowers but putting them in the containers as well. One memorable spring night in 1955, after weeks of sitting up until one or two in the morning arranging the bouquets, her husband said to her: "This has got to stop. You're ruining your health. Why don't you put the flowers in a box, put everything you know about arranging them in a booklet, and let people arrange them themselves?"

Bland's suggestion put her in business on a national scale. Taking a deep breath, she ordered a few thousand fancy boxes, had a booklet printed and hired a small loft, her "factory." All she needed now was flowers—tons of them.

Many she grew herself, and some she ordered from florists. But for most she depended on the woods and fields around Princeton. The first summer's effort to prepare for fall orders was a rough one. She suffered chiggers, poison ivy, insect bite, to say nothing of constant wet feet. Her children, Betsy and Bland, Jr., were pressed into service, as well as any friends or relatives who happened to be visiting.

One day, for example, Bland's mother went along to help gather some pearly everlasting. She collected a fine bundle of the stuff, which she was so proud of that she refused to put it on the floor of the station wagon, but carried it all the way back on her shoulder. When she got into the house, she put the bundle on the kitchen floor, and a small, frightened green snake slithered out of it. That ended the elder Mrs. Hoke's field trips for the time being.

It takes space to dry flowers. The easiest way is to strip the stems of leaves, tie in small bunches and hang upside down for several weeks in a dry, dark place. Agnes commandeered all the drying rooms she could find—the attics and barns of friends, the factory and, of course, the house.

Ferns and leaves, on the other hand, are dried by pressing between paper, preferably with some weight on them. Rugs are ideal if they have heavy traffic.

"For months," relates Bland, "people wondered what was wrong with our carpets. Visitors kept tripping over them when they entered the house. We had to explain they were Agnes' beech leaves."

When someone actually did fall, Bland gave orders that the carpets were not to be used for pressing leaves. Undaunted, Agnes turned to the mattresses. Many an overnight guest wondered what caused that crispy crunch every time he shifted in the bed.

When it came time to pack, Agnes knew she would need help. Her first order was for 100 boxes from Lord & Taylor in New York, and the deadline was early September. She needed more

## How to Have a Bouquet That Lasts All Winter

Pick flowers at the peak of their bloom on a sunny day, strip the stems of leaves, and tie in small bunches. Then hang *upside down* in some dry, dark place for two weeks. Attics are ideal if the windows are curtained; basements too damp. Temperatures may fluctuate widely, but between 75 and 85 degrees F. is ideal.

The following flowers can be grown in almost any garden, make an attractive bouquet and dry particularly well: cockscomb, straw flowers, globe amaranth, *Statice sinuatum*, blue salvia, babies'-breath, rattail statice, larkspur and lavender.

For a background, or filler, pressed beech, dogwood or white-poplar leaves are good, as well as ferns. These should be pressed for two weeks in single sprays between sheets of newspapers, and should be weighted down with some object, like a rug or board. To give your bouquet a light and delicate appearance, a few weeds and wild things from the woods should be added—goldenrod, pearly everlasting, joe-pye weed, foxtail, saltbush, dock or sea lavender. They may be dried like the flowers.

The borax method is also a good one for preserving flowers and is particularly successful with roses, tulips, peonies, jonquils, chrysanthemums, asters and zinnias. Make a mixture of one part borax to six parts corn meal. Put a layer of this in the bottom of a cardboard box and lay the flowers in with their heads down. Cover with more of the mixture and let stand for three or four days. With this method, the petals will be thinner and more fragile, but the color will remain intact.

Now choose a suitable container and fill it with sand, which will hold the flowers in place. When you have finished your arrangement, "fix" it by pouring melted candle wax over the sand.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

than ordinary labor in putting together the material for a bouquet. Her helpers needed an eye for color as well as a nodding acquaintance with the fifteen or sixteen varieties of flowers in each box.

Her neighbor, Mrs. Betty Flanders, who had a fine garden herself, struck her as an ideal prospect. However, Mrs. Flanders' husband is president of one of New York's most important real-estate concerns, and Agnes hesitated to offer her part-time work on an hourly basis.

With fear and trembling, Agnes approached Mrs. Flanders nonetheless. To her surprise, her neighbor said she'd be delighted to work "for several hours each week." In no time at all, the inevitable happened. Mrs. Flanders was working eight hours a day every day, including Saturday and Sunday. And when a man was needed to tie the boxes for the first order and load them into the station wagon, it was Mr. Flanders who decided to let the real-estate business shift for itself. He took the day off and baled boxes.

After the initial order was launched, others rolled in by the thousands—from Washington, Dallas, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia and, of course, from Williamsburg. Agnes recruited a factoryful of workers, mostly young mothers such as Betty Flanders.

Probably no other factory in the country is run with quite so much *laissez faire*. Workers keep their own time sheets, and will sign out to get their hair done, to take their children to school or to play bridge.

On the other hand, there is probably no other factory with quite so much *esprit de corps*. If a hurry-up order has to be filled, the helpers will drop everything to see that Agnes isn't left stranded. And they're not fazed by conditions that would cause a strike in other factories.

Mice, for example. During that first fall rush, Agnes found a mouse in the factory that had a passion for globe amaranth. No other flower would do. This was particularly distressing because (1) she didn't have any globe amaranth to spare, and (2) women are not supposed to like to work with mice. Conditions were worsened by the fact that one of the ladies, Mrs. Alice Shinn, became especially fond of the little rodent and refused to let anyone catch him.

For days, Agnes' helpers stood loyally by. They merely kicked every bin before dipping into it to make sure that the mouse would run out before they picked out the flowers. The supply of amaranth dropped distressingly low. Then one day, when Alice Shinn was at the hairdresser's Agnes set a trap for the mouse and caught him. Her bait, of course, was a globe amaranth. And until she reads this story, Alice will never know what happened to him.

With the mice disposed of, with an air conditioner installed in the factory, and with Agnes having gone through two seasons and worked out most of the production bugs, things have shaken down to a fairly smooth operation. She also seems to be able to find time to lecture to garden clubs, to raise a family, run a house and oversee the food at the inn. She still continues to fix the fresh flower arrangements there, incidentally. On this, Bland has been adamant. When Agnes got into high gear two years ago, he put his foot down. "No dried-flower business at the inn!" he decreed.

Despite years of association with a hobby that has become a profession, Agnes' enthusiasm for it is unabated. She will still proudly bring home a lovely rose she has just preserved, or a bunch of peonies, to show the family. And her ability to stimulate interest in others also seems unabated.

One day not long ago, a brand-new neighbor of Agnes was driving through the countryside with her when they spotted a spectacular pink hydrangea bush in someone's front yard. "I wonder how that would look dried?" the friend suddenly asked.

Agnes agreed it would look marvelous, but—well, how do you ask a total stranger for the blooms off her prize hydrangea?

They passed the house three times before Agnes' friend said, "I just can't stand it any longer!" They stopped the car, and she went in while Agnes stayed at the wheel. Ten minutes later, the friend returned, triumphantly carrying most of the hydrangea bush under her arm.

As things turned out, the blossoms dried very well indeed. The friend has the prize displayed on the living-room mantel to prove it. THE END

Answers to

**Where Do You Think You Are?**

Page 58

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1. Ky. | 2. Miss. | 3. Ga. |
| 4. Calif. | 5. Utah | 6. S.C. |
| 7. Va. | 8. Mass. | 9. Ark. |
| 10. Conn. | 11. Ore. | 12. Ariz. |


YOU'RE JUDGED BY your shoes

YOU'RE JUDGED BY your printing

A shoeshine is a little thing, but in business these little things can be very important. When you appear before a prospect looking your very best — shoes shined, hair neat, suit pressed — you show your respect for him. Automatically, you create a good impression.

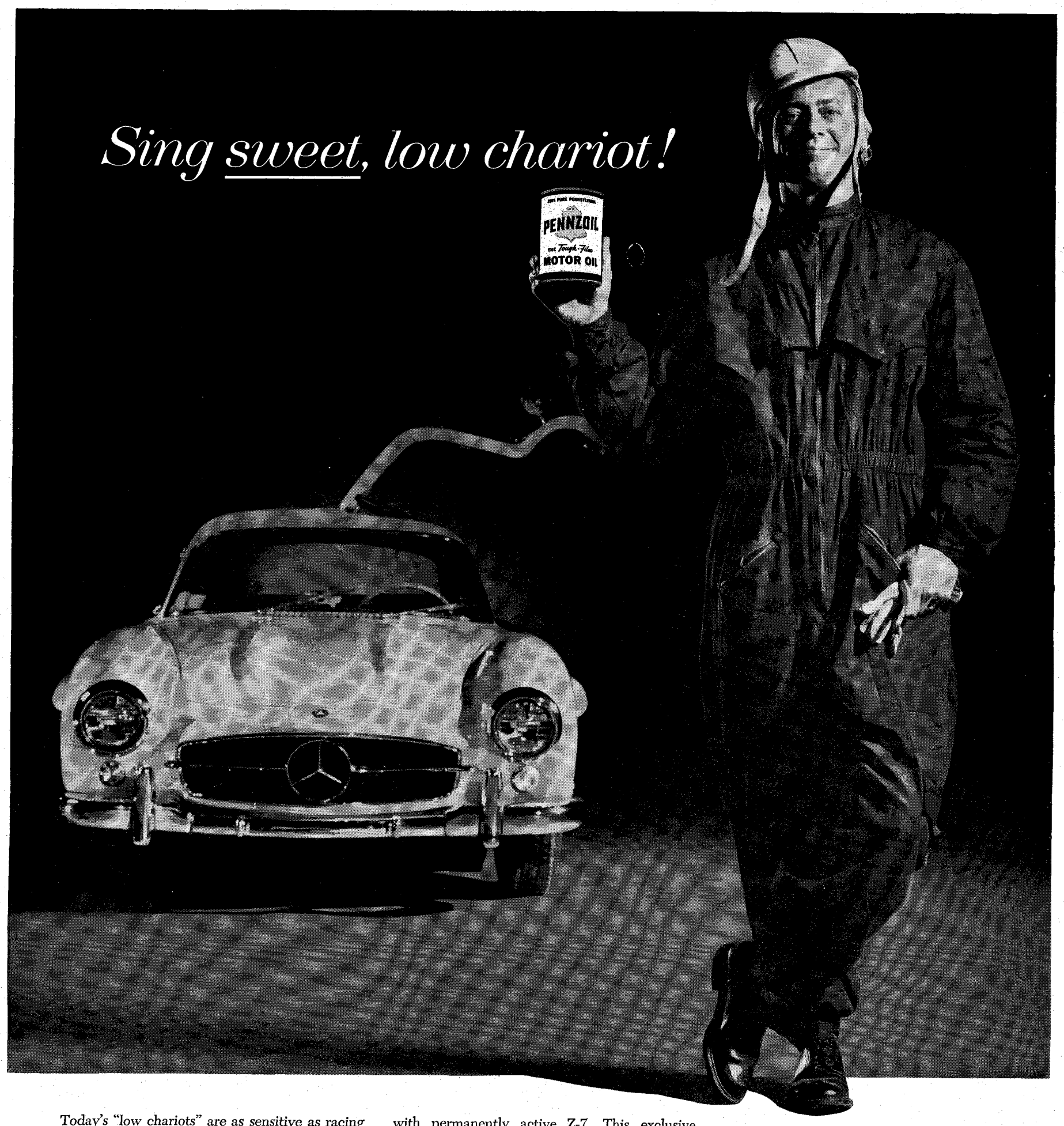
Apply this thought to the printed literature your company sends out. Think of these printed pieces as an army of salesmen working for you. The impression they make depends mostly on their appearance. If the printing is mediocre, the paper anything less than the best, you've sent out slipshod salesmen. When you desire the respect of prospects, make sure you show respect for them.

**Your Ally — a GOOD printer.** The first step in producing out-of-the-ordinary sales literature is to consult a good printer at the outset of the job. Think of your printer as a valuable member of your team. Chances are he can describe techniques to help your printed pieces make a good impression in the most competitive markets.

He'll probably recommend that you use Warren's High Standard Printing Papers. He knows he can achieve top quality results with Warren papers. *S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad Street, Boston 1, Massachusetts.*

Warren's HIGH STANDARD printing papers make a good impression


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




*Today's "low chariots" are as sensitive as racing cars.* The slightest engine deposit throws them off stride. Even a small amount of wear in those precision-fitted parts steals power. That's why it pays to give your car engine the lasting protection of Pennzoil with Z-7.

Pennzoil is specially refined from 100% Pennsylvania crude oil, nature's finest, then blended with permanently active Z-7. This exclusive ingredient keeps bearings, valve lifters, piston rings — even spark plugs — clean, so that Pennzoil can do its primary job of lubricating vital parts against wear *for keeps.*

Next oil change, insist on Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® oil. Wherever you live, ask for it by name at your favorite dealer.

*Sound your Z*

. . . insist on Pennzoil

IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO **care** FOR YOUR CAR
AND IN CANADA AT B/A DEALERS

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL ®
Safe Lubrication
Find Your Nearest Dealer In The Yellow Pages

MEMBER PENN. GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSN., PERMIT NO. 2, OIL CITY, PA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Where are Those Superhighways?

(Continued from Page 30)

may demand new legislation. Though these problems are the immediate concern of Bertram Tallamy, most of them can be solved only with the help of a united and determined expression of public opinion. These problems involve your money—your $28,000,000,000 investment in the future—and your lives and the lives of your children and of your children's children.

Here are those problems—the ones you share with Bertram D. Tallamy:

1. BILLBOARDS VERSUS SCENERY. This problem did not bother Tallamy on the New York Thruway, for a state law gave the Thruway Authority the right to regulate advertising signs within 500 feet of either edge of the pavement. In rural areas the Thruway Authority often reinforced this right by buying advertising easements on farmland bordering its right of way. As there was no advertising value to the land without the Thruway, these easements could be bought cheaply.

The Federal law establishing the Interstate System avoids any mention of the control of commercial advertising along the new network—a tribute to the power of the lobby of the outdoor-advertising industry, the opinions of a few congressional champions of States' rights, and the pressure of several unions which fear that their painters and carpenters might lose some work in erecting and maintaining billboards. The Federal law does state that there will be no highway businesses—gas stations, motels, hot-dog stands, and so on—on the right of way. Additionally, most states will prohibit the placing of billboards on the Interstate right of way itself. The width of the right of way of the Interstate System will vary from 150 to 300 feet or more, depending upon the number of traffic lanes involved and the character of the area through which the highways pass.

What this all adds up to is that, as the law now stands, our new Interstate System could provide a 41,000-mile corridor of billboards placed just outside the highway right of way. The only gaps in this wall of advertising would occur in a few of the states which already have laws permitting the purchase of advertising easements when the right of way is acquired. If the Interstate System is fenced with advertising signs, the American people will have spent $28,000,000,000 to provide the billboarders with the largest captive audience in history.

When Congress, shoved around by pressure groups and biting its nails over States' rights, failed to safeguard the new highways from the billboard blight, a bill exacting a financial penalty from states not controlling billboard advertising along the Interstate System was introduced—and promptly killed in committee.

A subsequent bill, introduced by Senators Richard Neuberger, of Oregon, and Albert Gore, of Tennessee, proposed to reward states which agreed to regulate advertising within 660 feet of the pavement over any part of their Interstate System highways with an additional allotment of ¾ of 1 per cent of the Federal funds for that part of the system. While under consideration by the Senate subcommittee on Public Roads, the Neuberger-Gore bill acquired a free-loading amendment which would add 7000 miles to the 41,000 miles already allotted to the Interstate System mileage, spread the program over twenty years and authorize an additional expenditure of $15,400,000,000.

Though the Neuberger-Gore bill, as finally reported out to the Senate Committee on Public Works, was a weak and confusing measure, it at least established the principle that the Federal Government—that is, all the people—has a stake in protecting the roadside beauty and scenery along highways for which it is paying 90 per cent of the cost of construction. On August 22, 1957, the Senate committee, following a motion by Sen. Robert S. Kerr, pigeonholed the bill by a 7–6 vote. Senators Neuberger and Gore intend to reintroduce the measure on the Senate floor during the next session; if Congress refuses to protect the new superhighways at that time, the public's only recourse will be to see that it is done on a state level.

2. OLD-STYLE ROADS VERSUS MODERN FREEWAYS. The billboard controversy is a black-and-white affair and when Sen. Robert S. Kerr, the oil-and-gas statesman from Oklahoma, votes against billboard control, you know just where Kerr stands. The control-of-access debate, however, leads to a more subtle problem. Listen to Sen. Francis Case, of South Dakota, during recent subcommittee hearings:

". . . My inclination at the present time is to believe that when you have completed some sections of the Interstate System with controlled access, you will find a great many communities don't want it and that they would much prefer to have a development of a highway approaching the Interstate System in its character as far as grades and width are concerned, but would prefer to have less stringent requirements on access."

With that moderate but lethal statement, Senator Case opens the door to the possibility that access to the Interstate System may become a matter of local option rather than scientific planning—that the problem of moving local traffic on and off the freeways will take precedence over the necessity of moving unhindered traffic along the freeways. This means that Town A and Farmer B will demand and get access to the freeway, which means that Village C and Businessman E will want the same facilities, and so on. The result will be unlimited, uncontrolled and unplanned access to the Interstate System, with grade intersections and ribbon developments along the freeways and the same old stop-and-go, traffic-lighted, death-dealing highways we now have. If this should happen on any substantial portion of the Interstate System—and it is hard to see how the planners could surrender control on one part of the system and enforce it on another—the American public will have poured $28,000,000,000 right down the drain.

Senator Case speaks for a predominantly rural state where the traffic potential is relatively light and the virtues of controlled-access freeways are not so obvious as they are in well-populated areas. The Interstate System planners hope to solve the rural access problem with service roads paralleling the freeway, with overpasses and underpasses for agricultural use and, at some infrequently used entrance points in sparsely settled areas, with grade intersections.

The expectation, both in Washington and in the state highway departments, is that the timesaving and safety factors of controlled-access highways will sell the new freeways to the rural areas once a few of them are in operation—just as the freeways and toll turnpikes have converted drivers in California, parts of Texas and the Eastern states. The possibility that the access-control question may someday become a matter of local politics is still, however, a nightmarish specter to Tallamy and his Interstate planners.

3. INFLATION. The law establishing the Interstate System directs the Department of Commerce, through its Bureau of Public Roads and with the help of the state highway departments, to submit a progress report and a revised estimate of costs during January, 1958. Many highway experts fear that the new estimate may be a blockbuster—that it will shove the previously estimated cost of the 41,000-mile system up from 50 to 100 per cent. Steadily increasing land values, inflation and the fact that many of the original state plans on which the system was planned were sketchy, at best, are the factors here.

If the projected costs of the Interstate System take a big jump, we shall either have to find additional sources of special revenue or stretch out the program so that annual expenditures won't outpace the user taxes. Tallamy hopes that the financial survey now in progress will indicate a parallel increase in the special-tax revenues which support the Interstate program. There is no question that the new freeways will generate new traffic and more user revenues. Unfortunately, the Interstate project will not even begin to look like a highway system for some years, so the increase in user revenues is bound to drag behind increasing construction costs.

"Couldn't you manage to look a little more festive?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There's not much that the Interstate System planners can do about spiraling construction costs until this country succeeds in controlling inflation.

4. HIGHWAY ROBBERS. When you pay your special user taxes into the Federal Highway Trust Fund—for the average passenger-car driver this will amount to between seven and eight dollars a year—you probably won't be worrying about your money finding its way into someone's pocket instead of being spent on new highways. Tapping the till for gas, oil and the tire tax pennies sounds about as profitable as robbing a church poorbox. But the venality involved isn't that simple. Those pennies, in fifteen years, are going to add up to billions of dollars.

Of this sum, a whopping figure will be spent for land purchases for the rights of way of the Interstate System. When they are completed, the new freeways will occupy more than 1,000,000 acres of land. Educated guesses place the total bill for this land around $5,000,000,000. As state-highway-department land buyers go around jingling this sort of ready cash, they are going to spread temptation among speculators who want either to rig a deal or to profiteer at the public expense.

One of the first rights-of-way scandals to come to the Senate Public Roads subcommittee's attention involved Maurice A. Hutcheson, president of the Carpenters Union and a vice president of the AFL-CIO, two other Carpenters Union officials and two former officials of the Indiana State Highway Department. The five men allegedly split a quick $80,000 profit on a land deal involving an interchange clover-leaf and a bypass in Indiana—both a part of the Interstate System. All the men involved invoked the Fifth Amendment when questioned before the Senate subcommittee.

In an effort to cope with this problem, the Bureau of Public Roads recently set up a Project Examination Division to audit and spot-check right-of-way transactions. The division acts in the manner of bank examiners and may descend without warning on any state highway department or any of the bureau's own field offices. The taxpayer can help protect his highway contributions from such land-grabbing shenanigans by exercising constant vigilance. The crooked land deal usually involves at least three or four people, and that makes it a secret which is hard to keep.

5. CITY VERSUS STATE. The traditional division of authority between state and municipal governments on highway matters is another problem which is plaguing the Interstate planners. Before the enactment of the Federal-Aid Highway Act of 1956, municipalities were rarely eligible for any of the Federal-Aid Highway funds parceled out to the states. In consequence, the urban communities did the best they could with local tax funds, and unified highway programs combining both rural and city highway planning were a rarity. The recent spread of the larger urban areas to include a peripheral ring of satellite communities has accentuated this situation—a freeway entering a city through its suburbs may pass through three or four separate jurisdictions before it reaches the downtown area.

The Interstate System makes no distinction between its rural and urban segments; in consequence, city and suburban governments the country over have suddenly found themselves eligible for the 90 per cent Federal aid for the 5000 miles of Interstate expressways to be built within urban areas. The municipalities have also discovered that such urban freeways must be located and engineered in co-ordination with their state highway department and that the whole plan must

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be approved by Washington before Federal aid is forthcoming. This calls for a co-operative effort that is rare in city-state highway operations and many cities have been caught without adequate planning facilities. While these complicated matters are being threshed out, the best an urban citizen can do is to nudge his local officials occasionally and ask them how they're progressing on their part of the Interstate freeways.

6. CONVENIENCE VERSUS NECESSITY. Controlled-access freeways—or limited-access expressways, thruways or turnpikes; the terms are interchangeable—weave across the countryside with the single-minded determination of a column of army ants. Though the new superhighway system will skirt cities and dodge around towns—with access expressways knifing into the center of urban areas and belt freeways ringing cities—everything else in the path of the new freeways must move or be devoured.

The arbitrary routing of the new superroads and the strict separation of the freeway traffic stream from all local traffic, except at planned interchanges, breeds controversies and misunderstandings which can be settled only by persuasion and explanation. Even the most reasonable appeals, however, often fail in the case of those whose homes or businesses are overrun by the freeways or whose farms are bisected by a fenced-off traffic channel. On the community level, the anger of a town which finds its outlying residential areas and its business center on the opposite sides of a freeway can be matched only by the hurt pride of a community which discovers it's going to be twenty miles from the freeway.

There is undoubtedly a large measure of right on both sides of any such controversy. The Interstate law recognizes this by directing that public hearings on highway routings shall be held so that any injustices may be aired. Such a hearing, however, does not obviate the necessity for a final decision or make the problem any simpler for either the men who must build the superhighways or the people who must give up their homes for such a project at an appraised "market value."

Though the rights of way for the Interstate System network will be located and acquired by the various state highway departments, Tallamy and the Bureau of Roads must approve all such locations before the 90 per cent Federal contribution is made available.

7. THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE. When the Interstate Highway System project became a reality a year and a half ago, few of the forty-eight states were in a position to utilize the vast Federal funds which were soon to become available. To get off to a fast start a state had to have an inventory of long-term highway plans—some in the blueprint stage—progressive state laws pertaining to the acquisition of rights of way and to the control of access, an adequately staffed and experienced state highway department and, generally, a revolving state fund which could be used for programming and rights-of-way acquisition some years in advance of actual highway construction. Few states were rich enough or foresighted enough to have accomplished all this before the Interstate System became an actual fact.

In view of this, it is not surprising that the states made uneven progress during the first year of the Interstate program. A few states, such as California, Texas and New York, had plans prepared for years ahead and were ready to start work as soon as they received Federal approval of their various Interstate projects. Little Maryland had its own twelve-year highway program, with funds authorized, so that the Interstate project simply cut part of its costs 90 per cent. New Mexico wasn't ready, but its small highway department went to work like a beaver and at the end of the first year it was among the leaders. Wyoming did a fine job the first year, as did Rhode Island, Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Missouri, Mississippi, Oregon, Vermont, Minnesota, Pennsylvania, Colorado, Connecticut, Arizona, Massachusetts, Washington and Oklahoma. New Jersey, though hampered by obsolete statutes which permit the diversion of its highway taxes to non-highway projects, also managed to obligate all its 1957 Interstate funds.

Tallamy and the Bureau of Public Roads are not worrying about the leading states in the Interstate program, but they are spending a good deal of time figuring out how they can help the laggards. There are various reasons for any state's lack of progress. A number of the Southern states moved slowly the first year because they were unprepared, with plans or personnel, to take on the job of locating or engineering their Interstate routes. Once these states are geared to the job, they will move ahead on schedule. Virginia, with an aggressive highway program, is having trouble finding space for its Interstate freeway down the narrow Shenandoah Valley. West Virginia simply wasn't ready for the Interstate project and was the only state reporting no construction progress on its program during the first year.

In Nebraska, Nevada and the Dakotas, the access-control problem slowed down the first year's planning. Indiana had its Federal-aid right-of-way funds blocked for a while after the right-of-way scandal. Arkansas and Delaware were also among the handful of states which obligated less than half the funds allotted to them during the first year of the program.

The Interstate planners expect that the second year of the program will see even the slowest states buckling down to the job of building the freeways. There are two trenchant reasons for this optimism. First, any state which does not obligate its allotted Federal funds within two years after their allotment, loses that part of their Federal aid. And, secondly, there is the matter of local pride; citizens of a lagging state are going to come up with some embarrassing questions when they see their neighbors outdistancing them in the race to produce subsidized freeways. After all, nobody plugs the chimney against Santa Claus.

8. SO . . . WHERE ARE THE ROADS? During the first seventeen months of the Interstate System program the forty-eight states committed approximately 2½ billion dollars of Federal-state funds—at 90–10 ratio—to almost 1200 projects covering nearly 3000 miles. This sounds like a lot of money and a lot of road, so perhaps you're wondering why you haven't seen any of these shiny new freeways. The reasons for this invisible progress are that almost half this money was spent for preliminary engineering and right-of-way acquisition and most of the remaining 55 per cent was obligated to contracts being advertised for bids—and none of these necessary preliminaries look like roads.

Actually, there were a few first signs of Interstate construction which appeared across the country, like crocus tips, this past spring and summer. They were bits and pieces, and you'd have to be an engineer or a highway official to love them—the Schuylkill Expressway in Philadelphia, an interchange on Pittsburgh's Penn-Lincoln Parkway, five miles of four-lane highway on Alabama's Interstate Route 2, five miles of relocation on Maine's Route 1, a few miles in Missouri and Nevada and Washington, and so on. Francis Turner, deputy to Public Roads Commissioner Charles Curtiss, and Tallamy's engineering expediter, is somewhat concerned over the public reaction to the necessary time lag in building the new system:

"It takes time to build a highway network like the Interstate System. Each step takes time—planning the roads, holding public hearings on the routings, designing the highways and the structures involved, getting the necessary approvals, relocating factories, homes and utilities that may be in the path of the new highway, advertising for bids, awarding contracts, waiting for material and, finally, the actual construction. We hope the public, which is already paying for the Interstate System, will be patient. By 1960 there will be something substantial to show for all the effort and money going into this project.

"Even then, however, there will be nothing that looks like a system. The states will be building their Interstate routes in segments—a mile here, ten miles there, an expressway in this city and a bridge over that river—as dictated by their engineering and planning schedules and the availability of funds. This is a fifteen-year program and the Interstate network probably won't begin to look like a national freeway system until 1970."

The Department of Commerce, Bertram Tallamy and his Bureau of Public Roads' experts, and the state highway engineers all earnestly hope to have some healthy slices of the new freeways ready by 1960. The general feeling is that nothing sells freeways like the freeways themselves, and that once the general public has a chance to count the gains in time and safety the new roads offer, they'll be happy to wait and pay for the rest of the system. As this report suggests, the public may have to do more than wait—they may have to get out and fight for their fine new superhighways. THE END


NEXT WEEK

**My Parachute Failed to Open . . .**
A Jet Pilot's
Hair-Raising Experience

**Death in the Deep**
By WOLFGANG OTT
Beginning a German Submariner's
Violent Novel of Undersea War

**Are You a Letter-Writing Lummox?**
How Inept Letters Cost You Money

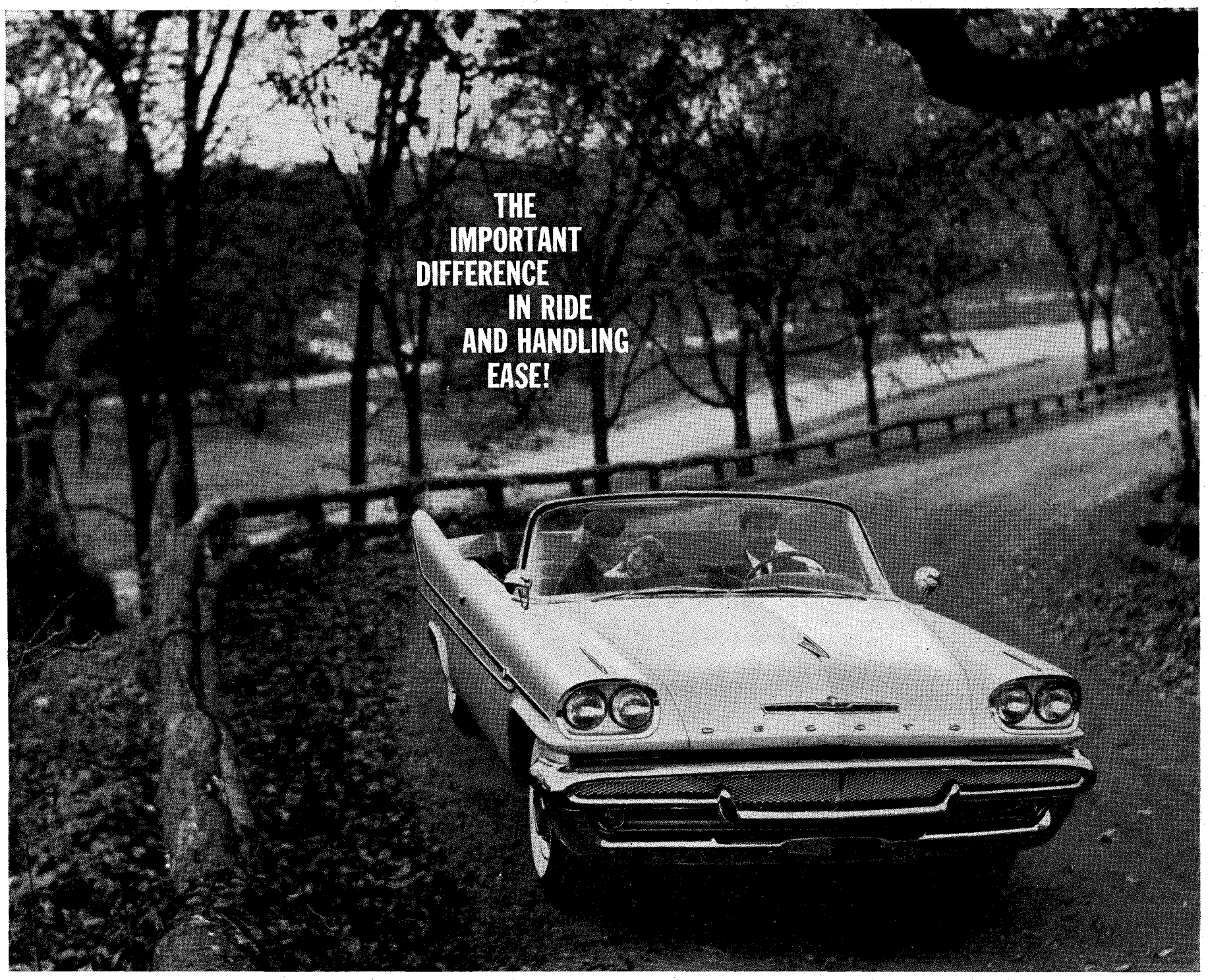
**When My Husband Died . . .**
One Widow's Solution to a Personal Tragedy

**The Miseries of Elder Benson**
Our Agriculture Secretary's
Billion-Dollar Battles

IN COLOR:
**Hidden Gem of the Spanish Main**
St. Martin—Unspoiled Isle of the Caribbean


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NOW'S THE TIME TO COMPARE DESIGN AND FIND THE IMPORTANT DIFFERENCES




Now that all the 1958 cars are out, compare the ride! Only The *Forward* Look cars for '58 offer—and at no extra cost—Torsion-Aire, the suspension system that gives you complete ride control and wonderful ease of handling! It's a difference that comes from Total Design

Now that the '58's are out, the differences are clear! And never has there been so *great* a difference in what you get for what you pay.

You feel a difference in how the car *rides*. Unlike any ride before, Torsion-Aire design works as a *system* to control your comfort—easing you over rough roads, ending start-up squat and sudden-stop dip.

You'll feel a difference in how the car *handles*. Torsion-Aire suspension gives you new steadiness in turns . . . new, full-time Constant-Control power steering gives you a secure feel of the road—a sense of control . . . upswept rear fins, built in for work as well as looks, cut steering corrections in sidewinds as much as 20%.

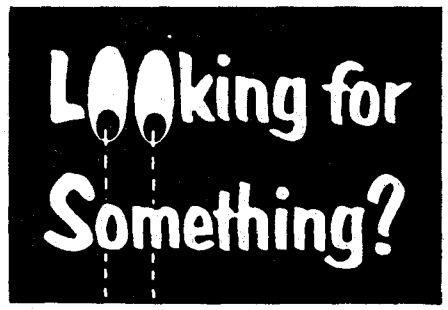
But the newness of The Advance Design of the '58 *Forward* Look cars goes further! You get new comfort in Chrysler Airtemp car weather conditioning—the system that cools, heats, and *controls humidity* at the twist of a dial! You get top performance with new, smoother, quieter engines . . . greater economy with the new Fuel-Saver Choke. But see for yourself all that's new for '58—at a dealer who offers any of the 5 new cars of Chrysler Corporation.

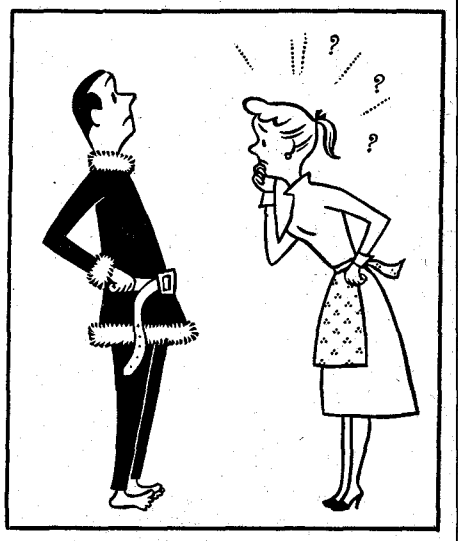
FOR '58, MORE THAN EVER, THE *FORWARD* LOOK IS THE ADVANCE DESIGN

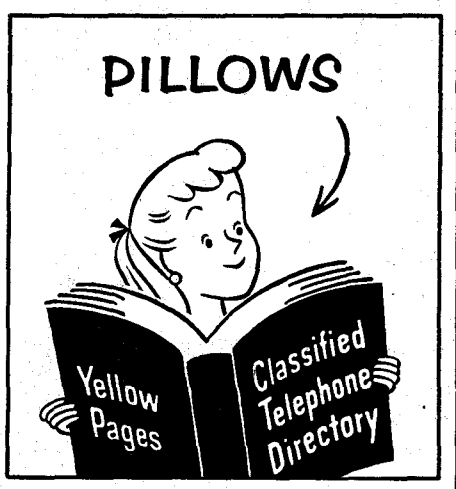
**CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

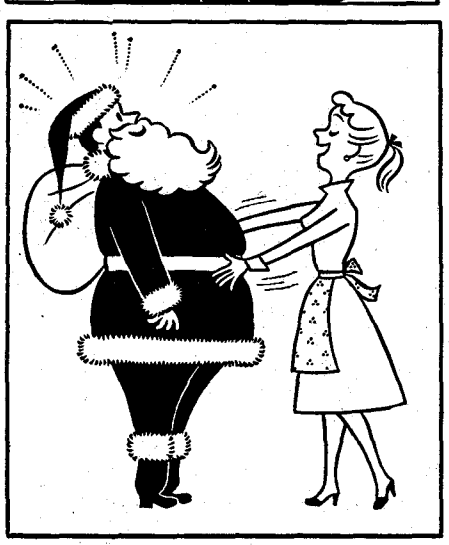
PLYMOUTH · DODGE · DE SOTO · CHRYSLER · IMPERIAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





FROM COSTUMES TO PILLOWS
*whatever you need-*
Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages
Ads displaying this emblem make your shopping easy.

# How Can We Catch Up?

(Continued from Page 27)

this country has known. And the further fact must be faced that we shall enter this time of danger soon, and may have entered it already. To prove this, it is only necessary to examine the balance sheet of where we stand today.

The balance sheet is largely based on the comparative rate of missile testing in the Soviet Union and this country. The testing rate is accepted without question by the intelligence experts as an accurate guide of missile progress. And the Soviet testing rate is not a matter of guesswork.

When the Soviets test a ballistic missile we know about it, just as we know about it when they test a nuclear weapon. How we know about it has been an open secret for a long time among those who interest themselves in such matters, and it has certainly long been known to the Russians too. It was publicly revealed in October, in an article in the authoritative technical magazine, Aviation Week.

In brief, in early 1955 the United States established in Turkey and elsewhere a long-range radar-monitoring system which records the upper trajectory of Soviet missile tests. By this and other wholly reliable means, it is possible to ascertain not only the number of Soviet missile tests but the point of origin and impact, the general configuration of the missile (whether it is multistaged or single-staged, for example), the speed, the approximate thrust of the engine, and so on.

The radar system, which makes use of a new kind of enormous radar screen, was set up in the first place as a result of intelligence reports of Soviet missile tests which began to come in as early as 1953. Almost on the day it opened for business, the system began to track numerous missile firings in the Soviet Union. Thus we do not know for certain how many firings there had been before the radar system was established. But it is reasonable to assume—and it is assumed by the United States intelligence community—that the first firings of the shorter-range strategic missiles probably began in 1953, certainly in 1954.

In drawing up the balance sheet, there are four main categories to be considered. Category One includes the IRBM's, or intermediate ballistic missiles, with ranges from 600 to 1500 miles. Category Two includes the ICBM's, or intercontinental missiles, with ranges of 4000 to 5500 miles. Category Three concerns engine power, a vital factor in missile efficiency. Category Four concerns accuracy, an even more vital factor, since a missile which does not destroy its target is a useless weapon. Let us examine each category in turn.

IRBM's. The Soviets began test-firing their shorter-range strategic missiles, of 600 to 1000 miles, back in 1953–54. The best estimates are that they have tested several hundred of these shorter-range missiles. We have no equivalent missiles—unless you count a hopped-up, nonoperational version of the Army's Redstone—and thus the score card on these shorter-range but extremely useful weapons is several hundred to zero.

The Soviets began testing their longer-range IRBM's, in the 1000-to-1500-mile ranges, at about the time our radar system went into operation. At least eleven tests misfired, but since then they have tested more than 100 such missiles. In early 1956, the Soviets shifted to a regular test-firing pattern of five such IRBM's a month. This is the sort of thing we would do if we had already frozen on an operational model, and put it into mass production.

In 1956, some months after the time the Soviets shifted to the five-a-month pattern, we tested our first IRBM "test vehicle," the Army's Jupiter C. Since then there have been a small number of tests of Jupiter and of Thor, the Air Force model. The American Government has not yet, as of this writing, decided whether the Jupiter or Thor—or both—is to be the model for the operational IRBM's of the future.

Meanwhile, it is important to understand that neither Jupiter nor Thor is a weapon at the present stage. Neither could be used in war, and neither will be an operational weapon for at least a year, and perhaps a good deal more. Consider this balance sheet, and it seems rather optimistic to conclude that the Soviets are

only two years ahead of us in their IRBM category.

ICBM's. Americans have a rather personal interest in this category of weapons, since the main targets for the Soviet ICBM's are, of course, in this country. At first glance, the balance sheet in the ICBM category does not look quite as lopsided as in the case of the IRBM's. The Soviets began testing ballistic missiles of ranges of 4000 miles and more early this year. We also began our first ICBM tests this year. As of this writing, there have been two tests of the Atlas ICBM vehicle, and more are imminent. One might conclude from these facts that we were in a tight race with the Russians for the ICBM, and only a little behind. The conclusion is, alas, incorrect.

The Soviet rockets were multistage missiles, with an "operational configuration." They were, in short, weapons designed to be used in war. The Atlas vehicles tested so far have been nothing of the sort. The fact that both of the first two Atlas tests misfired is unimportant—misfirings are inevitable in the missile business, and can be usefully instructive. What is important is that the much-publicized Atlas tests were simply tests of the big first-stage rocket. After this first-stage rocket is successfully fired (and that may have happened before these words are printed) there will be a long way to go before the "marriage-and-divorce" of the second stage is successfully achieved, and sufficient accuracy for an operational weapon built into the missile. It may be three years, and it may be five, before we are producing an operational ICBM. As we shall see, the Soviets may be producing such a weapon now. So the balance sheet may be more lopsided in the ICBM category than in the IRBM's.

Power. When the Soviets launched Sputnik One, the experts were shocked to learn that the satellite weighed 184 pounds. This meant that the Soviets had an engine with an initial thrust of 250,000 to 300,000 pounds. Our most powerful operating engine has a thrust of about 130,000 pounds. But we are working on an engine with 300,000-pound thrust for our Titan ICBM model, so it seemed at least that we were still in the race. Then the Soviets fired Sputnik Two, weighing more than half a ton.

This meant to some of the experts, at least, a Soviet engine with a thrust of 800,000 to 1,000,000 pounds, and strongly supported Soviet claims that they had perfected a new kind of power source. So here again, the balance sheet is frighteningly lopsided.

Accuracy. At the time of the launching of Sputnik Two, the Air Force Association issued an angry statement "deploring the apparent willingness to permit the American people to remain . . . misinformed on major issues regarding our own weapons development." Sputnik One had been followed by a series of much-publicized missile firings off Cape Canaveral, in Florida. These missiles, the Association charged, were simply aimed at "10,000 miles of Atlantic Ocean." In other words, they wholly lacked the accuracy necessary in operational weapons. The Association's statement may have been a trifle exaggerated, but not much. For the fact is that we do not yet have, and shall not have for an uncomfortably long time, a ballistic missile of strategic range which can be brought down accurately on target.

Before the Sputnik firings, the great hope of the more hopeful intelligence experts was that the Soviets, like ourselves, had not yet really mastered the crucial accuracy problem. There was no way to tell, after all, whether the missiles picked up on the radar monitoring system really landed where they were supposed to land. Even since the Sputniks, the hope lingers frailly on. But it is frail. An engineer with a slide rule will tell you that Sputnik Two's power and payload means that the Soviets can lift a 5000-pound payload for 5000 miles.

This capability, which we will not be able to match for a long time, makes it only prudent to suppose that the Soviets have also largely solved the problem of accuracy, and the problem of atmospheric re-entry as well.

Where, then, do we stand? At the time of the firing of Sputnik Two, Nikita Khrushchev made a double-barreled boast. The Soviets already had, he said, "intercontinental rockets" capable of "delivering hydrogen bomb warheads to any point in the globe." As for the nearer targets, the American "military bases in Europe, Africa, and Asia," had "long since" been rendered "useless" by the Soviet intermediate missiles.

Before the Sputniks, the experts would have been inclined to discount these boasts. The generally accepted estimate then was that the Soviets would only begin to have an operational IRBM system capable of threatening our forward SAC bases and our allies' cities by the end of 1958, and that they were not yet producing operational ICBM's. Now many of the experts take Khrushchev's boasts almost at face value. They believe that the Soviets already have, or will very soon have, an operational IRBM system. They further believe that they are already producing operational ICBM's, although

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they will probably not be able to establish the complex weapons system necessary to threaten the whole target system of this country until 1959.

All this suggests an obvious conclusion. The Gap—the time of deadly danger when the Soviets will have operational ballistic missiles systems while we must rely on our manned bombers—is either upon us or very nearly upon us. This grim conclusion—which is accepted as substantially accurate throughout the Washington intelligence community—suggests a couple of questions. How did we let the Russians get so far ahead? And what can be done about it?

Another "great debate" on defense policy is getting under way. Although all concerned will protest piously that their motives are of the purest nonpartisan hue, the debate will have obvious political overtones. In fact, neither party can take much comfort from the real answer to the first question asked above.

For the main reason why the Russians are ahead is perfectly obvious. They started a lot sooner than we did—probably five years sooner. The best intelligence estimates are that they started an all-out effort to master the strategic missiles in 1948–49. That was the era of our "atomic monopoly"—and the illusion of the atomic monopoly oddly persisted for a long time after the Soviets tested their first atomic bomb in 1949. It was also the era of Louis Johnson, who hoped to ride to the Presidency on the boast of having "cut the fat" out of the American defense effort.

One bit of "fat" cut out in the Johnson era was the Atlas ICBM project which his predecessor, James Forrestal, had assigned to the Convair company. Another bit of "fat" was a pilot project for the satellite, which Forrestal had also started. The Atlas project was not revived until 1950, when Johnson ignominiously departed. One successor, Robert Lovett, was fully aware of the importance of the missile race. So was Secretary of the Air Force Thomas Finletter, and, perhaps especially, Air Force Under Secretary John McCone, who fought unsuccessfully for a "Manhattan Project" for missile development. Yet the long-range-missile effort never really got out of the slide-rule stage until early 1954.

This was partly because of the atomic monopoly illusion, partly because of the hostility of some SAC-minded Air Force officers to "all that long-hair missile stuff." But there was another reason, too, and a peculiar one.

Throughout the Truman years, there were no hydrogen bombs in the American stockpile. The existing atomic bombs had a destructive range of only half a mile or so against fairly sturdy targets. So an "accuracy requirement" for the missiles of "one in ten thousand" was laid down. This meant that a missile of five-thousand-mile range had to be designed to hit within half a mile of a target.

A missile can be rather accurately compared to a rifle bullet. During the brief initial period of its flight, it is guided, as a bullet is guided in the barrel of a rifle. Thereafter it flies free, like a bullet, and where it lands depends on the accuracy of its aiming and the atmospheric and other conditions it encounters on the way. If you aim a twenty-two rifle at the right elevation, the bullet will travel a mile or more. But aiming a 5000-mile missile so accurately that it will hit within half a mile of its target is like trying to put a twenty-two bullet into the mouth of a beer bottle at a range of a mile. The thing simply can't be done, except by luck.

Given the impractical one-in-ten-thousand accuracy requirement, the scientists and technicians were in effect chained to their slide rules. Meanwhile, the Soviets had adopted a far more realistic one-in-a-thousand requirement—five miles of error to 5000 miles of range—even before they had tested their first atomic bomb. With astonishing self-confidence, they were then already looking forward to their hydrogen bomb.

For it is the marriage of the hydrogen bomb and the missile which makes the missile of strategic range a practical weapon. Only a hydrogen warhead provides the necessary radius of destruction. And it was only after—and quite a long time after—our own first hydrogen test in November, 1952, that our long-range-missile program really began to get off the ground.

Our first "thermonuclear device" was known as "Mike." Mike was a monstrous great thing, bigger than a big house. But its yield was also monstrous—about eight megatons, the equivalent of eight million tons of TNT. You can't shoot something as big as a house into space—not now, at any rate. So the problem was to thin Mike down, so that a hydrogen warhead small enough to be carried on a ballistic missile would still deliver a megaton-range punch.

Shortly after the Mike shot, Trevor Gardner, newly appointed Assistant Secretary of the Air Force, made a journey of inquiry. He asked the leading scientists in the thermonuclear field—men like Dr. Edward Teller, Dr. Ernest Lawrence, and Dr. Charles Lauritsen—the same question: "Can you give us a megaton for half a ton?" Being translated, this means: "Can you devise a thermonuclear warhead with a megaton punch weighing a thousand pounds or less?"

In each case, the answer was a flat "yes." (In fact, recent technical advances have made it possible to pack a good deal more than one megaton into a warhead weighing a good deal less than a thousand pounds.) The Gardner journey of inquiry was the real start of our long-range-missile program. For the scientists' "yes" made it possible to reduce the accuracy requirement to a realistic ratio of one in a thousand—the same ratio the Soviets had adopted long before.

But the mills of the Government, like the mills of the gods, grind slow. It was not until early 1954 that Gardner succeeded in reorganizing the strategic-missile program, getting it a high priority, and assigning Gen. Bernard A. Schriever to push it with all speed. It is ironical that both Gardner and Air Force Secretary Talbott, who backed his efforts, resigned under fire. Yet if you want to talk in political terms, the fact remains that the long-range-missile program only got seriously under way after Dwight D. Eisenhower became President.

But the story, alas, does not end there. The story is a story of falling between two stools—the stool of election promises to balance the budget and reduce taxes, and the stool of the hideous cost of the new weapons. The Eisenhower Administration tried to solve the dilemma by pouring the new missile wine into the old service bottles, at the same time reducing the size of the bottles. The result was an inadequate missile effort coupled with insanely complicated organization and unnecessary rivalry and duplication between the services.

The story of how we got beaten to the satellite punch illustrates this falling-between-two-stools process. As early as 1954, the Central Intelligence Agency—whose record in the missile field has been generally excellent—got wind of Soviet plans to launch a satellite. The SAC-minded Air Force officers violently opposed plans to beat the Soviets to the satellite punch—they regarded the satellite as "long-hair stuff." They were joined

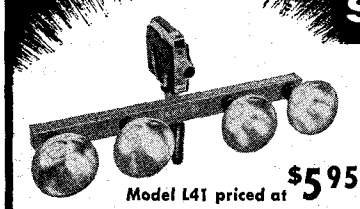
Gosh, what an upset stomach . . . and my best customer's coming in today!
I'd take Pepto-Bismol, Mr. Tuttle. Hospital tests prove it relieves upsets, you know. Wonderful for indigestion or nausea, too!
Pepto-Bismol

**Pepto-Bismol works where soda, seltzers and "tummy-aids" fail!**

For upset stomach, indigestion, nausea, or diarrhea—Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action. It works both in the stomach *and* the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful *pink* liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.

**TAKE HOSPITAL TESTED PEPTO-BISMOL®...AND FEEL GOOD AGAIN!**

the *right* light for indoor movies...
**Smith-Victor Bar Lights**



Model L41 priced at $59.95 (without lamps)

Ask your favorite camera dealer to show you how Smith-Victor Bar Lights brighten any inside scene for sharper, clearer action. Prices start as low as $3.95. So easy to operate. Smith-Victor Bar Lights make fine gifts, too.

Write for free copy of "Inside Pictures Made Easy"

**Smith-Victor Griffith, Indiana**...the world's largest exclusive manufacturer of photographic lighting equipment

*A picture worth taking is worth protecting*

**Mount pictures in your album with**

**Dennison PHOTO CORNERS**

Eleven colors to match the mood of your snapshots!

**YOUR BEST RESOLUTION FOR 1958:**
Never To Make A Wrong Turn Or Lose Directions Driving
You'll Make It, Too, With A
**HULL AUTO COMPASS**
*For 25 Years, America's Favorite Motoring and Boating Guide*
$6.95 and $5.50
At your dealer's or write for literature
HULL MFG. CO., P. O. BOX 246-S-12, WARREN, OHIO

**Rex Wheat Germ Oil-24yrs.**
**DOGS — CATS — BIRDS**
STOP Misery! Itch, Eczema, Dry coat due to lack SKIN VITAMIN—Linoleic oil (50% in Rex). Add to food. Give Beauty, Brilliant Sheen to Coat or Feathers.
Write for free folder, REX, Monticello, Illinois.

**Prompt relief for chapped cracked lips**

for all members of the family


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We pay claims within 8 hours after proof of loss*

**"Even while my store was burning,** American Hardware Mutual agents were on hand," says Robert L. Horn, Toledo, Ohio, "and I had my check within 8 hours after proof of loss."

Fast service, yes—plus lower premiums due to annual dividend payments. Use the free service of our trained insurance counselors to bring your insurance up to date.

*Insurance for Home, Automobile, Business*

HOME OFFICE: MINNEAPOLIS. SERVICE OFFICES: ATLANTA, BOSTON, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, DALLAS, DULUTH, HOUSTON, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, NEWARK, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, ORE., RENO, ST. PAUL, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

*Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.*

by Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson, who, asked in late 1954 whether he would be "concerned" if the Soviets launched the first satellite, replied cheerfully, "I wouldn't care if they did."

On the other side were those, especially in the CIA, who foresaw the psychological effect of a first Soviet satellite launching. The result was a compromise. The satellite project was never accorded the highest priority. Because the Navy was then desperate to get into the missile act, the project was assigned to the Navy instead of the Army, which was best equipped to do the job. And so the project limped along, an over-advertised orphan, until the fatal day when Sputnik One roared into space.

But the indictment of the Administration's handling of the missile program does not end with this falling between two stools. The hard fact is that the policy-making officials knew without a shadow of doubt, thanks to the Turkish installations, that the Soviets were forging ahead. And their response to this knowledge was not greatly to increase the American missile effort, but actually, and incredibly, to cut it back. Overtime was virtually eliminated from the missile program, in the name of economy. Last summer, after the first Soviet ICBM tests, basic research and development funds were cut back by $170 million. The schedule for Titan, the second ICBM program, was stretched out by ten months. The Navaho air-breathing missile, which might have provided a good interim answer to the Soviet ICBM, was dropped on the eve of successful tests. And so on.

This economy-first policy was coupled with a secrecy-first policy, and the two dovetailed neatly. When this reporter described the first Soviet ICBM test in July, "high Pentagon sources" put it about that the Soviets were in "an early motor-testing stage" with their ICBM—this when the monitoring system had already told its grim, irrefutable story. If the facts of Soviet progress had been known, the country would surely have demanded an all-out effort to match the Russians. But the facts were concealed, in the name of "security," and this secrecy-first served as the handmaiden of economy-first.

But all this is water over the dam. What of the future? The first fact to recognize is that The Gap—that period of deadly danger for the West—is upon us, and cannot be wished away. No miraculous "breakthroughs" are going to make up for the time we have lost. The Soviets are far ahead in the missile race, and they are going to stay ahead for some time to come.

Yet it is silly and defeatist to suppose that this country, with its immense resources, need permanently accept second place to the Soviets in the race for the decisive new weapons. Of course we can close The Gap, if we have the will to do so. Indeed, we have already started to do so. For sad as the story of our missile effort has been, there is one bright spot. The Soviets started their missile race at least five years before we did, and that gap has already been narrowed, perhaps by two years, perhaps by more, despite the inadequacy of our effort.

The first thing that must be done, obviously, is to close The Gap entirely, to achieve operational ICBM and IRBM systems as soon as possible, at whatever cost. To do so will not, of course, solve all our problems, but at least both of the "scorpions in a bottle" will then have an equally lethal sting.

But however great our efforts, it will take time, certainly two years or more, to close The Gap. As long as The Gap exists, Nikita Khrushchev, who is a gambler by instinct, will be constantly tempted to gamble high. For Khrushchev knows that his lead in the ballistic missiles will not last forever. He will therefore be tempted to use the period of The Gap to force a "preventive showdown." The newly truculent tone which Khrushchev adopted immediately after the first successful Soviet ICBM tests and the bogus Turkish-Syrian crisis which he engineered were clear warning that something of the sort is already in his thoughts.

Yet there are ways to cool Khrushchev's gambling ardor. For there are things that can and must be done to maintain our deterrent power, so that Khrushchev will never be in a position to attack, or to threaten to attack, free of the fear of terrible retaliation, even during The Gap.

The most foolish thing we could do is to starve SAC while trying to close The Gap, for then we should have neither sword nor longbow. On the contrary, everything possible must be done to make certain that SAC can do its grisly job, come what may. One way to do this is to keep the maximum proportion of SAC's bombers bomb-loaded and ready to hit Soviet targets at all times. This is, in fact, already being done—the present objective is to keep a third of SAC's bombers always either air-borne or on fifteen-minute alert. Another way is to disperse the SAC bases as much as possible, to present the Soviets with the maximum number of difficult targets. A third way is to provide an answer to the formidable defenses of which Khrushchev has boasted, in the form of the air-to-ground missiles with a nuclear warhead, of the Rascal type, which will permit SAC's manned bombers to release their bomb load many miles from the heavily defended target areas.

**Help Fight TB**

**Buy Christmas Seals**

Yet, while SAC must on no account be starved, we must face the fact that SAC's elaborate forward-base system, while it has not been rendered "useless," as Khrushchev claims, is far more vulnerable than it has ever been. This applies also to the intermediate land-based missiles, like Thor and Jupiter, which will be operational, in one form or another, well before our ICBM's. Because their range is limited, the IRBM's must be fired from bases located in or controlled by foreign countries. Thus there is always a danger that, in case of a direct threat to the United States, the use of the intermediate missiles, like the use of the forward-based SAC planes, will be subject to foreign veto power.

This is why an overriding priority must be given to Polaris, an intermediate missile designed to be fired from a submerged nuclear submarine. Our atomic subs, like Nautilus and Seawolf, will carry a number of these small, easily handled missiles with ranges up to 1500 miles. It is obvious that only a few Polaris-equipped atomic subs will constitute in themselves a retaliatory power with which the Soviets must most seriously reckon, and whose use no foreign country can veto. There are even good arguments for giving Polaris priority over the ICBM itself. For the ICBM bases, necessarily large and immovable, will themselves be subject to surprise missile attack, while missiles based on fast-moving atomic submarines will be almost wholly invulnerable.

Unfortunately, even given a crash program, Polaris is probably two years or more from the operational stage. But there are other ways in which the Navy can help to fill The Gap, given an end to the fruitless rivalry over "roles and missions." There are the ship-based and submarine-based short-range missiles, like Regulus. And there is the water-based jet plane, which can use not the fixed and vulnerable landing strips of SAC, but the limitless surface of the seven seas.

Such planes, capable of landing in eight-foot waves, could be refueled by submarine, and could be used either to refuel SAC's bombers in case SAC's forward bases were knocked out, or to take on the retaliatory role themselves. Two prototypes of such sea-based jets were built by the Martin Company, and blew up in tests. But the project, in the view of those best able to judge, could and should be revived on an urgent basis.

These are only a few of the ways in which The Gap can be bridged on an emergency basis, and our deterrent power maintained in the period of deadly danger which lies ahead. As for the more distant future, one thing is clear. In the game of leapfrog which we have been playing with the Soviets since the war, the Soviets overleaped us in the race for the ballistic missiles. It is our turn to leap next, and we must do so. The next target in the grim game of leapfrog will be the manned hypersonic bomber. The hypersonic bomber will skip through space over the surface of the earth's blanket of atmosphere, at speeds approaching those of the ballistic missiles, like a stone skipped on a pond by a small boy. The hypersonic bomber will be a way-station on the road to true manned space travel, and it will be the first step toward the domination of the space around us. The Soviets are hard at work on a hypersonic bomber, known as the T4A, already, and we cannot afford to be beaten to this punch also.

Beyond the hypersonic bomber lies the manned space platform, and the final conquest of space. Dr. Walter Dornberger, who headed the German V-2 project, and who is the father of modern missilery if there is one, has said that the nation which first conquers space will "lead mankind into the future." Yet the United States now has no real space program, just as we had no real strategic-missile program until 1953–54. If we do not want to be "led into the future" by Nikita Khrushchev or his heirs, this omission must be most urgently rectified.

To do such things will require a lot of money, an effort of will, and even, perhaps, some personal sacrifice of comfort. It will require something more as well. Especially during the time of The Gap which now is upon us, it will require an indisposition to succumb to Communist blackmail, and a stoutness of heart of a kind which Americans, in their fortunate geographic security, have never had to show before. But given the kind of leadership which tells the people the facts and shows them how to face up to those facts, stoutheartedness will surely be forthcoming. And it may well be enough both to avert the appeasement which can lead only to surrender, and a universal war which would destroy the kind of life we have known. But in the best of circumstances, the time ahead will not be an easy time for any of us. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Free Land—If You Can Hold It

(Continued from Page 41)

in Southern Arizona and California. The lands belong to the United States Bureau of Reclamation. But hardy squatters, who have reason to disbelieve the old axiom, "You can't get something for nothing," are lighting on these lands like hungry crows in a cornfield. Officials are writing them fussy letters, saying in effect: "See here, you can't settle here!" But the settlers, in the sturdy tradition of their kind, regard Government protests as a joke. It remains to be seen who will have the last laugh.

The land the squatters are claiming for their own—while some bureaucratic faces are getting awfully red about it—was set aside from the public domain in 1902. It runs in a corridor six to twelve miles wide for some 300 miles along the lower Colorado River, which forms the boundary line between California and Arizona, north of the Mexican border. Nobody wanted the land then. It was wild and worthless. A few Indians eked out a living on it. But there were no roads, the river often sent down torrential floods, and the waters, heavy with silt, were no good for man, boat, beast or fish.

However, the Government had ideas. Federal reclamation was just getting started in 1902. In order to forestall undesired private development in places where dams, reservoirs and canals might be built, the Reclamation Service, as it then was called, took over most of the land along the river from the vicinity of Yuma, Arizona, to a point north of Needles, California. The service called its action a "reclamation withdrawal," meaning that temporarily the land was not to be used, settled or privately sold.

In ensuing years the Colorado River was tamed. Dams were built. Good roads were laid out. The lower Colorado River became not only clean and desirable but at certain times of the year spectacularly pleasant. But still the land along it couldn't be bought or leased. The Reclamation Service, which became the Bureau of Reclamation, hung onto its land—and still hangs on—with no indication of what its final disposition may be.

This Sphinxlike attitude of the bureau hasn't bothered the squatters appreciably. The first squatters discovered the area more than twenty years ago, but the real land rush started after World War II and hasn't slowed up since. People keep arriving, and amazing things happen.

Time and again when clean waters have been developed, whether for power, irrigation, flood control or any combination of these, people have been attracted. In the days of waterwheels, the old mill dam was a fine place to swim and fish. The magnificent chain of TVA waters and dozens more, both large and small, have brought new opportunities for business and sport. Where there is raw land available for irrigation, the water becomes a magnet for settlers.

But somehow, the opportunities along the lower Colorado were officially overlooked. Five years ago the National Park Service was urged to take over the area because of its recreational possibilities. Officials shook their heads. "There's nothing there," they said, "of public interest."

The public decided differently. The lower Colorado, from the Grand Canyon down to Needles, California, began attracting thousands of vacationists, weekenders, campers, fishermen, hunters, boating enthusiasts and bathers. Word got around. Riverside squatting for recreation and easy living started below Parker Dam, near Parker, Arizona, and it spread in a southerly direction along the banks of the Colorado wherever it was possible to find vacant land.

No doubt the National Park Service had some excuse for thinking that the squatter stampede was a flash in the pan. Anyone accustomed to the green hills and meadowed fields of the East finds it hard to see a promise of easy living in the scenery along the lower Colorado. "I wouldn't take it as a gift in a gold bag!" said a Yankee who had traveled from Yuma, Arizona, to Boulder City, Nevada, through the squatter country. He saw a landscape that resembled pictures of the moon: desert, sand dunes, armored shrubs, sawtooth mountains with queer names like Sheep Hole, Old Woman and Turtle. About the only living things he noticed were buzzards and horned toads. In the summer, he heard, the thermometer climbs to 100° F. and stays above that level, sometimes reaching a blistering 130.

Nevertheless, many people find something here they want. Near Blythe, California, where U.S. 60 and 70 cross the Colorado, they find one of the largest concentrations of wild doves existing anywhere. Hunters from Southern California and Arizona come for them in September, their cars moving into Blythe, bumper to bumper. Quail, waterfowl and deer attract hunters in season. Rock hounds roam hills near the river and find gems that make their eyes sparkle. On weekends and holidays, up to 10,000 people invade the river in the general vicinity of Parker. Many bring boats. A man can leave Los Angeles after work on Friday, reach the river before midnight, spend two days fishing, swimming, boating and water-skiing, and be back on the job Monday morning. He doesn't need exceptional luck to catch a fine string of largemouthed black bass, channel catfish, crappies, bluegills. The river is full of them.

> Any American boy has a chance to become President, but he also runs the risk of being appointed secretary of state.
>
> HAROLD COFFIN

These people who come here to hunt, fish and swim are trespassers on Uncle Sam's land, but not necessarily squatters. However, some of them become so. They see an opportunity to settle down at a strategic point and offer services or levy charges on others who want to get down to the river. Some want farms, with water for irrigation. Many are pensioners who need a warm, cheap place to live. Others are orchardists or farmers from other areas who like to winter where it is warm. Two dozen or more of the latter bring their beehives with them. The bees squat, too, under brush shelters, and make the year's second crop of honey while their owners fish. Some squatters operate service stations, grocery stores, tourist resorts, cafés, boat sales-and-service shops—all on cost-free land. A representative of a worm farm on a single sales trip took better than $9000 worth of orders from squatter bait dealers.

And there is, of all things, a thriving trade in real estate. The Johnny-come-lately, if he doesn't find what he wants for free, "buys" or leases it from an established squatter—although the seller or lessor can't guarantee title.

One prospect dubiously said to a squatter who claimed to have invested $20,000 in farm improvements, "If you sell me something you don't own, what do I not own?"

"Look!" replied the squatter. "I can sell you my improvements, and that's all. In all honesty, I have to say the Government could put us all off tomorrow—with the Army, maybe! But that isn't how the Government has treated others who turned a plumb wilderness into good land, and I reckon they won't start now."

That's the assumption the squatters go on. One squatter's holdings with tourist-resort improvements on the California bank of the river reputedly changed hands for $40,000. I heard of a squatter building a $50,000 home on pre-empted land. In Blythe, California, I read a lawyer's letter stating that his clients, agricultural squatters, had spent $30,100 on canals and irrigation structures, and they were anxious to know what, under certain circumstances, could happen to their investment. A typical squatter a few years ago rolled his $6000 trailer onto a scenic riverside location, put a barb-wire fence around several acres, and nailed NO TRESPASSING signs on the fence posts. Many others have done the same. In some localities, every holding is fenced and signs say KEEP OUT!

A Bureau of Reclamation official told me that desirable land in the vicinity of Parker Dam was currently quoted in the squatter market at sixty dollars per front foot. Also, with a grin, he told me of some of the strange characters his men encounter. One, inspecting along the river in line of his duties, was confronted by an angry, shotgun-carrying, female nudist who ordered the Government man off "her" land. He left in a hurry too.

Other signs say WELCOME! One squatter came into the country barefooted, started a tourist business, and now, I'm told, draws $1200 a month from concessionaires who lease properties he doesn't own!

Squatter "ownership" isn't all fun and daisy picking. It took hard work to develop many claims. One man is said to have killed twenty rattlesnakes his first day. It costs twenty dollars an hour or more to hire a bulldozer to clear off brush.

The lack of legal boundaries leads to numerous disputes over claims. In the pioneer days, squatters joined protective associations and devised "do-it-yourself" justice for claim jumpers. But Colorado River squatters aren't that far advanced; in fact, they sometimes aren't sure just what to do when boundary problems arise. There have been some threats, name calling and warning rifle shots, but nothing really serious.

Take the case of one couple who settled on a nice location in the Parker Dam area and built a house. With jobs in town and a rent-free home in the country, they figured they had it made. Then one night they came home and found that a greedy neighbor had fenced their land in with his. To get to their home they had to leave their car by the roadside and crawl under the barbed wire.

While her husband worked, the lady sought justice. She appealed to the only local law she could find, a deputy sheriff. The deputy wanted to help, but had no jurisdiction. He reported the case to a local Reclamation officer, who told him to call regional headquarters at Boulder City, Nevada. He did so, and was advised to get in touch with the Bureau of Land Management in Los Angeles. This he also did, and was referred to the United States marshal's office. The latter told him to take it up with the United States

**Opens Stuffy Nose Fast-You Breathe Easy For Hours!**

**When a cold fills up your nose,** you feel miserable! Can't eat. Can't sleep. Why suffer when you can get fast relief . . . long lasting relief with new Medi-Mist Nasal Spray. Just two quick squeezes . . . your nose opens . . . your head clears!

**You can breathe again!** No more sleepless nights from a cold-clogged nose. Vicks Medi-Mist spray clears your head fast, relieves stuffiness of head-colds. It helps dry up sniffles and sneezes of hay fever and other allergies. And you'll get precious sleep while Vicks modern antibiotic helps fight infection.

**No sting or burn.** Unlike some sprays which are bitter and harsh, Medi-Mist is tasteless and gentle on sensitive nasal tissue. Try Medi-Mist . . . you'll like it.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

attorney. There he was referred—yes, sir!—right back to the regional director in Boulder City.

The lady squatter found the old Army game too much. She bundled up her husband and left.

A. H. (Doc) Deering, a Negro, is one of the earliest settlers on this public land. He arrived in the '20's and squatted on a no man's land known locally as The Island, between Winterhaven, California, and Yuma, Arizona. In the early days his buildings were burned several times by resentful Yuma Indians who claim some of the land in the vicinity, although their title can't be substantiated any better than anyone else's at present.

When I drove up to see Doc, he was sitting on the screened porch of his pleasant cabin, listening to a baseball broadcast. The Braves, he told me, were three runs behind. Flocks of birds under huge cottonwood trees were chattering over the feed he scatters for them. His black dog, Tippy, met me with a wagging tail, although Doc warned me, "He'll bite you if you try that front door when I'm not here." Doc's house is sheltered on the sunset side by a high levee. Before the river was controlled, Doc and his neighbors sometimes had to beat a retreat to the levee and watch the flood waters rip and tear below.

Doc, at seventy-six, is a respected old head in the community. In his youth he was a hospital steward in the Navy and received some medical training, which has come in handy in the squatter community. He also is a leader of the Boy Scouts. He claims about eighty acres, where he used to raise chickens and sell eggs—"people came for 'em at better prices than I could get in town." Now he mostly stays quiet and "is good to what's left of the old man." He says his lands belong to him by quitclaim deed, but A.O. Williamson, Yuma County tax assessor, told me that in his opinion such deeds are worth their weight as waste paper.

Doc was my guide around The Island. In its natural state it is a paradise for wildlife. When cleared of mesquite, arrow weed and other tangly growth, then leveled and irrigated, it produces wonderful crops. We saw Ken Easterday's big crop-and-cattle layout. We saw pumps sucking up free water and sending thousands of gallons to thirsty crops. We saw the farm where Nolan Wright, an absentee squatter whose main business is a motor-machine and supply company in San Diego, operates 200 acres with tenant partner Martin Marvin. They raise pigeon seed, canary-bird seed and Bermuda-grass seed for a big catalogue seedsman. We also saw well-tended acres where patriarchal Earl Harp and his family and in-laws cultivate fields that yield two bales or more of cotton per acre.

Surveys mean little here. Squatter stakes went down at random. The river is supposed to be the boundary line between Arizona and California, but it has shifted back and forth so many times that nobody knows for sure where California ends and Arizona begins. A boundary commission now is trying to decide. Doc's car carries California plates. He pays personal taxes in Arizona. Neither state will take real-estate taxes from him, presumably on the principle that it might be construed as validating his title. When he and some neighbors were having Indian troubles, they appealed to the sheriff of Imperial County, California.

"You're in Yuma County," they were told—Arizona.

They went to the Yuma County sheriff. "No," said he, "you're in Imperial County!" They got no help.

Island people maintain their own roads, such as they are. School and mail problems get solved after a fashion with the help of neighbors. Legal jurisdictions are hazy. A police officer, maybe from California, maybe from Arizona, maybe from Uncle Sam, some years ago brought a document ordering Doc's eviction. The two men chatted pleasantly, and the officer led Doc to the top of the levee 100 feet away.

"I have now evicted you," he said. "I'll write on this paper that I've done so."

Doc thanked him, went home, and wasn't bothered again.

In spite of legal haziness, tax collectors don't overlook much. One riverside squatter has obtained a license and pays the California fee for selling distilled liquor. Several sell beer and wine. No official has been reported as unwilling to accept gasoline taxes from squatter stations.

One oddity in the Parker Dam area is that the Government sells Government-made power to squatters who, legally, aren't there. The Bureau of Reclamation furnishes 2000 kilowatts to the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and the latter distributes some of it to squatters. The Indian Affairs Bureau used to run new power lines when asked for them. This began to seem pretty ridiculous, so it was stopped. The squatters, not to be denied, began hooking onto neighbors' lines. This has led to squabbles over who owed how much to whom, also to overloaded transformers, which break down.

Squatters usually try to do things by legal means, and if they can't, do them anyway. Officials of a gun club built on public land in the area asked Reclamation officials if they could obtain a lease or title to their location. Told that they couldn't, they said, "Will anybody put us off if we come anyway?" The bureau man, off the record, said he didn't think so—not right away, anyhow. The gun club still is there and looks permanent.

Good farm land supposedly belonging to Uncle Sam but free for the taking is quite a temptation. Reclamation Bureau officials estimate that around 11,000 acres have been settled by farmer-squatters. However, that figure seems too low. In the Cibola Valley alone, twenty-four miles south of Blythe, thousands of acres have been put under the plow by squatters. Some has been taken by owners of adjacent private land who simply extended their fences around some public land. Others claim ownership on the principle of "accretion"—that is, that the land has been "given" to them by the river during one of its changes in channel. Still others offer no excuses—just squat.

However, even without the necessity of paying for the land, agricultural squatting still requires a large investment in these days. Just to clear off the brush, level the land and install irrigation ditches may run to $150 or more an acre. That's a lot to put into land to which you have no title. But the gamble often pays. Some of the soil produces so bountifully that a lucky farmer may recover all his costs and earn big profits within two or three years.

And sometimes the gamble fails, as it did for two Californians who found some land north of Blythe which, they thought, belonged to Uncle Sam. They staked off a farm. Nobody said them "aye-yes-or-no." Big machines made it billiard-table smooth. When they were ready to plant, irrigate and cash in, tribal leaders of the Colorado River Indians, who had known perfectly well what was going on, came forward and said, "Thanks so much. This is reservation land. Good-by."

The Californians unsquatted.

Just how did the squatter stampede gain such headway? And what is likely to be the upshot of it?

To the first question, the Government admits it isn't blameless. Construction of Parker Dam, 155 miles downstream from Hoover Dam, did much to fix the squatter pattern. The dam was begun in 1934 and finished in 1938. Contractors had to import workers. Men were encouraged to come for the duration. Many brought their families. With tacit consent of the Bureau of Reclamation workers set up housekeeping on "withdrawn" land. They dwelt in trailers, tents, shacks and cabins near the dam site in any pleasant spot they fancied. Presumably these dwellers would leave after construction. Most of them did. World War II kept them busy elsewhere. But word had spread. People who had been there remembered. After the war, they and their friends began coming back.

Good roads made the river easy to get to. Dams with reservoirs, clean water and fish made it a nice place to be. Land wasn't for sale, but nobody ran them off. Soon they began to feel that the land they lived on and prettied up was rightly theirs. That's how the invasion got going, and that's the situation today.

Nobody knows what is likely to happen next. A Reclamation official said, "I can't begin to think how they're going to settle it. I'm glad somebody else has to do it!"

There's nothing clear-cut about it. Any solution is sure to be painful to somebody. The tradition that the squatter keeps what he settles on and improves, may run into trouble. Government lawyers say the rules are different on "withdrawn" land. Nonsquatters say angrily, "Just because those fellows got there first, are they entitled to hog the river and keep us off or make us pay?"

A Government study printed in 1955 with the sanction, but not official approval, of former Secretary of the Interior Douglas McKay, laid down the problem this way:

"This uncontrolled and unregulated occupancy has created vexing sanitation, policing and administration problems. Furthermore, unauthorized construction has denied the public use of river banks and access to them." The conclusion was that a solution could be achieved "only by meeting the public need" with "properly planned and regulated recreational developments."

One Bureau official, admitting that the decision was not his to make, said, "Reclamation's plan is to lease all the land we can to public agencies for recreation purposes." He said the bureau would like to see a road built right along the river, so the public could view the scenery without paying tribute to squatters.

The states of California and Arizona would both like leases at strategic spots to develop parks and wildlife preserves. The waterfowl population has been decreased drastically by the human invasion. California's plans are far advanced. But state officials told me they want no part of the squatter mess. "Move them off," they said, "and we'll provide parks."

Squatters, on the other hand, talk some fairly convincing arguments. Some of them organized and voted into existence the Parker Dam County Recreation District, a subdivision of the San Bernardino County government.

John W. Kramer, chairman of the trustees, speaking of the squatters, told me, "Everybody has spent untold hours and large amounts of money to clear and improve the general appearance and livability of the banks of the river. All of us have been ready and willing—in fact, anxious—for the Federal Government to give us some kind of lease." The district publishes a list of twenty projects it proposes to undertake if it gets a green light. These include comfort stations, maintaining river-hazard markers, spraying for insects, building access roads, and so on.

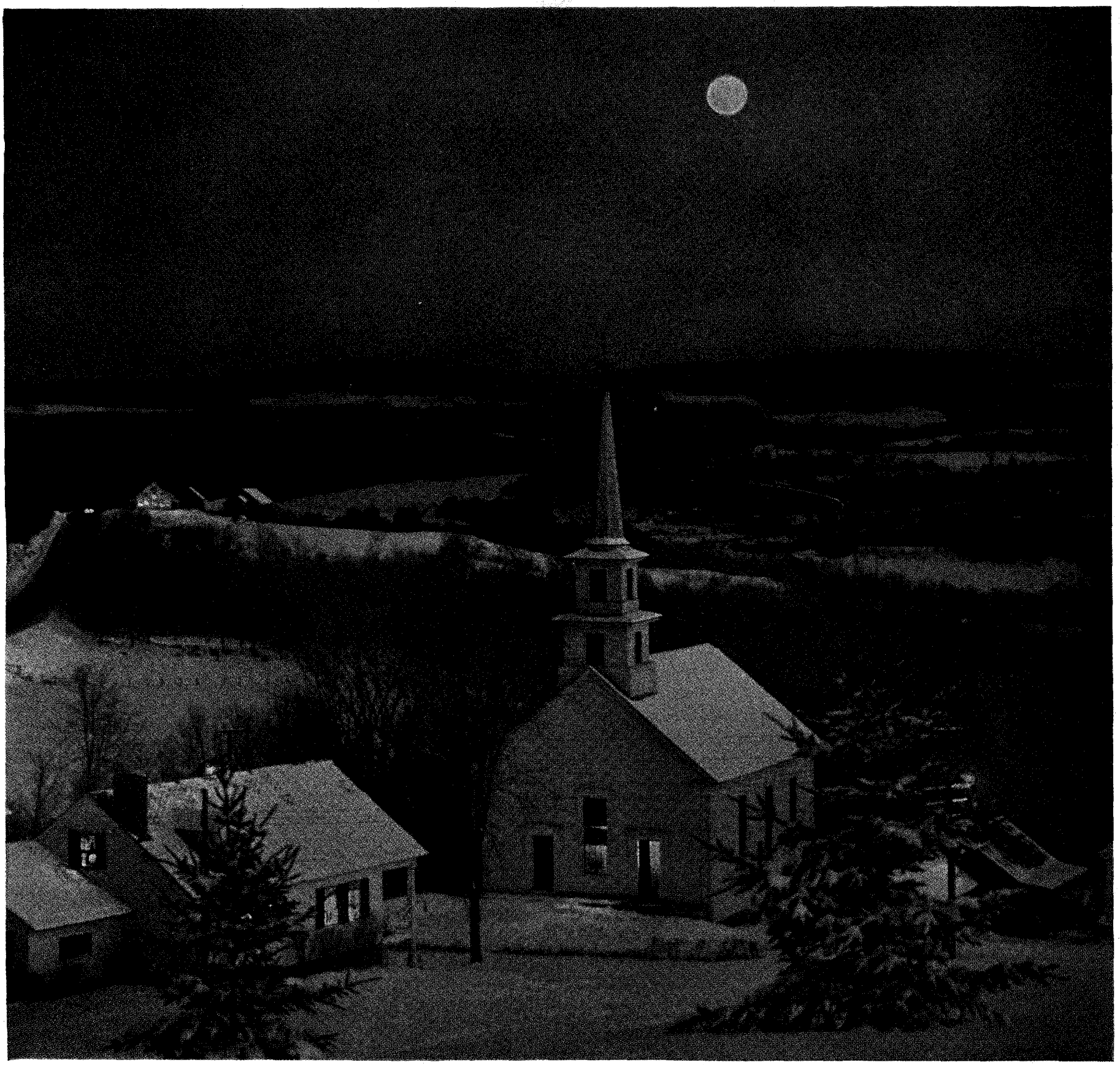
Other squatters, more or less under the leadership of house painter George O. Gibbons, want "withdrawn" land opened for settlement under the Small Tract Act.

None of the proposals say much about agricultural squatters, most of whom have large investments.

Everybody agrees something must be done soon. But what? Both in Washington and in the Southwest I was told that final settlement waits on a Supreme Court decision in the Arizona-California water dispute, and the findings of the boundary commission. Meantime, the "land grab" goes on. For once, grabbers aren't conscienceless corporations or malefactors of great wealth. They are Bill Jones, Molly Smith and Spike Johnson—people from everybody's home town. It's a folksy kind of land grab. THE END

Frenchy Buchanan, a grizzled 75-year-old, has squatted on land in the Parker Dam area for a quarter of a century. But the real land rush began after World War II.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# *In the Light of Christmas*

The spirit of Christmas shines with a special kind of light. In its gentle glow the world becomes a brighter place—kindlier, happier, full of hope and promise!

But another light also shines in the modern world—the light of science. Through scientific knowledge many of mankind's long-cherished Christmas hopes are coming true. New ways are being found to safeguard and improve the health of our children, to provide our families with better food, clothing and shelter, to assure greater comfort in everyday living, to dispel fear and promote peace and understanding among people everywhere.

American Cyanamid is privileged to take part in the advances of science which help to make each succeeding Christmas happier, healthier and more abundant. American Cyanamid Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

CYANAMID

50 CYANAMID 1907 1957

HELPING AMERICA MAKE BETTER USE OF ITS RESOURCES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Tyrant (Continued from Page 31)

adobe *casa* was deserted, shadowed and shuttered. Once again the adobe home built by a grateful republic for the teacher gathered dust. The parents of Atalco waited patiently, as they had on eleven previous occasions, for the next candidate to appear on the Monday bus from Tlaxcala.

No mother in that lonely village waited more patiently than Maria Teresa Gonzalez waited in Tlaxcala. She, who had been married for almost eight months to Ramón Gonzalez, teacher of the republic, waited for her husband's word. She had waited since that morning, almost two weeks ago, when teacher Moreno had appeared in Tlaxcala, shattered by his encounter with the barber of Atalco.

At that time there were more teachers than schools. It should have followed, should it not, that a wild race to succeed teacher Moreno would have greeted his arrival? We reckon without Julio Mora. So familiar had his reputation become that not a single teacher volunteered for the post.

Even Ramón Gonzalez, wearing his first suit, had heard of Julio Mora. "That is not for me," he had decided. "I do not teach under tyrants." He continued against the barber, pacing the floor of the tiny room allotted them by the republic, while Maria Teresa lit the brazier for their meal of beans.

She waited until Ramón was in the room's only chair before asking, "How goes the republic's school-building program, Ramón?"

"It flourishes," he boasted.

"In Tlaxcala?" she asked, for it was to this state that Ramón Gonzalez had been sent.

"There have been rains slowing the work," he insisted. "Material has been slow in arriving."

"Adobe?" she murmured, for the clay was everywhere.

"May a man eat?" he asked, turning away from her.

"*Sí*," she said, feeling the day's first stitch beneath her heart. "*Sí*," she said, bending to her preparations.

Maria Teresa Gonzalez had not spoken of it again. She had waited patiently, while Ramón went daily to the Ministry of Education for word of a new *casa* in the state.

She was brushing his shoes on this Sunday night when she felt the first faint, almost imperceptible flutter inside of her. For a moment she did not breathe. She did not move. Then, gently, hesitantly, like the spring's first raindrops touching the skin, she felt it again, and she was certain.

"There is a home in Atalco for the teacher," she said. She waited. "It has three rooms," she said.

He bounded to his feet. "Maria Teresa," he said, "I do not wish to hear Atalco again."

"Nor three rooms," she said softly.

"Nor three rooms," he said. "Why do you carry on so about three rooms, woman?" he demanded of the twenty-year-old woman. "There are but two of us!"

"There will be three."

"There will be three," he repeated. "When there will be three, then perhaps ——" He peered at his wife. "Will there be three?" he asked.

"*Sí*."

"Soon?"

"*Sí*," she said. "Soon."

Ramón Gonzalez came forward. He stood before her and, without warning, dropped to his bare knees before her. He put out his hand and held her hand very gently. "I am no stranger," he said.

"You had the examinations to worry over," she explained. "The examinations, and now this waiting here. There was no need to burden you."

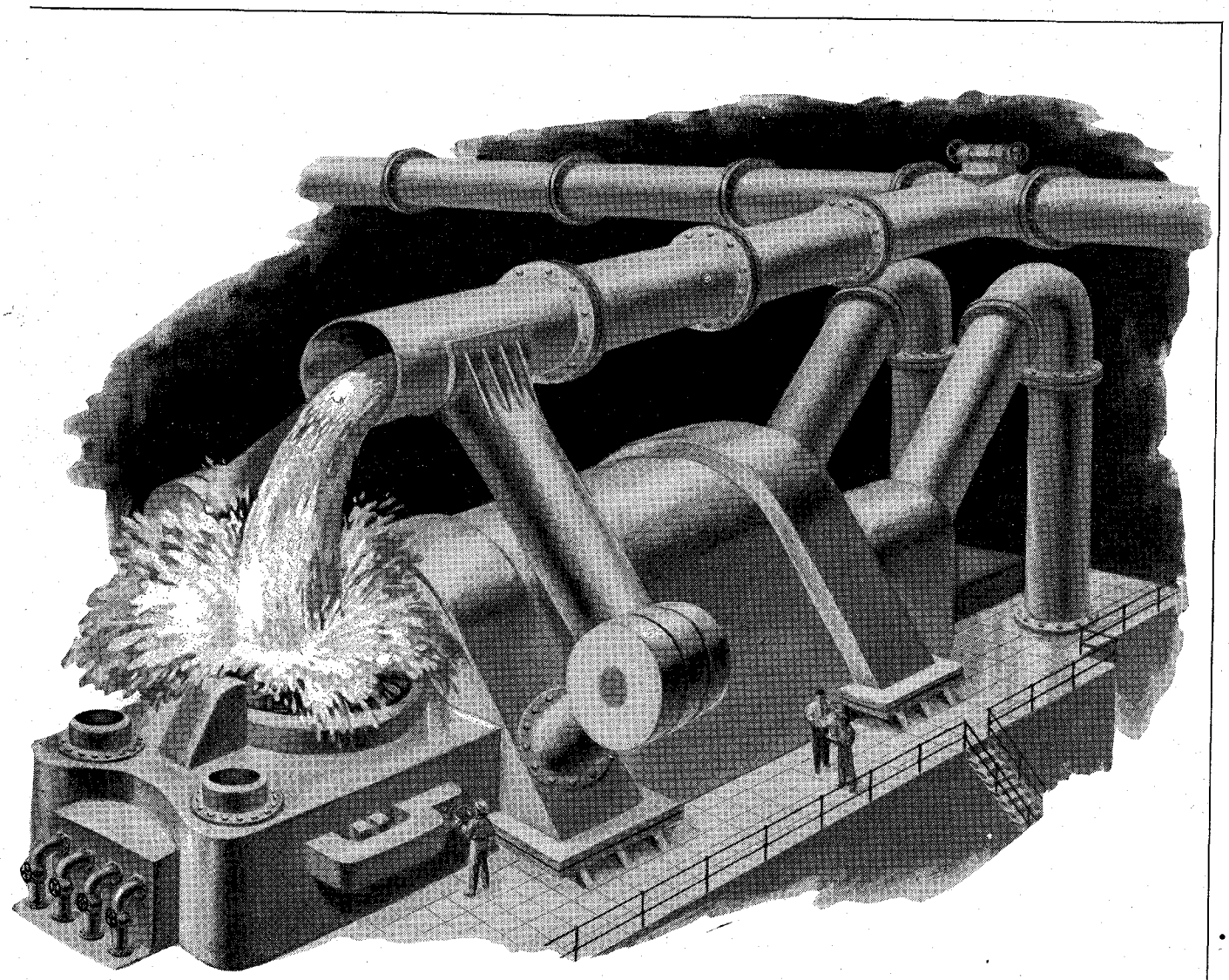
## Cow Country

By S. Omar Barker

Here is a country still
unplowed,
Where untamed grasses lift
Their heads on mesas
rimrock-browed,
In canyons steeply cliffed.

Here is a land that knows
the pain
Of drought and dying sod,
Yet greens again each time
that rain
Renews its faith in God.

It is a proud and patient
land,
Possessed and understood
By men as sunburnt as its
sand,
Who love and find it good.



can't quench his thirst!

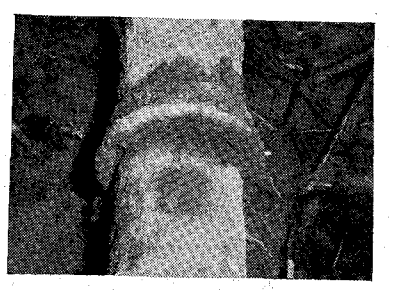
Over 70 billion gallons daily . . . industry's need for water.

And, like Oliver Twist, industry constantly calls for "More." 18 barrels of water to make one of oil. 365,000 gallons to produce a ton of rayon. 250 tons for one of wood pulp. And every ton of coal we burn for steam and power requires another 600 to a thousand tons of water!

Not hard to understand why water officials are worried about our supply. Here's what *you* can do to protect it.

1. Encourage future water planning.
2. Support realistic water rates and water supply bond issues.
3. Conserve water where you can.

America is no longer rich . . . in water.



PROOF POSITIVE
CAST IRON PIPE SAVES
YOU TAX DOLLARS

*Still in service this cast iron main laid in Utica, N. Y. in 1849 is still piping water. This is typical of many century old cast iron water and gas mains now serving throughout America.*

*Small wonder that where long life, dependability and economy are "musts," water officials prefer cast iron pipe . . . No. 1 Tax Saver!*

CAST IRON PIPE
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION (CAST IRON) SUITE 3440, PRUDENTIAL PLAZA, CHICAGO 1, ILL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"And now?" he asked. "Now there is need?"

"*Sí.*"

"Then we are for Atalco on the first bus," he decided.

"That is tomorrow, Ramón," she told him.

"Tomorrow." He led her to the pallet. "Now you must rest."

The following day was the happiest of her marriage. She was happy waiting in the corridor of the Ministry of Education while he signed for Atalco, receiving transportation coupons and a month's salary. She was happy with her husband beside the kiosk on the Avenida Alfredo Santiago to board the bus which would carry them across Tlaxcala. She was happy all through the torturously long, achingly hot journey that brought them, in the sunlight's last moments, to the shadowed village where the entire ambulatory population of Atalco waited for the weekly high point: the bus from Tlaxcala.

The driver alighted first, carrying the cartons of staples for the emporium of Tula Alvarez. He delivered his packages while Ramón Gonzalez followed him out of the bus and Maria Teresa followed her husband.

The driver announced them while Julio Mora appeared to lean against the front fender of the bus.

"I've brought you another teacher, citizens," the driver said. "This one has a wife. Here is —— What's your name, kid?"

"Ramón Gonzalez."

"Gonzalez," the bus driver declared.... "Speak up, kid. You're the new Mexico. Behold the maestro," said the driver, slapping Ramón hard on the back. "A fresh fish for Atalco to fry, eh? *Adiós!*" he shouted, swinging aboard his vehicle as Maria Teresa whispered, "There against the bus. In the white shirt. I know it is he, Ramón. Greet him! Greet him!"

A flash of resentment coursed through Ramón. As he reached for their bundles of belongings, Hector Flores, the carpenter who was then *presidente municipal,* came forward to introduce himself and welcome them to Atalco.

"On behalf of the republic," Ramón answered, as he had been taught to answer, "I bring you hope and knowledge, with aid and learning for all who desire."

"Here there is a home for our maestro," the *presidente* declared. "But first you will honor ——"

"We ask your pardon, señor," Ramón said, "but it is my wish to walk among the people of Atalco."

"In the darkness?" asked an incredulous *presidente.*

"And to escort my wife to her new home," continued Ramón imperturbably. "If you will direct me?"

"You stand on the Calle Francisco Madero," the *presidente* said. "Behind you is the *cantina* of Gaspar Luz, and, beyond, the establishment of my esteemed friend, Julio Mora. As you will perceive," the *presidente* continued, "the *calle* rises from this hollow. At its crest are three structures: the humble domicile of your servant, *La Casa del Pueblo,* and the home which we hope will please you."

"Neither my wife nor I have any doubt of the pleasure awaiting us," Ramón said. He raised his voice. "Of all the posts throughout the state of Tlaxcala, I have chosen Atalco!"

In the silence which greeted his words, Ramón reached for the bundles of their worldly goods, but the *presidente* would not allow it. "Perico! Miguel!" he called. "Miguel Vela!" he called, pointing at the belongings.

The urchins darted forward. Ramón took his wife's arm. He smiled at adults and paused here and there to touch a child's hair, but except for a girl's embarrassed giggle, the people of Atalco responded to Ramón's overtures by disappearing into the darkness without another sign of welcome, leaving the new arrivals to follow the boys with their packages up the hill.

Later, with the door of their first home—theirs—shut against the night, Maria Teresa turned to her husband. He walked forward to embrace her.

"Our own home," he said. "I have a post at last."

"A post," she repeated, twisting out of his arms. "How long will this post continue? You saw him. Julio Mora. He was like a mountain among them. Why could you not have ——"

"All right," he said.

"—— smiled? Offered your hand?"

He took her wrist, quieting her at last. "Now, you stop," he said, shaking with rage. "For now and for always, do you understand? I am teacher Gonzalez, do you understand? Do you? Do you know that? I am not the barefoot boy of Huatepec whom you married. I am not an unemployable in the *cantina.* I am not a maybe-teacher waiting in the streets of Tlaxcala, to be carried in triumph to a *casa* with electric lights. I am teacher Gonzalez," he repeated, "and I bow to no barber. To no barber and to no master in Atalco." Ramón dropped her wrist. He spun around to lift an armful of books. "Here are my masters," he declared. "Look at them, for there are no others!"

They did not speak again. They slept together in the sturdy bed in the bedroom, but they slept without touching. In the morning, he rose when she rose, to dress in silence. He gathered his books and rolled map of the world, and then dropped everything on the bed to take a handful of pesos from his pocket. He placed the pesos on the rude chest of drawers beside the bed.

"There is food to purchase," he said, "and whatever is needed by a woman to conduct her home."

He went out through the bedroom and into the large room flanking the kitchen. He reached the door, listening for her. When he did not hear her, he turned to see Maria Teresa just as she flung herself against him, her arms around his neck, her body against his body, her lips on his lips.

"You were going to let me ——" he began.

"On your first day," she said.

"I must do what I ——" he said.

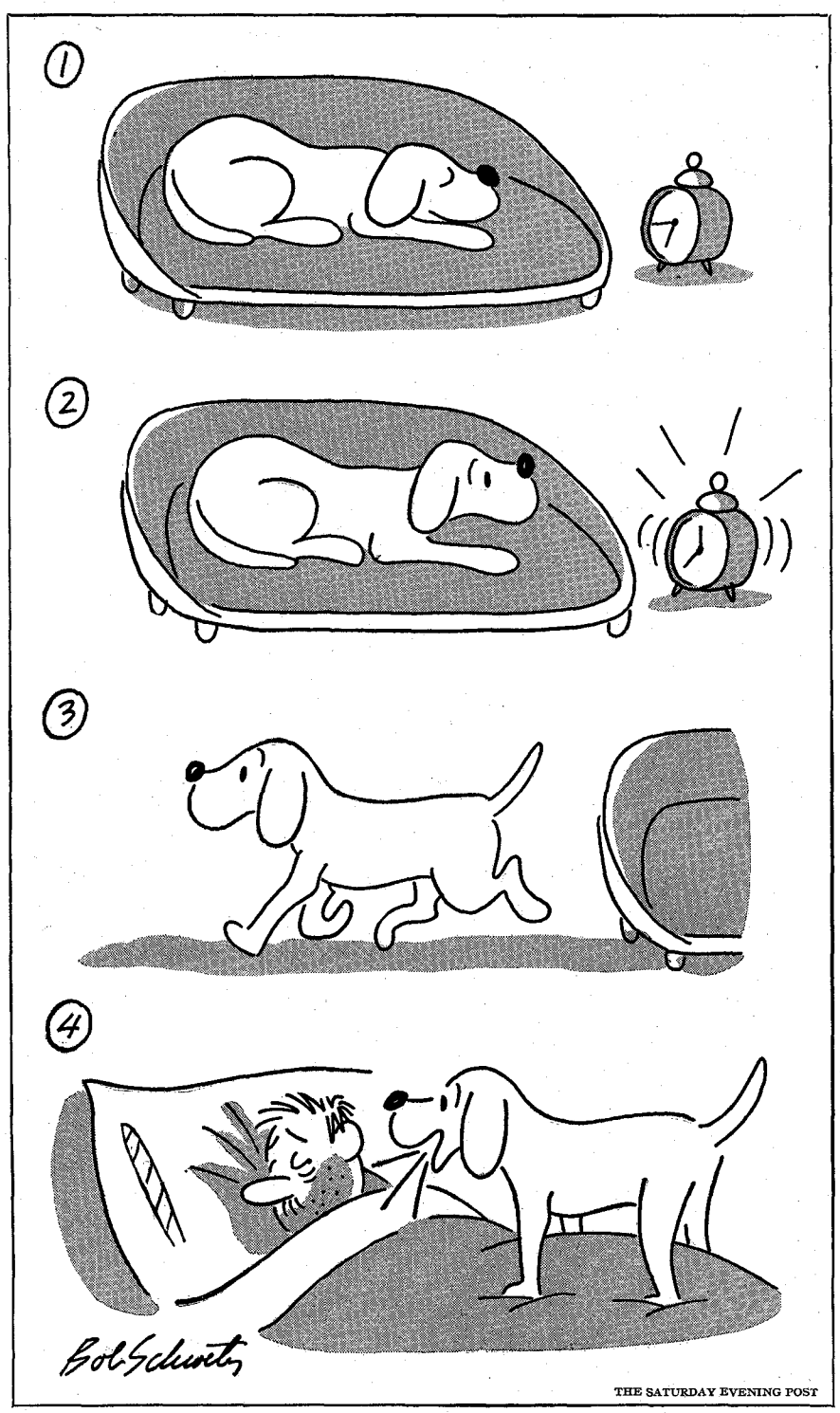
"I love you," she murmured.

"And I you. And I must go," he said.

"*Sí,*" she agreed, releasing him.

She held the door as he crossed the dusty expanse to his *casa.* She watched him disappear into the *casa* and emerge in a moment with the hand bell to summon his students.

Then she closed the door. She heard the bell, but would not look to count the pupils. She listened to the bell as she made their bed. She drew water from the well behind their home—"Ours," she said aloud—but kept her back to *La Casa del Pueblo.* When, much later, she put her arm through her market basket and began her journey down the hill to the store of Tula Alvarez, she kept her eyes averted from the school building.




She found the store deserted except for the proprietor, who was emptying a sack of flour into a gleaming metal barrel. "Señora, you honor this establishment," he said, setting the sack on the floor as he came forward.

"Thank you," said Maria Teresa. "My husband and I are warmed by the friendliness of Atalco," she added, looking through the open door at the shop of Julio Mora across the road.

"May I serve you?" asked Tula Alvarez.

"If you will," she said, reciting her needs.

"Beans for chili and chili for enchiladas," declared Tula Alvarez, producing the package of beans. "Flour as white as the feathers of a goose," he said proudly, setting a second package on the counter. When he was finished, Maria Teresa thanked him and paid him.

"We have heard much of Atalco's scholar, Julio Mora," she said casually, as Alvarez filled her basket. "His reputation extends across the state."

"With good reason," said Alvarez. "Mora is one of the most —— Excuse me, please," he said, as two women entered. He backed off, rubbing his hands vigorously on his trousers. "Please call on me for any service," he insisted, turning to address the other customers.

All the way up the hill Maria Teresa promised herself she would not look into the school. She was able to resist it when she passed the *casa* by thinking only of dinner: sardines in vinegar, cold asparagus, enchiladas, and the tortillas she would make from the corn she had purchased.

She worked quickly. By the time the street door opened and she heard him crossing the large room, their dinner was nearly prepared.

"Is my beloved hungry?" she called out.

"M'm'm'm'm'm."

"Could he eat soon?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. He removed his jacket, dropping it over a chair. As he started to sit down, Maria Teresa rushed toward him.

"Not against your jacket, Ramón," she said, snatching it away as he sat in the chair. "This is for teaching."

"I will not be teaching long," he said. "Not in Atalco."

"Please don't say that," she pleaded.

"All right," he said. "I will not say it. It will remain a secret between me and those three students who appeared at school today. When we are on the bus for Tlaxcala next Monday, you may pass the time wondering what we are doing aboard that vehicle."

She forced a smile. "You promised not to mention it."

"I can't keep from mentioning it," he said, pacing the small kitchen like a prisoner in his cell. "Why? If I knew why?"

"You know why, Ramón."

"The barber?" he demanded. "The haircutter?"

"Ramón, listen to me. Put on this jacket. Arrange yourself. You need a haircut badly."

"Never!" he declared.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Don't you understand?" she asked. "The parents of Atalco are waiting for the barber to decide."

"I understand a meddling wife," he said, taking his jacket as he left the kitchen.

He returned only when Maria Teresa announced dinner, eating with his head down until she said, "Three students today will become thirty by morning. Three is a good beginning. A *casa* can grow from three, my beloved." She kissed him.

"You ——" he said. "You are a —— What are you?"

"A woman in love. A woman who carries your child."

Afterward, when Ramón had helped her clear away all signs of dinner, they crossed to the dark *casa*. Maria Teresa lit candles. While he sat at the table on the podium, she wiped the blackboard clean. As Ramón prepared the next day's lesson for each grade, she went outside to clap erasers.

Then she waited until he said, "I'm ready if they are."

"All of Atalco will be ready," she promised, taking his arm as they left the *casa*.

The next morning they laughed at breakfast. They were almost breathlessly cheerful. When Ramón left the house she stood in the doorway until he entered the school building. *They will all come*, she said to herself, hurrying into the kitchen. *He is a good man, and they will all come to learn from him*, she said, hurrying to knead flour and control the trembling of her hands. She kneaded the flour, she made the bed. She swept her spotless house. She was in the kitchen when she heard the door open.

"He needs help!" she cried aloud, with a great singing in her heart, rushing to help him. But when she saw Ramón, she stopped dead. Julio Mora, smarting over the snub accorded him at the bus, had done his work this time without even attending a class.

"Two," Ramón said. "Two came," he said, as Maria Teresa watched him, his shoulders slumped, his hair mussed, his eyes defeated. "Perico and Miguel, our young helpers. Perico Magana and Miguel Vela, for they liked us." He gestured behind him. "But now came their fathers, full of tequila and ignorance in equal parts. And my *casa* is empty. And there is another victory for the barber of Atalco."

She came to him. "Please do not be angry," she said.

"Angry?" he asked. "At what?"

"At what I am about to say."

His eyes flashed. "Mora? You want me to see him, eh?"

"No. Not Mora. Hector Flores, the *presidente*. Atalco is his responsibility. Let him accept his responsibility."

"Beauty," said Ramón. "My combative beauty. I have just come from the home of Hector Flores, the coward of Atalco."

She was stunned. "Why, Ramón? What did he say?"

"He stuttered," Ramón said. "He scratched his ear. He rubbed his shining bald pate. He insisted he was a servant of the people and the mirror of their desires."

"Let us find out if he is right," Maria Teresa decided.

"Find out?" Ramón said. "I have found out. There are no secrets in Atalco."

"How do you know the people don't want you?" Maria Teresa asked. "Who told you? Who told Hector Flores? Who told those two citizens who came for their children? Julio Mora!"

"Of course it's Mora," Ramón said wildly, "but if he has convinced the people ——"

"Carlos Moreno. Those who preceded him," she broke in. "What did Atalco know of them? It knew what the barber told them. With the *casa* empty, the teacher left." She nodded. "Perhaps we shall leave Atalco." Her voice broke for an instant. "But let the village send us, Ramón. Let them tell you."

"Tell me? Tell me what?"

"That you are an incompetent. That you cannot teach their children. That they do not want you for their maestro."

"Maria Teresa, this time you are really crazy."

Now it was she who did not hear. "Summon them, Ramón. Men and women. And children." She had his hands in her hands. "Let them judge you themselves, Ramón, but let them see. Let them watch your mathematics and listen to your geography and witness your handwriting."

She saw the weariness leave his shoulders and the defeat leave his eyes. "I will summon Atalco," he promised, "while you, my beauty, dress yourself in your finest. My mother's lace and your mother's mantilla. If they are to judge, then let them judge my wife as well."

"How will you ——" she began, but he ran out of the house, and in a moment she heard the bell.

Going to the open door of their house, she saw him. His sleeves were rolled high. As the bell rose and fell, its sound ringing through the village, he began his descent into the hollow below. She watched the villagers emerge; she watched, far down below at the foot of the Calle Francisco Madero, the *cantina* emptying of patrons. She saw, quite clearly, two men leave the barbershop of Julio Mora, but she waited until he began his ascent before going to the bedroom.

Here she dressed as carefully as on her wedding day. Later she draped the mantilla over her head and across her shoulders with all the devotion of a *torero* costuming himself for the bulls. Then Maria Teresa pinched her cheeks for color. Then she bit her lips for color. Then she came out of her house as though a trumpet had announced her. In that manner did she cross the road and enter the *casa*, where Ramón saw her immediately.

Ramón hurried forward to escort his wife to the podium, leading her to the chair beside the table where she saw Julio Mora in the first bench.

When he had made her comfortable, Ramón said to the populace of Atalco, "You know already why you are here. This much I told you in the street a moment ago. I told you: This is the new Mexico. In the new Mexico a man may fall, but he must be heard. So you have come to hear me. Good. What I have to say will be brief. I have come to Atalco to teach your children. I want to teach your children. Mexico has trained me for this destiny. You—all of you—can send me away. You have sent others away. You may do this for two causes. First, that you simply do not like me. Neither me nor my wife. Second, that I am not qualified. As to the first; since you do not know me, how can you dislike me? As to the second; since you do not know if I am qualified, how can you decide? I will tell you. You can decide by the demonstration you are about to witness."

He walked to the blackboard, where he began to write while he spoke. He traveled slowly. He began with fundamentals. He repeated his demonstrations. He used symbols they could not fail to understand: beans and frijoles for the women; bottles of tequila and burros for the men.

When he had concluded, when Ramón turned away from the blackboard to the smiles and nodding approval of the adults, the enthusiastic cries of the children, Maria Teresa saw Julio Mora cross and recross his legs in utter boredom, turning on the bench to shrug at his neighbor. The gesture muffled the noise in the building as completely as a command for silence.

Maria Teresa rose quickly. She went to the blackboard and began to erase the numerals Ramón had inscribed. She worked swiftly. When the blackboard was bare, she reached for the map standing upright in the corner. She tried to hang it herself before turning to the people of Atalco.

"The republic did not err when it asked for men who would teach Mexico," she said. "Who else could hang the world on a blackboard?"

The men smiled, and the women, the mothers among them, nodded in sympathy as Ramón came forward to help her. She had a chance to whisper, "You are wonderful," as they stood beside each other. Then she brought him the pointer so that he might illustrate his knowledge of geography. Once again he was at his best: careful to begin with Mexico, to continue with Central and South America, to proceed to North America. He spoke slowly, familiarly, using Atalco always as the starting point. In the midst of his discussion, Julio Mora rose and turned to leave.

This time Ramón did not hesitate. Watching the barber, he said clearly and in Latin, "What follows is mainly for your pleasure, my good sir."

Maria Teresa looked at the people of Atalco. "Latin," she said.

"Since this is a struggle between you and me," Ramón continued in Latin, "let me lose like a man. Hear me out, since you are indeed the repository of my Fate. Perhaps I shall even learn what particular conceit drives you to keep your village in ignorance."

While Maria Teresa looked on proudly, Julio Mora turned to smirk at the people of Atalco. He did not answer Ramón, who said, still in Latin, "What kind of teacher do you want here? Tell me, if you please. And tell me what you expect of a man's Latin? I am not in the first rank of Latin students, but I know my grammar. Try me and satisfy yourself."

The barber nodded knowingly, still smiling, and Maria Teresa saw something in his eyes that she could not believe. It was impossible to believe.

"Ask what you will, sir," Ramón said in Latin. "Do you want vocabulary? Do you desire recitation in the poetry of Latin?"

As the barber sneered, Maria Teresa knew she must believe what she saw before her.

Coming to her husband, she whispered, "He cannot tell you. Watch him, Ramón, and you will see. Oh, Ramón, he cannot."

Ramón stared at his wife. He turned to Julio Mora, watching the barber in the aisle, and as he ignored the barber, as he stepped forward to test the strength of the monarch of Atalco before his own people, Maria Teresa took her husband's arm.

She held her husband's arm, smiling at the villagers, smiling at Julio Mora while she whispered, "No, Ramón; no. Be his friend. Talk simply to him, I beg of you, and he is yours."

She would not release her husband. She held him until she felt him relax, until she saw him smile down at Julio Mora. Speaking very slowly, enunciating clearly, Ramón Gonzalez addressed the barber in Latin. "Are you well?" he asked.

"I am well," smiled the barber, answering in Latin.

"Then be my friend," Ramón said, and Maria Teresa walked to the other end of the podium.

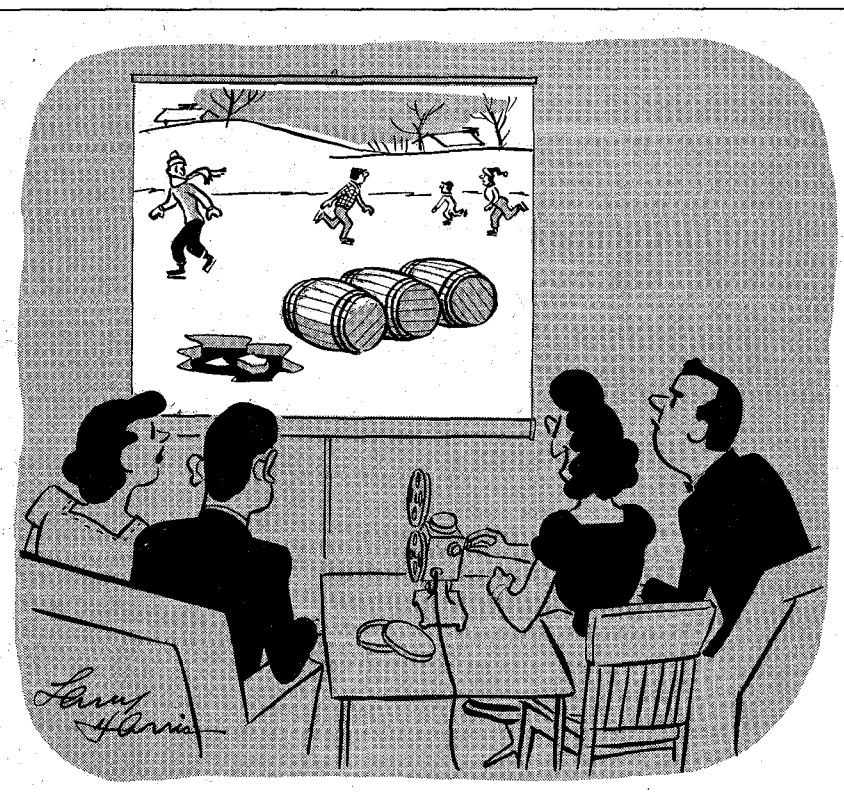
She moved her mantilla back on her shoulders, and she said, in Spanish, "Certainly it is not a woman's place to speak out, but since these two learned men of Atalco are occupied with their Latin, perhaps there are questions about your teacher Gonzalez which I can answer." She bowed her head to Julio Mora and she said, "With your permission."

The barber came forward dropping the Latin as though it were a hot coal. "You have more than my permission," he said in Spanish, leaping to the podium. "You have my endorsement. . . . Citizens of Atalco," he said, extending both arms toward Ramón, "behold your teacher, Maestro Gonzalez," and then led the hand clapping. The building erupted in sound. Women clapped their hands, men cheered, children yowled, and Julio Mora leaned over to whisper, "Perhaps you will find time now and then for a private lesson in Latin, maestro."

"At your leisure," Ramón promised.

"At yours, maestro," Julio Mora insisted, grinning, before he crossed the podium to kiss Maria Teresa's hand.

THE END



". . . and now I'll run it backward and make Fred reappear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The Picture of Health for December

**by MAXINE DAVIS**

That "harrumph" that annoys you so isn't in itself dire. Coughing is a red light, signalling trouble on the respiratory line and also helps the body's airways to expel germs, phlegm, coal dust—anything you happen to breathe in. Thanks to that protective cough the air passages can expel irritating matter and bacteria.

***Your bark is triggered*** by irritation of nerve endings in the air passages. If you swallow something the wrong way, inhale smog, or phlegm collects, those nerve cells flash "Go," the larynx closes up, diaphragm muscles put the air in the lungs under pressure—and you cough!

When you're down with flu or pneumonia or just a cold, you don't appreciate it but your hacking helps protect your lungs. That's why it often hangs on after you think you're OK.

***But you can have too much of a good thing!*** A pointless, nervous, dry cough can actually be quite harmful; the sooner you get rid of it the better. That's why we use so many NEO-AQUA-DRIN Throat Lozenges in our family. Their pain-soothing ingredient quiets throat irritation and roughness, and the antibiotic content fights germs. NEO-AQUA-DRIN helps prevent trouble from digging into the throat.

***This holiday time everyone is on high***—children teetering with anticipation of Christmas, all of us giving and going to parties with a sublime seasonal disregard of proper nutrition as well as calories! But if we're to enjoy holidays we need to feel good. That's why I'm doubly careful to see that everyone in the house gets their BEXEL Vitamins. BEXEL offers special vitamins for every age, from Gramp to the baby. With BEXEL help, we can all have fun.

***Dear old Uncle Joe will arrive*** in time to help trim the tree. We know he's just acquired new dentures but doesn't like to say so. Well, of *all* times one wants to enjoy eating . . . it's Christmas. So I've invested in ORA-FIX and ORA and put them on Uncle's bedside table. ORA-FIX will hold his new teeth in place so well he'll munch nuts and hard candy with complete comfort. ORA cleans them thoroughly within twenty minutes.

***His vitality is incredible,*** though Uncle Joe is well over seventy. When my husband and I are collapsing with fatigue *he's* on the crest. His one real trouble is arthritis.

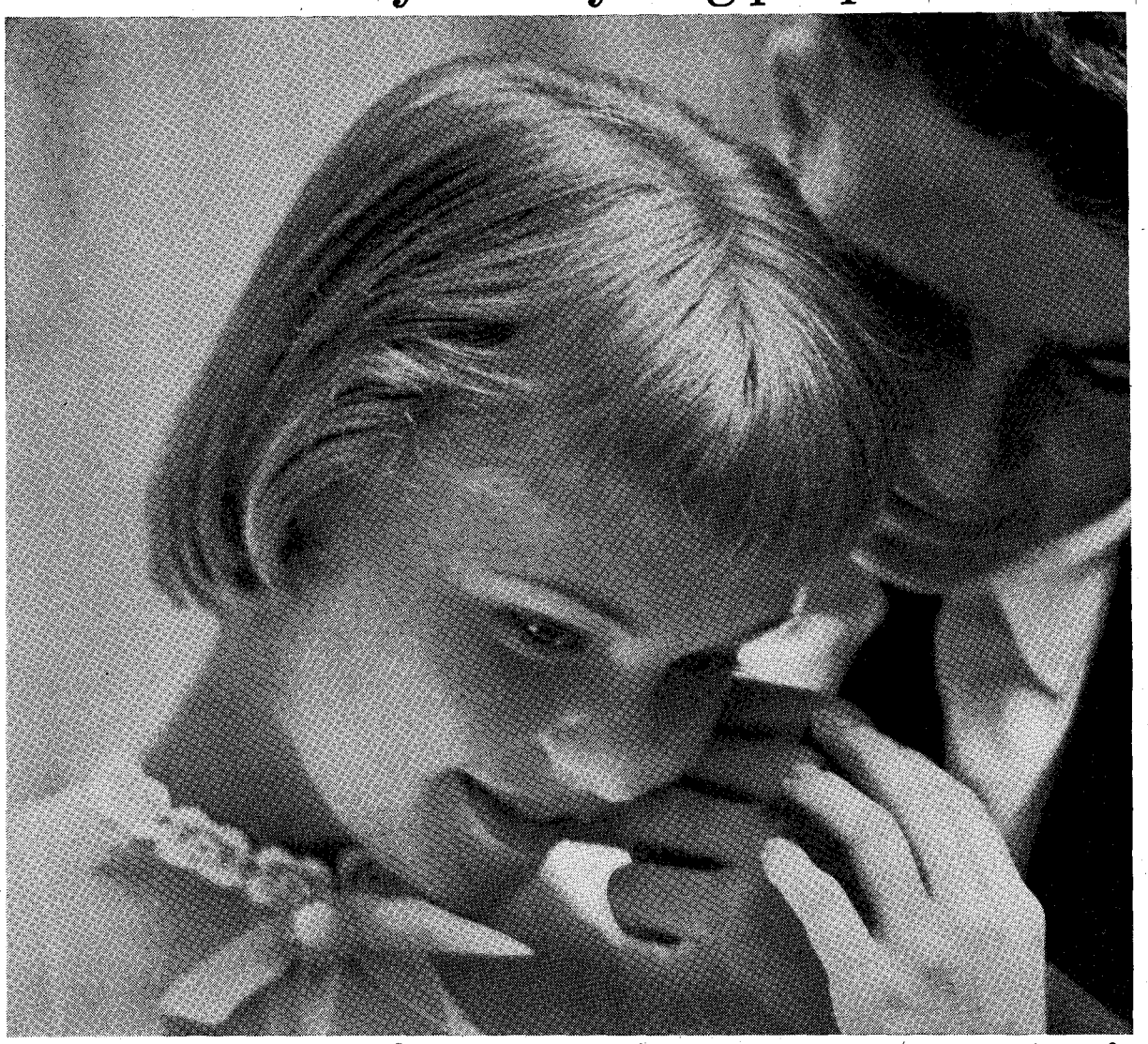
When it isn't paining him he blithely pretends it doesn't exist. So I know he'll have been toting armsful of gifts all over town and driven 250 miles from his home to ours with the window down and cold air blowing on his bad shoulder.

Not being the Superman he thinks he is, he's in for a rough time—unless I take steps. I get a supply of SURIN and state firmly: "Uncle, for rheumatics this is, as the kids put it, great. It's no cure for arthritis; there isn't any. But you go and smooth on SURIN and then apply hot moist towels for two minutes. SURIN brings relief at the point of pain. You'll be feeling happy as Santa Claus!"


Remarkable development in the fight against

# TEEN-AGE ACNE

the scourge that shames and disfigures so many of our young people



## How wonderful Teen-Age Years can be!

Utol greaseless medicated cream hides—helps heal acne, pimples, blemishes—soothes itching and soreness fast—to clear and keep skin clear.

THE TRAGEDY of acne strikes just when life holds every promise, just when boys and girls long for popularity and fun. Even recurring temporary attacks can leave scars that are far more than skin deep.

Now, UTOL offers joyful help against this mortal enemy of youthful happiness. UTOL, product of the most extensive and careful research at the McKesson laboratories—and scientifically tested—brings relief through medically effective ingredients, combined as in no other preparation.

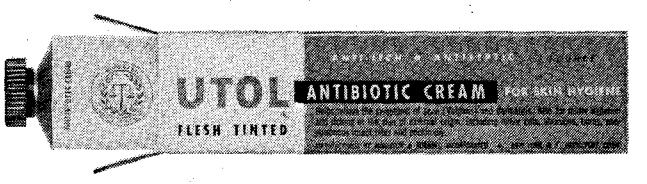
First, UTOL hides unsightly, even deeply colored acne, pimples, and blemishes. Second, UTOL starts soothing instantly. Painful, itching places can be forgotten; fingers are less tempted to play with "spots" and so spread infection. Third, UTOL searches out and inhibits insidious germs.

This soft, non-greasy, medicated cream literally "melts" its way into infected places by its penetrating action. UTOL loosens skin surface impurities and sebum scales to help free blackheads and refine pores. Medication settles into pores to reach acne germs, stop their growth, keep them from spreading.

Apply UTOL over a freshly washed complexion, night and morning. Let UTOL bring soothing, hiding, healing help during twenty-four hours.

At the first sign of acne infection, get UTOL from your drug store. Your doctor and your druggist know that treating this infection *early* is the wisest, safest way to keep its harm under control.

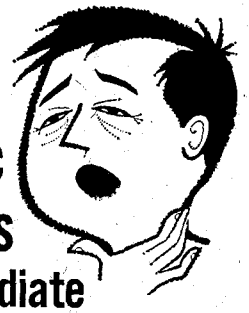
And use UTOL too, as a splendid antiseptic cream. Healing to open acne lesions, it gives real germicidal protection to cuts and skin abrasions too. Ask your druggist to show you the helpful leaflet in every UTOL carton. Like all fine McKesson products, UTOL is *made better—so it's better for you.*




BETTER . . . by McKESSON


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# SORE THROAT?



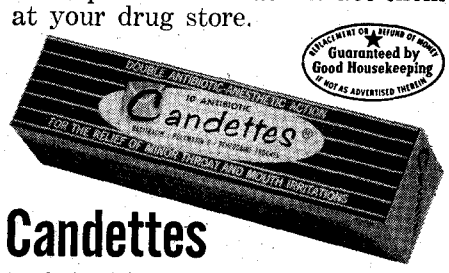
**Antibiotic Candettes give immediate soothing relief!**

**CANDETTES work 2 ways:**

**1 Double Antibiotic action**...fights germs! Not just one—but *two* safe, proven antibiotics kill many irritation-causing throat germs, *on contact!*

**2 Anesthetic action**...relieves soreness! A safe and effective anesthetic acts instantly to relieve soreness of inflamed membranes.

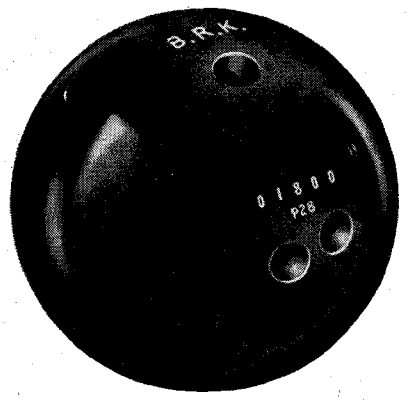
Not an ordinary cough drop—delicious, orange-flavored Candettes are a proven medication! Get them at your drug store.




**Candettes**

**By the World's Largest Producer of Antibiotics**

# BOWLING BALL!




YOU can easily earn one of these nationally advertised Mineralite Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand, within one week.

Send us six 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.00 each or eight 2-year *Holiday* subscriptions at $8.00 each. All subscriptions must be sold outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name and address and full remittance. You'll receive a gift certificate with which to claim your ball. Your initials will be put on the ball without charge.

Offer good in continental U.S. only, until March 31, 1958. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

**CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY**
**277 Independence Square**
**Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania**


## The Lost Ones (Continued from Page 28)

coffee and said, "I suppose he told you about that too?"

"*Ja*, he told me."

"What did he say?"

"He said he knew I got worried about him getting wet and he thought it was because of his clothes being spoiled, so he took them off and hid them in an old ant heap. Then he sat down and waited for the rain to stop. He knew it would not last. Then he got them out and decided that it felt nice to be naked on the veld and that the sun was nice and warm on his body, and by that time he was so nearly home that it did not seem worth putting them on, since it was nearly dark and almost time for bed. He is a very intelligent child, Hendrik."

"*Ja*, so intelligent he will send me mad too. Send us all mad. And now I am going out to the lands to grow more mealies and sweet potatoes and Kaffir corn, so that Jappie can let the oxen out to eat them as soon as they are ready to reap."

"He says that the oxen plowed the land and harrowed it, and planted the mealies and cultivated them, and therefore should have some of the produce of the land, Hendrik."

But when she looked up, Jacoba found she was talking to herself. Her husband had disappeared. This did not stop her and she continued, "It is his sense of justice. *Magtig*, that child should be a lawyer. *Ja*, a lawyer of six years old, that's our Jappie."

Jappie, hidden under the long folds of the green tablecloth where he was playing at being in a tent, agreed with his mother. He knew he was intelligent and just. That he would have a great future. He loved his mother, who was the source of all food and comfort and stood between him and the world—a soft cushion between him and reality. His father, Groot Hendrik, he loved also, but in the way one loved God. His father was authority, and when each morning he read aloud the word of God it seemed to Jappie that it was He who was speaking. God in his father's form, or his father in God's.

What astonished him about all grown-up people was their skill and strength, the things they knew and could do. It was, for instance, wonderful to be able to make shoes. But with this wonder went a surprise at their lack of wisdom and understanding. Even his mother could not understand his relationship with the animals with which he had long and involved conversations. The oxen, the horses, the dogs, the cats, chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, guinea fowl, even the bees—all had things to tell him. The wild birds, too, and the beetles and things that crawled over the veld. Even the lizards and the snakes all had their own ways of expressing themselves, and none were to be feared if they understood that you loved them as brothers.

The great charm of their conversation was that it was silent or almost silent. They did not chatter like other children. You knew from listening to a dog that he was hunting, that he had treed something and needed help, that he was lonely, that he was angry at a stranger coming near the house. And the cats. How many things they could say, talking not only with their voices but with their eyes, their ears and the way they moved their tails. He loved cats because they were, like himself, so filled with love—so filled that sometimes it seemed to him they would burst with their purring affection.

But now the big thing on his mind was this trip that was under discussion. The whole family was going to a big political meeting in the truck. They were taking a tent, food and cook pots, and were going to camp there for a week. This was the biggest thing that had happened in his life. There would be bands and merry-go-rounds—a fun fair with side shows of bearded women, two-headed calves, mermaids and other wonders of which he had heard. There would be many strange children with whom he would play.

He thought about all this until the coast was clear and his mother went out to look for an egg a cackling hen had just laid. She liked to collect eggs. It took her out of the kitchen into the yard, and few hens stole their nests when she listened for them and watched them coming into the open from some bush or secret place where they had planned to raise a family.

It did not matter how often he told the hens to stay quiet. "Why must you make all that noise," he said, "when you have laid an egg? Is it so wonderful? Every hen lays eggs, so why are you so vain that you must tell the world?" But they never listened to him, and so his mother found their nests and took their eggs. Of all the animals and birds he knew, there was the least to be gained from discussing anything with chickens. Ducks were much more intelligent. It was really a waste of time to talk to a hen.

At last the great day came. The truck was loaded. The children, all dressed in their best clothes, sat on the big rolled tent. There were hampers of food, baskets of eggs, bottles of home-brewed peach brandy, jars of preserves, pa's rifle—for there would be shooting competitions—some of ma's embroidery, for the ladies would compete, too, in such feminine arts, carefully wrapped in crinkly tissue.

All this Jappie had watched, big-eyed, enthralled. Somehow in his mind it was confused with the flight of the Jews from Egypt, the great Exodus, the years in the wilderness also, but, more vaguely, with Gabriel blowing his trumpet and driving Adam and Eve forth from the garden. This was when pa blew the horn for them all to mount the truck. Suddenly the future seemed less bright, more dangerous, and home and the cats and dogs, even the chickens—stupid as they were—more than ever beautiful.

Now they were off, and in the excitement of travel, of the dust that rose in clouds, the new country, the other cars and wagons they passed, all fear was lost. This was adventure.

They stopped once to eat by the roadside, then they went on, and Jappie slept with his head in his mother's lap. Then they were there. The tent was raised beside a big blue gum. His pa made a fire. Ma and Susanna and Fredrika cooked the dinner. He hurried himself to sleep to make tomorrow come quicker.

With the first dawn Jappie was up, crying out for breakfast, so that he could be off, so that day could really begin. At last it was over. His mother had changed his shirt and trousers, washed his face once more, combed his yellow hair into a crest like a cockscomb, and told him to be a good boy and not get lost.

Get lost indeed! Were they mad? Even his pa and ma, to think he could get lost when they were camped by a big blue gum—far the biggest for miles around.

Jappie was enjoying himself. He had had no idea that there were so many people in the world. In his life he had seen about three hundred people—the whole population of Boomspruit when they came to church on Sunday or to the fair or the circus. They had, till now, represented the total population of the world, which ended as far as he was concerned with the Waterberg in the south and the Zoutpansberg in the north. But this was wonderful, this new world of strange legs and skirts. He moved among them as if they were a forest of moving trees. He stared with large blue eyes at everything. He stared at a young woman who was eating pink sweets till she gave him one and stroked his head. He did not care for being stroked, but he liked sweets. Then a man gave him a balloon, a red balloon. He had never seen a balloon before. He held it on its string for a while. It tugged at his finger as if it wanted to be free, so he let it go. He wanted the balloon to be happy too. It went up and up into the blue sky, floating beautifully till it got quite small and disappeared.

"Let's get mrrd, Honey . . . Found htd 5-rm. apt., Highland Dist., nr strs, transp, with big liv rm, gar, hot wtr . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He stood at the entrance of the side-show tent. People were going in and coming out. He went in with some others, but he was stopped by a man who wanted money.

"I have no money, sir," he said. "I do not wish to buy anything, only to see."

A big man said, "You want to see the bearded lady?"

"Yes, sir," he said, "but I have no money."

The man took his hand and led him in, paying a shilling for him. The man explained that bearded ladies were very rare, which was why it cost a shilling to see one.

Jappie said, "My pa has a beard, a long yellow beard. My pa is Groot Hendrik. You have heard of him, I expect?"

The man laughed and said, "*Ja,* naturally I have heard of him. All the world knows of Groot Hendrik."

Jappie said, "Yes, sir," because, of course, all the world had heard of his pa.

The bearded lady looked just like a lady with a beard.

Then a great voice which was like the voice of God roared over the air. "Attention!" it said. "Attention, please! A little boy is lost. If he is found please take him to the Red Cross tent. His name is Jappie Marais. He is six years old and is wearing a white shirt, khaki shorts and no shoes. He has blond hair and blue eyes."

This made Jappie laugh. How odd that a boy of his own name should be lost. But of course "Jappie" was a common name, as was "Marais." His walk now had an object. It would be nice to find his little cousin, a boy of his own age and name, and play with him. *I will seek him,* he thought, and to every small boy he saw he said, "Are you by any chance my cousin, Jappie Marais, who is lost?"

He found several small boys called Jappie and several called Marais, but no Jappie Marais. He found a brown-and-white collie pup that was half grown, which followed him after they had had some conversation together. He said, "Dog, you look sad and bedraggled. Perhaps you are lost like the small boy I am seeking."

The dog said, "No, I am not lost. I am abandoned. I need a home and a master."

"You have found both," Jappie said. "Come, let us go on together."

He found a ladies' handbag which someone had dropped which he would give to his pa, who would find its rightful owner, and all the time he wondered about this lost child, this other Jappie, thinking how awful it must be to be lost. He must come from the dorp, he thought, for no country boy could be lost.

Then the loud-speaker blared out again. "Will anyone who knows the whereabouts of Jappie Marais, six years old, wearing a white shirt, khaki shorts and no shoes, report to the Red Cross tent? . . . Lost—a boy six years old answering to the name of Jappie Marais. . . . Report to the Red Cross tent."

How odd that his cousin should be his own age and dressed exactly as he was. This struck Jappie as a very satisfactory coincidence. *We shall have a lot in common,* he thought.

A big man who smelled of horses and tobacco put his hand on Jappie's shoulder. "And what are you doing, boy, all by yourself?"

"Me?" Jappie said. "Why, I'm looking for my cousin, Jappie Marais, who has got himself lost."

"Small boys do get lost, you know," the man said.

"Only if they are from the dorp, sir. Us country boys can find our way around. My pa is camped by the big blue gum that is standing by itself. My pa is Groot Hendrik of the Waterberg. Everyone knows him. He can do everything better than any other man."

"I'm sure he can," the man said, taking his hand. "Now shall we see if your cousin is on the merry-go-round?"

"You think he might be?" Jappie said hopefully. "Man, I should like to find him, so that we could play together. You see, my brothers are too big for me. At least they say I am too small."

"That is something quite different, boy."

"Yes, sir," Jappie said. "It is not my fault I am small. It is just that I am young. *Ja,*" he said, "I am six, but I shall grow." He stood with his legs apart, his bare, dirty brown toes planted in the dust of the fairground. "I am the son of Groot Hendrik, and I shall be big, too, one day."

The man led him on toward the loud music that came from the merry-go-round. The animals—horses, giraffes, ostriches and zebras—went round and round and up and down.

"Can I ride a zebra?" Jappie said.

"*Ja,* you can ride anything you want." The man bought a ticket and gave it to an attendant, who lifted Jappie up on the back of the zebra as soon as it came to stop.

"I can see far from here," Jappie said, as he stared about him, "but I do not see any other little boy dressed like me, sir." Then he said, "Will you hold my dog, sir? He will try to follow me."

"*Ja,* I will hold him." The man bent down and picked up the collie pup.

This was a fine sensation, going round and round past all the staring people and up and down like a horse jumping—only, of course, there were no jumps. Each time he went round, Jappie waved to the big man and the dog in his arms. When he came to stop at last, the man put the pup down. It ran to Jappie and stood with its paws on his shoulders, licking his face.

"He loves you," the man said.

"*Ja,*" Jappie said. "He is a very loving dog and thank you very much, sir. We must now continue our search for Jappie, because his parents will be very anxious if I do not find him soon."

Then he saw a small girl in a blue dress, crying. She had long black hair and sobbed bitterly. She had no handkerchief, so Jappie went up to her and lent her his after he had removed his treasures from it. They consisted of a broken padlock, a bit of string, the lash of a whip, a mouse skull, two marbles and the remains of a sweet he had been sucking when the lady had given him a fresh one. He wiped the little girl's face and asked her name.

"I am Maria," she said, "and I am four years old, and I am lost."

"Never mind, Maria," he said. "I will take care of you. You just come with me. We will see everything and then I will take you to my pa. He will find your pa. There is nothing my pa cannot do. He is Groot Hendrik Marais, a man well known all over the world." He pushed the half-sucked sweet into her mouth, gave her the ladies' handbag to carry like a grownup and, followed by the collie pup, they wandered through the crowd.

Maria said, "Where are we going, Jappie?"

"We are going to see the world, its wonder, and at the same time to find my cousin, Jappie, who is lost."

"What does he look like?" the little girl asked.

Jappie said, "He is six years old, with blue eyes, fair hair, no shoes, and is dressed in a white shirt and khaki shorts."

Maria looked at him. "Why," she said, "he must be very like you."

"*Ja,* Maria, that's it. That's why I want to find him. He has my name too. He is my cousin and we could play together."

"We can play together," Maria said. "Of course I am only a girl and smaller than you, but I play well and will do just what you say."

Jappie stopped and kissed her. "You are a nice girl," he said. "We will play together till we find my cousin. Then we will all play."

"I can run fast," Maria said.

"We will run races," Jappie said, "and because you are smaller and a girl we will give you a big start. That will make it fair. There must be justice. That is what my pa, Groot Hendrik, always says."

Maria began to cry again. "I want my pa and ma. I am hungry."

"That's nothing," Jappie said. "Come." He led her to a group of people sitting on the veld, eating sandwiches. He went up to a big fat woman and said, "Auntie, this little girl is hungry. Will you give us some food?"

The woman laughed, and then everyone laughed, and she said, "Sit."

They sat with the others and were given cups of coffee and sandwiches and sausages. When he had eaten as much as he could, Jappie said, "Are there some scraps for my dog?"

"What is his name?" the woman asked.

"His name?" Jappie said. He thought for a moment and then said, "His name is Job, for he has had many troubles."

"And yours?" the woman said.

Jappie said, "I am Jappie, and I am seeking my cousin, Jappie Marais, who is lost in this great crowd. Is that not a terrible thing for a child?"

A man with his mouth full of sausage said, "We heard that announcement. Perhaps he is found by now."

"I do not know," Jappie said, "but we will continue to seek him. And now, thank you," he said. "We must go now and find this lost boy."

He took Maria's hand and, followed by the pup, was soon lost in the crowd.

They walked on hand in hand till Maria said she was tired. Jappie said, "I am tired too. Not very tired, but a little tired, so we will find a place to rest."

Before long he saw some forage piled up near two wagons, and, leading Maria to it, made a nest in the hay for them both. They lay down together, and the collie curled up beside them. It was very peaceful and pleasant in the hay. For a little while Jappie worried about the lost boy, but then decided that he must be safe by now. He closed his eyes and slept.

When they awoke it was late afternoon, and Jappie said, "Now we will go and find my pa. You will see then that with him there is nothing to fear. He will find your pa and the owner of the bag."

"And Job?" Maria said. "Did you not find him too?"

"Job is different," Jappie said. "I did not find Job. He found me."

"Tell me about Job," Maria said.

"Job is in the Bible," Jappie said. "Only yesterday my pa read about him to us. He had many troubles that the Lord sent upon him to try him."

"What is 'try,' Jappie?"

"I do not know," Jappie said. "I think it is (*Continued on Page 79*)

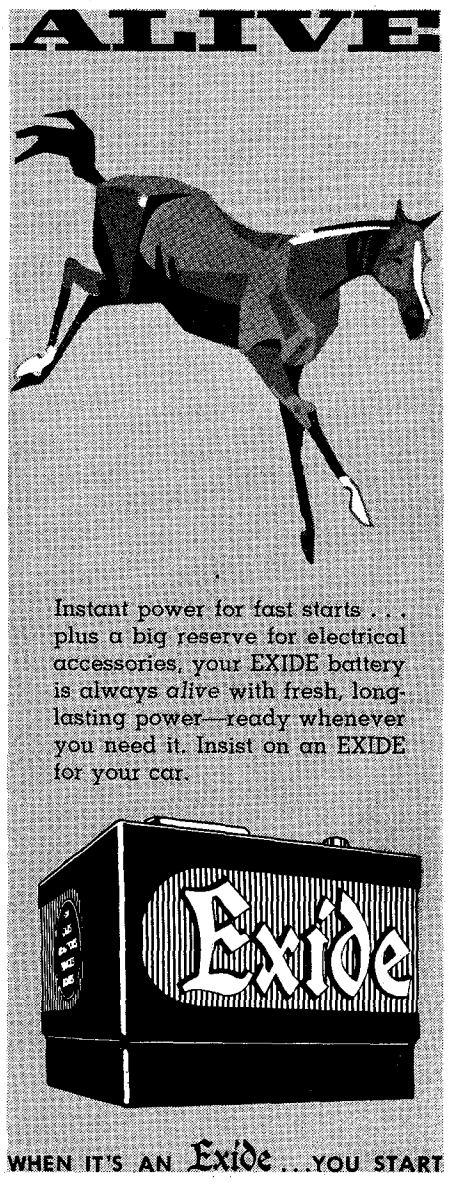
... ... ... ... ... ... ...

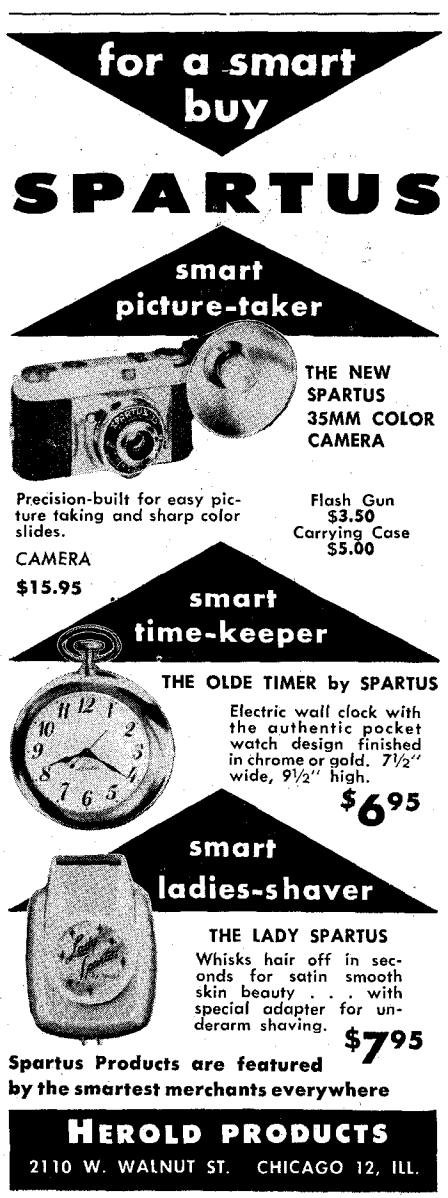
### On the High Cost of Primroses

Middle age's chief defense
Against temptation isn't sense;
It's the expense!

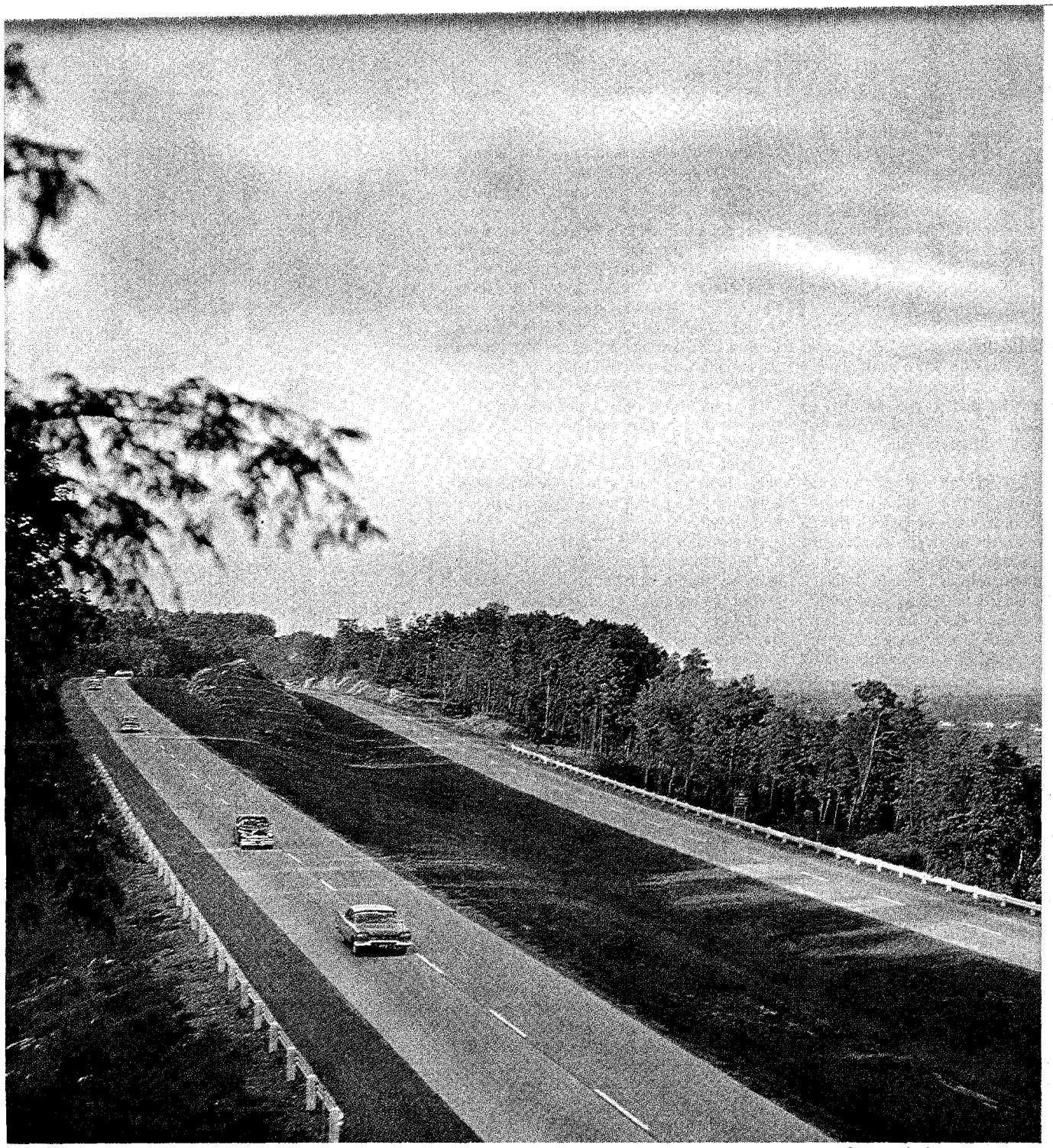
**Georgie Starbuck Galbraith**

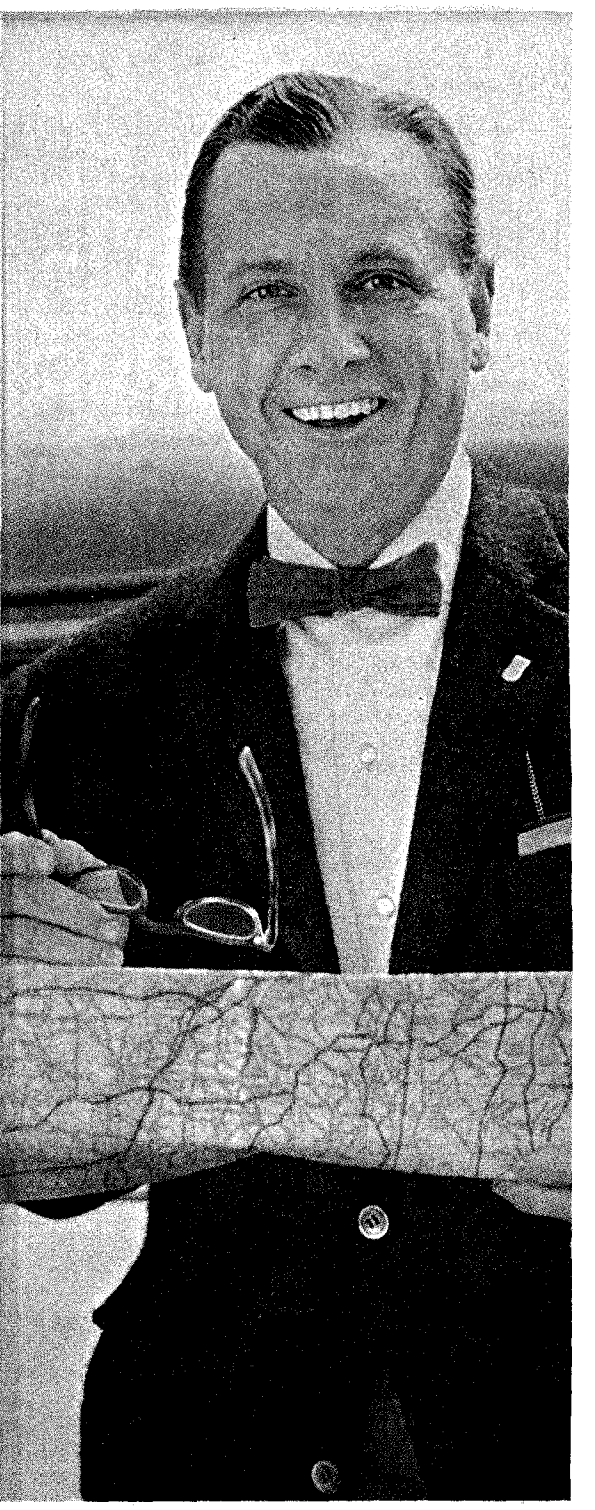
... ... ... ... ... ... ...



ALIVE
Instant power for fast starts . . . plus a big reserve for electrical accessories, your EXIDE battery is always *alive* with fresh, long-lasting power—ready whenever you need it. Insist on an EXIDE for your car.
Exide
WHEN IT'S AN Exide . . . YOU START


for a smart buy
SPARTUS
smart picture-taker
THE NEW SPARTUS 35MM COLOR CAMERA
Precision-built for easy picture taking and sharp color slides.
CAMERA $15.95
Flash Gun $3.50
Carrying Case $5.00
smart time-keeper
THE OLDE TIMER by SPARTUS
Electric wall clock with the authentic pocket watch design finished in chrome or gold. 7½" wide, 9½" high.
$6.95
smart ladies-shaver
THE LADY SPARTUS
Whisks hair off in seconds for satin smooth skin beauty . . . with special adapter for underarm shaving.
$7.95
Spartus Products are featured by the smartest merchants everywhere
HEROLD PRODUCTS
2110 W. WALNUT ST. CHICAGO 12, ILL.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

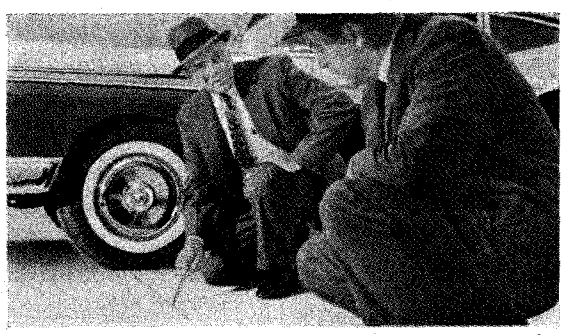




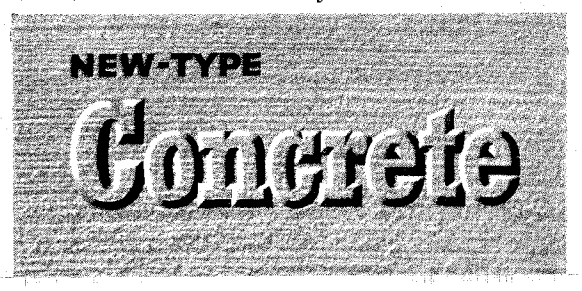
*Look of the future on highways of new-type concrete.*

# "I drove the new-type, sound-conditioned concrete—and couldn't believe my ears!"

reports **JOHN CAMERON SWAYZE,** noted TV and radio news analyst



**Quiet as rolling over a pencil line!** Cushion spaces in new-type concrete are sawed in by a blade only ⅛" thick. Tires never know they're there!




**"You'll hear no thumps on this continuous-laid concrete. There are none! It's bringing the riding comfort of 1975 *now* . . . on highways of our new Interstate System."**

Every ride is a pleasure on new-type concrete! Smooth, hushed. For *sound-conditioned* means no joints . . . only tiny, barely visible cushion spaces *sawed* into the concrete. Not a thump to be heard, or felt.

Highway engineers helped make this concrete smoother riding in other ways, too. It's "air-entrained"—filled with billions of minute air cells that prevent surface roughening from severe weather or de-icers. A special granular base keeps the pavement flat.

New-type concrete has a life expectancy of 50 years and more—with up to 60% less upkeep cost than for asphalt. Yet initial cost is modest.

And what could be *safer?* Rain or shine, concrete's grainy surface gives dependable skid resistance. At night, its light color lets you see far better than on dark surfaces.

Concrete has been used for over 90% of America's most heavily traveled roads. Only this material can be accurately engineered to stand up to future traffic loads. That's why concrete is preferred for the 41,000-mile Interstate System to link 209 major cities throughout 48 states.

**PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION**

*A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 77*) what happens when things go wrong."

"Like me being lost?" Maria said. "The Lord is trying me?"

"*Ja*, Maria, that's what it is, I think, but when we find my pa, he will tell us."

He pulled her to her feet and brushed the hay out of her hair and off her blue dress with his hand. "Now we will go," he said. And they set off for the big blue gum where his father's car was parked.

When they got near the tent, Jappie saw his sister. He waved to her. She rushed into the tent and shouted, "Ma! Pa! There he is. There's Jappie coming. He has a dog and a little girl with him."

Then she ran toward him, her hair flying out behind her. "Where have you been, Jappie? The whole world has been looking for you. How did you get lost?"

"*Ja*, how did you get lost?" his father said, swinging him up onto his shoulder. "I have been looking everywhere and just came back to tell your ma that I was going to the police again to see if they had found you."

"Lost?" Jappie said. He had his hand fast in his father's beard. "Lost? Me lost? No," he said, "I was not lost. I was looking for that poor little boy, our cousin, Jappie Marais, who is lost. I thought how worried his pa and ma would be with a small boy like that lost among so many people. I could not find him, pa, but I found Maria. She is lost and I said you would find her pa and ma. I also found Job. At least he found me, and I love him. And I love Maria, too, and I found a handbag."

"Jappie," his mother said, taking him from his father. "Jappie, did you not hear on the radio about Jappie Marais being lost?"

"*Ja*," he said. "That's why I took so long. I was seeking him. Then I found Maria. She was hungry, so we got food. Then she was sleepy, so we slept. Then we looked some more, but failed to find Jappie, so we came back."

"Jappie," she said, "you were looking for Jappie?"

"*Ja*," he said, "for Jappie Marais, my cousin."

"*Magtig*," his father said. "Jappie looking for Jappie. Our Jappie looking for himself."

"For me?" Jappie said. "How could it have been me? I was never lost." He put his arm around Maria and kissed her. The pup stood up on his hind legs and licked the faces of the children.

Jappie said, "Pa, if Maria is really lost, can we keep her? I love her."

"And Job?" Hendrik said.

"*Ja*, Job too. I love him."

"Come," Hendrik said, "we will eat. Then I will find the parents of Maria and take the handbag to the police."

He turned to Jacoba and said, "Jacoba, you are right again. Our Jappie is not mad. It is just that he loves too much."

# Prize Bounty (Continued from Page 21)

Father, you come from that 'Ception Bay country and don't understand. You're plannin' we start shore fishin' here in Tops'l Cove. Now, sor, there's no use for us in that. We've got no inshore gear. We never fished so. We're deep-water men, sor."

"If not inshore," said Father Roary, "then how can we fish the Days for Tops'l Cove offshore?"

"Well, sor," said Jowler James, "the wherewithal is here. But it is no small task. Just gettin' a banker ready for sea takes money and time and hard work. Yet, there's Marty Wales' little six-dory vessel, Molly S by name. She's a double-tops'l banker and she ain't been off the ways for six year, but she's stout as any fort. I could captain her for yez. We could boat a crew of finest dory hands as ever plucked thwart splinter from tough backside. There's Tisser Doyle and John Torris, and goin' cook, there's Peg Leg Morley and ——"

The meeting boiled over with hubbub. Old men denied the sea were shouting and pleading to be included in that roster that was heading back to deep water where the hagdons fly.

"Whoa, now!" shouted Jowler James. "Every old boy can't expect to get off soundin's in one little six-dory vessel. We'll draw lots for it. But, sor"—he shook his head—"this is just dreamin'. This is just old salts hungered to get offshore again. Ye can't afford to get mixed up in it."

"Why can't we get mixed up in it?" said Father Roary.

"Times have changed, sor. The likes of us have been left behind. Machinery plows the Grand Banks these days, scoopin' up fish in great otter trawls. There's draggers out there, sor, as big as liners. Marsay! San Malo! Halifax! Boston! Frenchmen! Portygees! Canucks! Yanks! They're all out there clankin' away. They'll sweep ye aside. They know all the good places. They own the fish. The meek inherit nothin' out there any more and not even the Lord can help the poor in spirit. It's every bit for him that hath, sor; and to him that hath not, nothin' at all."

There was a defeated growl of chagrin and bitterness. Father Roary nodded grimly.

"It's as I told the bishop," he said. "The Yanks have bigger gear. That frightens us so that we'll just forget all about our birthright out on our own Newfoundland sea and squat down on the land and starve to death. Aw!" his voice rose to a shout. "For shame on ye! Shame on every one of ye! Frightened! Timid! We'll inherit nought out there! Who? Us Newfoundlanders? There's a song that says different."

Leaning on the chair's back, in a voice that was suddenly high and clear, he bugled:

"*I'm a son of a sea cook and a cook in a trader.*
*I can sing. I can dance. I can reef the main boom.*
*I can handle a jigger and cut a fine figger*
*Whenever I gets in a boat's standin' room.*"

And the chorus that voices the boast and swagger of great seamen who have been fearless in a hard northern ocean for two centuries, was waiting for him:

"*Oh-h-h, we'll rant and we'll roar like true Newfoundlanders;*
*We'll rant and we'll roar on deck and below* ——"

They sang the thing out.

"That's better," said Father Roary. "Now! No more of fear and timidity. I forbid it! Our fishhooks are as good as any man's. Better! Jowler James is captain. The Molly is our ship. Boat me a fine crew, but with two young fellows in it. I must have youth starting back in my church. We must be on the best fish bottom you know, and have our gear down and fishing by dawn Peter's Day, June twenty-ninth. In thirty-five years I have never missed fishing with Simon Peter. We'll salt down many a fine quintal before we're through."

The room was jubilant again, save for Jowler James.

"Poor little man," he said softly. "*I can sing. I can reef the main boom.*" He saw Peg Leg Morley, the little ship's cook, and beckoned him. "For heaven's sake, Peg Leg," he said, "whittle this poor, fey little man a decent leg. Give him something to hold him until this madness is over and we can get him back ashore."

"I'm ahead of yez," said Peg Leg; "I've a spare one. A beauty made of clear spruce. It will just fit he. Ain't he as proud as a top sawyer, the father?"

"Ain't he?" said Jowler James. "Hurryin' a vessel to keep a date with Saint Peter. Goin' out half cocked on a pilgrimage, sure of a miracle. But, God help us, we'll have to care for him as best we may."

Midafternoon on June twenty-eighth, the Molly, driving under jumbo and lowers in a moderate easterly, a little thing in the vast bowl of sea and sky, came onto a rich piece of Grand Banks ground known as The Compass. Three miles to the eastward, glowering at her like men of war, two big trawlers were rumbling their slow course, towing their otter trawls. There was nothing to tell them she was a barge on holy pilgrimage. She did not look it. She was a small, ragged vessel, one of the sea's forgotten little widows of sail, down to her last mite. Below decks she had plenty of salt, for she had been laid up with bins full of it. But after her launching bills had been paid, all she could afford was enough herring bait to fish Father Roary's three holy Days, and one barrel of flour, a small butt of salt horse and a bin of cabbage in her galley. Alow and aloft in her, there were but two new, bright things: her two giant Newfoundland twenty-year-old boys, Dennis Howard and Jerry Wade, in their brand-new yellow-oilskin storm gear.

As the draggers watched, she rounded up. Her anchor splashed and ran its hawse in a red cloud of rust from her encrusted chain.

"A harbor furl," Jowler James called, "and make it smart."

Father Roary appeared when they were ready to launch dories. He was pale from seasickness and the pain in his stump. That was worse, if anything, in the wooden leg he was learning to use. It had a pointed steel spike in its end that bit into the deck planking and could not slip, no matter how the Molly heeled. But driving it home meant a stab of agony with every stride.

"Just a word with Saint Peter," he said, after he had caught his breath. "We are setting Peter's gear."

He prayed as if he were talking to Peter. He asked him to join his fellow fishermen in these far waters on this new, bold venture, this resumption of fishing for Tops'l Cove. Peter would know that his aid was sorely needed this time. The venture was at the very end of all money and resource. The harvest of the sea was direly needed for the glory and mercy of the Lord's great work—in fact, for the very existence of everyone in the little parish. He asked that no harm befall, that the catch be good, that all be in the Master's name, amen.

The dories splashed overside one after the other as fast as men could jump and falls could run. They walked away with the oars rising and falling, and the baited trawl trailed off astern to sink slowly down into the depths. They went away as they always had, in the old compass pattern. The anchored Molly was the compass center. One dory went north, the others south, west, east; and the last two northeast and northwest.

Father Roary stood beside Jowler James, watching the little boats drop from sight into the trough of the sea, then soar aloft on the crests.

"Heaven protect my fine brave men," said Father Roary.

"Save your prayers for our miracle of fish," said Jowler.

"One hundred quintal," said Father Roary. "That will pay our bills, and bring the Molly out again well baited and stored for a full trip for Tops'l Cove."

"Now listen to me, man!" Jowler James swung about and shook his long finger. "Here's the facts of it. We've got three days' beat-up bait. Three days' supply of it. It's your church's three Days, true enough, but as far as codfish know, they're still just three days. Even in the old times when this bottom was like God made it and stiff with fish, no man, even if he had the best of squid bait or the

"Well, so much for the necessities."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first of the capelin school, could say, 'These next three days will wet my salt for me.' And now"—Jowler James squinted at the distant trawlers—"with these great ships against us, plowin' up the bottom, r'ilin' the feed, chasin' the fish, you and your hundred quintal—well, heaven help ye."

Father Roary patted the bony shoulder beside him.

"That's what makes me a good priest," he said gently. "Heaven does help me. I am happy, Jowler. We will get our fish. The bishop will be very surprised. . . . I must go lie down now and get off this leg."

He stumped his way to the forecastle companionway and down the steep, painful ladder. Without taking off his cassock, he fell on his bunk and groaned as the pain left him. He had been given the tiny cook's cabin when Peg Leg Morley insisted he wanted to sleep where he always had, out with the rest of the hands, in the after-port bunk in the forecastle. Father Roary had brought the boy, Jerry Wade, in with him to fill the top bunk in the tiny room.

He was a fine boy, clean and, in some mysterious fashion, well spoken and a student of machinery. He had repaired the anchor winch when Jowler James had despaired for it. Now the chunky little swivel cannon that was used to call dories home with its roar in fog and snow was the boy's chore. It had rusted red, and the boy, in his spare time, was burnishing it with emery paper. The dories needed no guidance home this day. After a time Father Roary could hear the first one coming in, thumping her oars, and the voices of her crew reporting to Jowler James.

Supper that night was merry. Everyone was filled with excitement and suspense. Gear was out and fishing. Being back at work was happiness. For the first time the thought of food did not revolt Father Roary, and he took his place at table and said blessing. He ate a boiled potato well buttered, and when it felt warm and comfortable in his stomach, he beamed his thankfulness and sat late.

They could hear the big dragger the next morning before there was enough light to see her. She was still far off, but the Molly's crew stopped and listened as they came on deck to wash for breakfast. She came out of a blood-red dawn on a dead-calm sea thirty minutes later. She was on a course set directly at them.

"Now you'll see it," Jowler James said. "She wants to fish this ridge. Makes no difference that we're on it. T'hell with the likes of us."

"She'll sight us and veer off, surely," said Father Roary.

"She's within a quarter mile of our northwest outside buoy this minute," said Jowler James. "She'll come rippin' down through every bit of our westerly set, towin' it down, snarlin' everything. . . . Ga-an, ye dirty beast! Ye sea hog!"

All the Molly's crew were shouting now, waving their hats. Young Dennis Howard went up the starboard rigging like a cat, his boots flying, and leaned far out, shaking his fist. Like a juggernaut, the big dragger came slowly grinding on.

"There's no use screamin'," said Jowler James. "He can't hear. Wouldn't alter helm if he did. They're beasts, I tell ye."

There was a stir in the rear of the knot of men, and the boy, Jerry Wade, came to the rail carrying the swivel cannon in his arms. Peg Leg Morley followed him with a smoking shovel full of hot coals from his stove.

"Here's something he can hear, sir," the boy said to Jowler James. "I can put a shot across his bows."

"Not across his bows! Sink the swine!" Jowler James shouted. "Hook in that dory fall! Sway that gun aloft!"

Father Roary put his hand on the boy's arm. "A shot?" he asked. "Have you put a shot in that gun? We must harm no one."

"Three of Peg Leg's biscuits," the boy said. "We rammed them hard as a hammer can drive."

"That'll sink him," said Jowler James. . . . "Put the coals to that fuse, Peg Leg."

The fat little gun went swaying aloft with its fuse sputtering. A light line fast to its knob end held it trained toward the dragger. She was so close now that her crew could be clearly seen at her rail. She came steadily on. The gun barked with a ringing roar. There were three splashes in the calm sea fifty feet short of the trawler, little vicious spurts of white. There was a scurrying of the trawler's people and a glint of the morning sun catching the lenses of glasses on her near bridge wing. The Molly's crew set up a cheer as the sound of her engines slowed, then stopped.

"Get me my cassock," Father Roary said. "Launch a dory. Put me over there. I want a word with those people."

Father Roary's bald head shone in the sun and Jowler James' long arms made the oars bend as he shot the dory across the smooth water. The trawler waited. A great pink-faced man, as big as a white bull, wearing a derby hat and with glasses hanging down over a spotlessly white shirt, towered over the men at the rail.

Father Roary drove the spike of his peg leg hard into the dory's plank and stood with legs wide spread. He had been too wan and miserable to shave for three days, and his black beard made his face look hard around his scowl. In his hurry he had ripped his cassock, and it gaped open to show his wooden leg and the cut-off, raveled pants leg above it.

"Who are you?" he said in a cold, calm voice.

"I'm Captain Chet Chase, of the trawler Ocean Storm, out of Boston on my rightful business," the big man said. "What wooden-legged pirate are you, firing a gun at me? Where's your cutlass?"

"I am Father Patrick Roary, of Tops'l Cove Parish, Newfoundland. Round this sea"—Father Roary's short arm pointed and traced the beginning of a circle—"I draw a line encompassing this water marked by our outer buoys. We have trawl down fishing this Feast Day of Saints Peter and Paul for God. You have blundered between two lines of it. You get out of here. And you stay out."

"You're a priest, you say? And fishing for the church? Here on the Grand Banks? And this is Peter and Paul's Day?"

"It is."

The big man's glasses moved as he picked up one of the tiny trawl buoys after the other.

"Bring in wire," he said, still studying the sea.

One of the great steel drums on deck began to turn and the wire cable that led astern began to creak and whine in its sheaves.

"A compass set!" the big man said. "I haven't seen one in twenty years. . . . Father, how long do you expect to stay here?"

"I intend to fish out my Days. We have three days' bait."

"All right! That will be until sundown Thursday. You've got that long."

"Well, thank you," said Father Roary. "We appreciate this loan of your ocean. This is a parish that needs some schooling in Christian decency and that greed is a sin."

"We don't own the ocean," the big man said. "We only have to act as if we did. We're in command of a half million dollars' worth of machinery and it has to produce. Father, do you know anybody in Boston?"

Father Roary glared into the big man's cold eyes.

"Yes," he said. "Yes, I do. If ye ever had the penitence to take your big carcass into the fishermen's chapel of Our Lady of Good Voyage on Northern Avenue you might ask Monsignor John Powers there to give you instruction on arrogance and greed and the rights of your fellow man. Good day, sir."

Jowler James' oar dug in and spun the dory on her keel. Father Roary was tugging at his wooden leg to get its spike loose when the big man called, "What was that shot you fired? It looked like grape."

"It was three of our cook's breakfast biscuits. If they'd have hit ye, I'd have had the pleasure of some last rites over your big body," Father Roary said.

"Lost another patient today."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The man's laughter, a suddenly uproarious and merry sound, came across the water. The trawler's engines coughed into life. Sterning and forwarding very carefully, she worked her way about and started back the way she had come. As if by command, the second trawler swung over to join her. Together they moved away.

Father Roary allowed Jowler James a moment of boasting to satisfy the jubilant crew waiting on the Molly.

"The father pure banished him," he announced as the dory came alongside. "'Out with ye and your arrogance and greed!' said he. And wonder of wonders, yonder he goes. That's the first time, sor, that's ever happened. Yonder he goes, the big bully, the hateful beast."

"That's enough," Father Roary said. "Hatred is as wrong as arrogance. I do not believe that was an evil man. He's gone and we'll forget him. And now, my sons, fish Peter's Day."

But they had reason to remember the departed trawlers and all the others like them, with their bottom-raking, feed-destroying gear, that have been fishing these modern years. Their depredations at least were how Jowler James explained the poor fishing. There was no miracle. Especially there was no miracle on Peter's Day, the first under-running of their gear. The trawler had not harmed any of their lines. It might have been less painful if she had. At least then there would have been some visible excuse. The dories came home silent and defeated. Father Roary waited for each one. He smiled, but he could not mask his eyes. At day's end, all that was left for him was gratitude at the decency of his men. There was no derision, no blame, no "I-told-you-so's," not even from Jowler James.

"It'll get better, sor," the last dory crew said. "Don't worry now."

A wave of realization of how warm and deep the bond between himself and his men had become swept over Father Roary. He threw his arms around the last two dory men and frankly wept.

"Your priest has got you into trouble," he said. "For some reason, Peter —— I just don't know. Ah, Peter ——"

They salted down two hundred and ten pounds of medium and market cod that first night. No one mentioned the figure. It was something to forget. Possibly six dories setting five tubs of gear apiece on proved Grand Banks ground had never done so badly as that before. After that it was a little better. They were what fishing used to be—a slow hook-and-line process that required a whole season to make a trip of fish. And they had only three days. They ended up with twenty quintal—twenty-two-hundred-odd pounds. That would net them the price of their bait back. Net them, too, a dreary sail home.

An hour before sundown on their last day, with all the gear in and stowed and the gaskets coming off the mainsail, the two black draggers came over the horizon.

"Right on time they come," said Jowler James grimly. "Man the winch. Let's get out of here. I, for one, don't want to speak to that red-faced pharisee of a sea-hog skipper or his great ship."

But the leading trawler insisted on speaking to them. She came on fast, blowing whoops on her compressed-air horn. She ranged up on the Molly's starboard rail, and the big skipper, still wearing his derby hat and his spotless white shirt, with the glasses still dangling, came to his bridge wing.

"Where's that little pirate of a priest?" he roared down. "Father, Monsignor Powers said, 'You tell Patrick Roary that there could have been a decent money changer in the temple after all.' I'm to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ask your forgiveness and do penance. He said to be sure to tell you he is coming up for salmon fishing with you late in July. I'm making fast alongside here."

With the quickness of a privateer's boarding crew, the trawler's men swung into the Molly's rigging and dropped to her deck. Lines came flying through the air and were made fast and the two vessels moored close. Then the Molly's foreboom, with the foresail still tight furled on it, was swung far off. Jowler James roared in protest at such high-handed liberties with his command, but Father Roary held up his hand to still him.

"How did you speak with Monsignor Powers?" Father Roary asked up at the big, grinning man.

"On the telephone," he said. "He happens to be one of my best friends too. He came to the ship-shore telephone on Boston Fish Pier and he told me about you, all right!"

Then he turned and checked aft on his own vessel.

"All right!" he called. "Bring it up!"

Dripping, up out of the sea came the trawler's great net. She had had it all bagged and ready, and all her winches needed to do was heave it up and let her midship boom swing it across the deck and then out over the Molly. It was a tremendous, bulging bag. It was straining and creaking with fish. It was so heavy with fish it bristled with their heads and tails sticking out of its mesh. Its groaning weight slowly lowered until it was head high off the Molly's deck. One of the trawler's men darted under it, and grabbing the running end of the cod-end knot, he yanked it and sprang free as the great bag roared open and voided its cargo. It came hissing down like the falling crest of a wave, but heavier than any wave of water, a full two and a half tons of cod. The Molly groaned and swayed as the deluge filled her whole midship deck rail-high and then slithered and ran far forward and aft.

The trawler's crew, with grins on their faces, but still working silently and swiftly, cleared the Molly's fish hatch of the mound of fish atop it and ripped off its cover. Their gutting and splitting knives started flying then, and a hose with water appeared. In a steady cascade, washed and clean, fish went into the Molly's hold so rapidly that two men had to work fast, piling them.

The big skipper swung onto the Molly's deck and stood beside Father Roary, peering down into the hold.

"You've got room, I see," he said. "I told Johnny Powers I thought you would have. You got plenty of salt?"

Father Roary, numb with surprise and gratitude, nodded. Yes, there was plenty of salt.

"Now, father," the big man said, "let's get your robe. I've been bragging about you to Ho-Say, laying off there with a second bag of fish for you. He's a Portygee and he's a lee-etle doubtful about a real priest being out here on the Banks. He takes his church very seriously. And, honestly, you don't look exactly like a prelate, at this moment, sir."

The Molly's people had their knives going now alongside the trawler's crew. Peg Leg Morley, still in his cook's apron, waded knee-deep in fish as the big skipper beckoned him.

"Yes, sor," he said. "There's hot water on the stove. I can give Father Roary a shave in no time at all."

The other trawler ranged up on the Molly's port rail. It was dark by that time, but the two big ships swung their powerful lights and the Molly's deck was as bright as day. She looked like a small seal between walruses. Birds were flying in and out of her rigging in the bright light, mad with hunger for the food that was washing out of her bloody scuppers.

The second trawler's captain vaulted down on the Molly. He was a tall, swarthy young man in a peaked cap. He doffed the cap, and kneeling swiftly, he kissed Father Roary's hand. The two captains and Father Roary, neat now in his robe and soap-shining face, stood together as the second bag, as big and bountiful as the first, creaked its wire and lowered down and voided its hissing, heavy load. The Molly shuddered and swayed again when the burden of it broke on her.

Father Roary found his voice. "Never have I seen such fish," he said meekly. "It is the bounty of God." Then he turned to the big captain. "But you, my son. Your penance is not quite complete."

The Molly's two boys, their bright yellow oilskins red with fish blood now, were working together. Father Roary, using both arms, beckoned them. They came and stood respectfully, young and strong and as tall as the big captain.

"This is Jerry Wade," Father Roary said. . . . "You, Jerry, when Captain Chase leaves, are going with him. You are going to spend every minute in his engine room. You are going to learn everything you can there. . . . This is Dennis Howard. You, Dennis, are going with Captain Chase too. You are going to learn everything you can on his deck. Learn wire and twine and ship handling—everything. We are going to have a trawler in Tops'l Cove, one way or another. We will need both of you. And you"—he smiled up at the big captain—"are going to get these boys over to Monsignor Powers as soon as you reach Boston. He will get them home to me."

"Just the rest of this trip isn't enough," the big man said. "Let's say the next trip too. I can't sign them on. There are labor laws against that. But they can live aboard and be my guests. You should have a trawler, father. I think I know where there's a small one. With the church in the deal, you might get it on long terms. If we can keep you coming out here, I'll do what I can to help. We can use a sea-goin' priest out here on the Grand Banks, eh, Ho-say?"

The young Portuguese nodded furiously. "Next time," he said, "we will gather the fleet. You shall say early Mass on my deck. For all hands. It would be a great honor."

The Molly was wing and wing. The warm night southerly that brought summer north the end of June that year was wafting her home. Jowler James was silent at the wheel. Father Roary stood beside him. Overhead were the big summer stars. Father Roary came to with a start. He had been, he suddenly realized, standing on the gently rolling deck for a long time—the longest time he had stood in one place since he lost his leg. He lifted the leg and thumped it down. There was no pain. Instead of pain, now that he had his mind down there, was a delightful gnawing itch. It was an irresistible itch. He sat on the wheel box and, loosening the straps that held the leg, his fingers found the itch and he groaned with pleasure. Still scratching, his thoughts returned to what had been consuming him. Peter! Peter had not failed him. Peter had simply taken a roundabout way. A wonderful, inspiring, roundabout way. Unpredictable, lovable Peter. His eyes were wet with tears, he loved Peter so.

"Ah, Peter," he sighed.

"Sor?" said Jowler James.

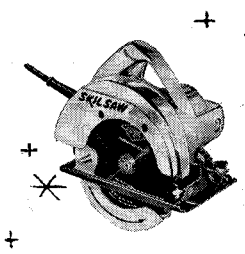
"'Peter!' I said. It all began on Peter's Day, remember?" THE END

NEW! Powerful ¼" Drill

As soon as he sees it's a SKIL drill, your worries are over. He'll love it. The name SKIL on a power tool is recognized by any man who likes to do-it-himself.

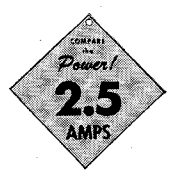
He'll especially get a thrill from this Model 549 ¼" drill. It's all-new. With 25% more horsepower. Sparkling new finish. And it is light-weight aluminum—easy to handle.

Before you buy, compare the power of this drill with any other ¼" drill. This is the finest made by SKIL. Only $29.95 at your favorite hardware store.



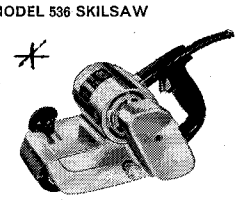

MODEL 536 SKILSAW

LOOK FOR THIS TAG ON THE DRILL!



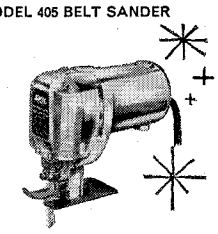

Compare the 2.5 amperage rating of Model 549 with the rating on the nameplate of any ¼" drill. Only SKIL gives you the guarantee of top power.

SKIL HAS A COMPLETE LINE OF POWER TOOLS Perfect for Gifts!

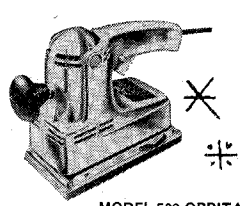


MODEL 405 BELT SANDER

SKIL



MODEL 511 JIGSAW



MODEL 592 ORBITAL SANDER

Products made only by SKIL Corporation, 5033 Elston Avenue, Chicago 30, Illinois. In Canada: 3601 Dundas Street West, Toronto 9, Ontario


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# West of the Law (Continued from Page 34)

handsome face was grim. His lip twisted ironically as he spat out the words, "Wards of the Government! If we shoot a gun we'll have Congress on our necks!"

"But," said Bednigo with a grim smile, "you will nevertheless shoot a gun."

"This boil," the general said, "has got to be brought to a head. We can't build this road without fighting Indians. I'm not concerned with the rights and wrongs of the Indian question. Only with building this railroad. I'm going to build it!"

Now, to the eastward, the horizon was obscured by rolling, spreading clouds of smoke. The hostile red men had applied the torch to the captured train.

"Blow that whistle!" ordered the general.

It was a warning, belligerent screech that ensued as the fireman held down the whistle cord. The rescue train roared to a stop and the little army leaped to the ground, ten men on each side of the right of way. Indians, painted and feathered, squawled their defiant war cries as they galloped their ponies aimlessly around the burning cars, and arrows greeted the attacking force—arrows and a few bullets from muskets supplied by traders.

"Fire!" ordered the general, and a ragged volley opened the attack.

The little army lunged forward, firing at will. The Indians, with a final, derisive whoop, turned their ponies and galloped away northward. It was scarcely a fight at all. There was no casualty list. But for all that, it was a momentous engagement. It marked the beginning of twenty months of relentless warfare; it meant the definite beginning of the battle between Gen. Grenville Dodge and obstructionists in Congress, obstructionists who were either gullible, honest, humane men or malicious lawmakers with an ax to grind, aided and abetted in their tactics by the Secretary of the Interior, Orville Browning, who had hated Mr. Lincoln, and whose bitterness survived the President's death to harry and hamper Grant and Sherman and Sheridan—friends, these three, of General Dodge and the railroad. The secretary showed his spite against these men by implacable enmity toward the railroad.

"Now," said the general bitterly, as their car moved westward toward the end of the line, "we'll be entertaining a congressional investigating committee."

Bednigo, balancing himself against the swaying of the car, assumed the diffident manner which he knew so well how to wear when it might advantage him.

"General," he asked, with what seemed like stupidity, "is that necessarily bad?"

"Nothing could be worse!"

"I was just sort of thinking."

"Thinking what?" snapped the general.

"Wa-al," replied Bednigo, his voice becoming very New England, "I was kind of wondering if mebby suthin' couldn't be contrived to twist it around to our advantage. Like makin' it ricochet and pop the enemy in the eye."

"Nonsense," the general said.

"Mebby so. Mebby not. . . . I been considered kind of a likely hand at causin' ricochets. Yes, sir. Pervidin' I'm given a free hand."

Dodge narrowed his eyes and peered appraisingly at the young man. Bednigo hoped he saw a twinkle in their depths.

"Officially," said the general, "I didn't hear a word you said. But this I'll state: if anybody should finagle me into hot water, I'll have his scalp."

"I druther," said Bednigo in the vernacular, "have you lift it than them tarnation Sioux."

General Dodge eyed the young man shrewdly. He did not have his mind made up wholly about Bednigo or how far he could trust him, in spite of Mrs. Dodge's disposition in his favor. Was he the cultivated, educated engineer—as he chose sometimes to manifest himself? Was he the shrewd, calculating Yankee trader he seemed to be at other times, careless in speech and dress? Was he the clumsy, shy, bumbling, hulking boy he seemed to be at times? Or was he the dynamic, dangerous man of explosive action he appeared to be at others? Dodge liked him, wished he were less contradictory and puzzling.

Bednigo stood swaying to the movement of the car. He balanced, catlike, and he smiled down at the general.

"Sir," he said formally, "I would like permission to go to Omaha."

"For what purpose, Bednigo?"

"General," Bednigo answered, "if you want to get your full money's worth out of me, you got to ride me with loose reins." There was nothing bumbling nor shy in his manner now. "You can't argue yourself into trusting me all the way, can you?"

"You don't stay put, young man. Be one thing or another. Be fish or flesh or good red herring."

"I'm Bednigo Claypool," the young man said. It was almost as if the name were a title to be proud of. It was a statement of identity and it impressed General Dodge. More or less, Bednigo's declaration was *caveat emptor*. Use your own judgment. You are taking me at your own risk. He grinned almost maliciously. "There's a rule of thumb," he said.

"To assay you by?" Dodge asked.

Bednigo nodded. "For general purposes," Bednigo said. "You can trust me implicitly so long as it is to my advantage to be loyal. And your privilege is to be the judge of that."

Dodge wondered if Bednigo was so impudent as to be making fun of him. Actually there was a merry look in the young man's eyes, but it was not an impertinent look.

"Do I go to Omaha?" he asked.

General Dodge nodded. "I'd be happier about it if your errand was to see some girl."

"Maybe—" Bednigo said, and lifted his eyes as though surprised at an idea that came to him, "maybe I'll do just that."

The engine stopped just short of end of track. There was no town deserving of such a name. It was a camp, with dugouts burrowed in hillsides, tents, sod structures, all to be abandoned as the rails stretched westward. Not yet had the moving towns developed as they were soon to do—towns which richly earned the sobriquet of Hell on Wheels. The first of these soon to come into existence would be at Fort Kearney, the second at North Platte, and the third and most vicious at Julesburg.

A train of flatcars carrying ties had just been unloaded—Thomas Durant, meddling vice-president of the railway, had flamboyantly ordered a million ties.

Bednigo packed a few clothes and found room for himself in the caboose as the empties headed eastward for Omaha.

It was not a railroad journey one would have embarked upon for pleasure, but Bednigo arrived at last in Omaha. He went to the hotel, but did not breakfast there. Instead he walked to Mrs. Beebe's victualing house. No one was in the dining room as he took a chair at his old table against the wall. Mrs. Beebe peered in from the kitchen and came in, wiping her hands on her apron.

"If it hain't Claypool!" she exclaimed. "Thought mebby you was scalped. They're tellin' this mornin' you had an Injun fight yesterday."

"Not much of a battle," Bednigo said.

"Story around here is you folks massacred a camp of peaceful redskins."

"Not much of a massacre," Bednigo answered. "No killed or wounded on either side."

"I'm sellin' out here," Mrs. Beebe said.

"You'll be missed."

"No," Mrs. Beebe said. "I'm agoin' along. Next stop's Fort Kearney."

Bednigo shook his head. "You've got a good business here. This town's going to grow. Fort Kearney's just going to be temporary. And tough. No place for women. You'd better stay here, Mrs. Beebe."

"'Tain't my idee," she said. "Hepsie's the one."

"Hepsie?"

"Bound 'n' determined. Jest like she was bound 'n' determined to pull up stakes in the East. She lacks patience. No settlin' daown and waitin' for her. Says she calc'lates to make money whilst she's young enough to enjoy it."

"Why don't you put your foot down?"

"Claypool," said Mrs. Beebe dryly, "you hain't acquainted with Hepsie." She raised her voice, "Hepsie! Claypool's here wantin' breakfast!"

The girl came into the dining room bearing a tray. With only a glance she placed ham and eggs and toast and coffee before Bednigo.

"Now, that," he said, "is what I call quick service."

"I put on the eggs when I heard you come in," she said coldly.

He scrutinized her—her young face with its angles and high cheek bones. The eyes slanted upward at the outer corners in a manner almost Oriental. Her hair was pulled sharply back and rolled into a bun. She seemed to keep her eyes always narrowed in what was almost a squint. Bednigo wondered what sort of eyes they would be if she were to open them normally.

His eyes dropped to her figure. She was about five inches over five feet. It is difficult to conceal a figure, even with a shapeless dress and a starched apron. He was astonished to note how sure and deft her movements were, and graceful. It was puzzling.

"Are you through staring at me?" she snapped.

"Not quite," he answered. "Don't you want to look pretty?"

"No," she said tersely.

"Why not?" he asked.

"So as not to be bothered by men like you," she replied, not tartly, but merely as one who stated a fact indifferently.

"Have I ever annoyed you?" he asked.

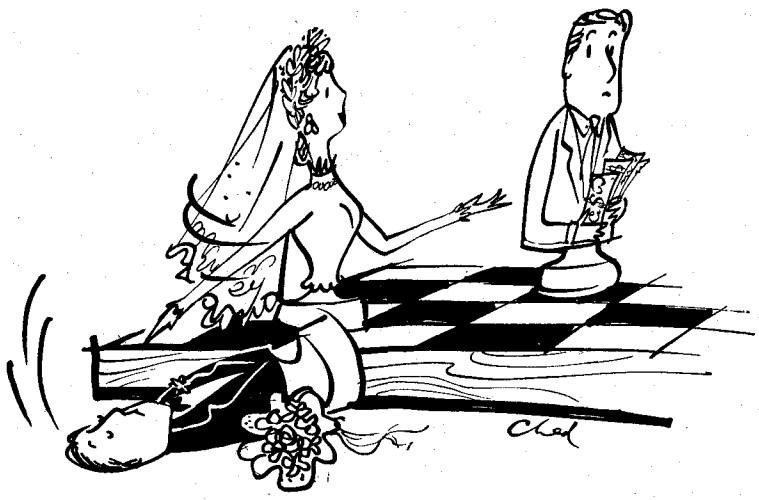
"No," she said. "But if I was pretty, you would."

"How's the plan coming?" he asked.

"What plan?"

"To make you a sort of daughter of the regiment," he said. "To arouse the protective instinct of the predatory male."

Mrs. Beebe chuckled. "It's workin' good," she said. "Last night, f'r instance, a stranger, kind of drunk, patted Hepsie



## You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Oscar jumped for joy when his ex-wife remarried, because his alimony payments to her stopped on her remarriage. A week later, she sued her new husband for an annulment and informed Oscar he'd still have to pay her. When Oscar refused, she took him to court.

"She remarried for better or worse," Oscar pointed out. "It definitely was a remarriage, even if it turned out for worse. And I owe her no more alimony."

"Everyone," his ex-wife argued, "knows that an annulment wipes out a marriage as if it never existed. Therefore I technically wasn't remarried and Oscar has no excuse for stopping my alimony."

If you were the judge, would you make Oscar pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Oscar did not have to pay. The court said that a wife's remarriage, good or bad, frees her ex-husband "to rearrange his life without remaining forever subject to the possibility that an annulment would throw her back on his hands. An ex-wife should not be allowed to retain both husbands as sources of support. . . ."

*Based upon a 1955 California case.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on the behind as she went past his table. Two of the regulars threw him out."

"You're dead set on going to Fort Kearney," he said. "Why?"

"It'll be a boom town," she said. "There'll be big payrolls. The gamblers and rascals and women are planning to move in. They're already collecting. Money will be burning holes in men's pockets and the riffraff know it. Whenever gamblers and hoodlums and camp followers go to a place, it's because they know dollars will be spent free. I'll be able to get my share of them."

"In a ladylike way?" he asked ironically.

For the first time in his limited acquaintance with her, Hepsie smiled, and the smile had a *gamin* quality. He saw violet eyes and a full-lipped mouth and even, white, beautiful teeth.

"I'll contrive," she said, "to stay as near ladylike as necessary."

"What," he demanded, "makes you so sure the scalawags will take possession of Fort Kearney?"

"I hear talk," she said. "I hear plans being made."

"Who is making these plans?"

She looked down at him with grave eyes. "Will you be responsible for running the town?" she asked.

"In part," he answered.

"Then," she said, "you better be ready for bad weather. There's one that aims to be the bellwether. An organizing man. He plans to fix it so that every gambler and every thief and every woman will pay a part of what they take to him."

"How do you know this?"

"I listen."

"You better give heed," Mrs. Beebe said. "Hepsie's a knowing girl."

"And a masterful girl," he said.

Hepsie frowned down upon him. "This man," she said, "does not wish good to come to you, Mr. Claypool."

"Me? What have I to do with it?"

"For some reason he hates you."

"How does this person plan to make the rascals pay him?"

"He has a gang of border ruffians who will enforce his will."

"So?" said Bednigo. "So? And the name of this man would be?"

"You should be able to guess. Wesley Maury is his name."

"Maury, of course," Bednigo nodded.

Hepsie looked at him out of the corner of her eye. "He brings a handsome girl here to eat sometimes."

"Miss Nourse, probably. His niece," Bednigo said.

"Or something," Hepsie responded dryly.

Hepsie turned away and with squared shoulders walked into the kitchen. Bednigo finished his breakfast, paid for it at the desk and was turning away.

He paused and asked over his shoulder, "Seen Major North around town, Mrs. Beebe?"

"The Injun feller? Hear he's camped out t'other side of Papillion—him 'n' his Pawnees."

"Obleeged," Bednigo said politely, and went out into the street, now stirring to morning life. He walked toward the bank building, head hunched between his shoulders, chin thrust forward. So intent was he upon his own purposes that he did not notice an Indian boy—a ten-or-twelve-year-old boy—who detached himself from the fence across the street and followed at a discreet distance.

Maj. Frank North's Pawnees were encamped near Papillion, which was a few miles from Omaha. They had just come up from the Republican River country and well deserved the rest period they were enjoying. Bednigo found the young major, in spick-and-span cavalry uniform, on the point of leaving his tent to review his Indians. He greeted Bednigo cordially, for he had met him in General Dodge's home.

"To what," he asked, "do I owe this pleasure?"

"The general," Bednigo said, "is going to need a favor."

"Got an hour to spare?"

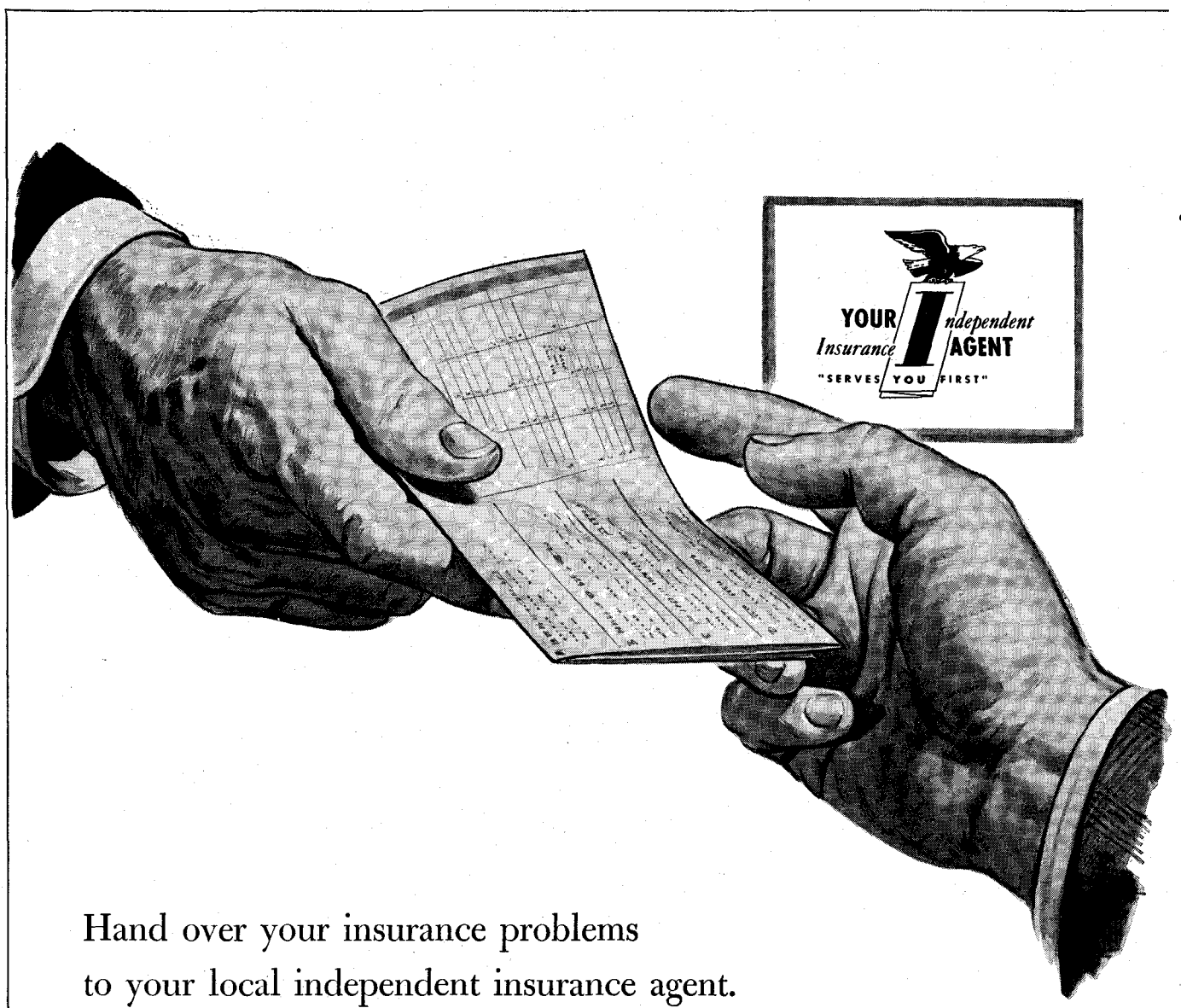
"A day, if necessary."

"Just going to review my men," North said. "They love it. You'll enjoy it. General Dodge organized us, you know. We've done a job. My Pawnees hate the Sioux—hereditary enemies."

They went to the makeshift parade ground, where Bednigo witnessed a military spectacle which would have upset the mental equilibrium of a young officer fresh from West Point.

Three hundred Indians awaited. They had been trained in cavalry tactics, and regulation uniforms had been issued to them, but these savage troopers were individualists. Proud of their uniforms they were, but each man modified his clothing to suit his peculiar preferences. Some of them, though the weather was hot, wore heavy overcoats; others wore brimmed black hats ornamented with any shining brass insignia that came to hand. A few wore regulation trousers in the regulation manner, but others had dispensed with them, preferring breechclouts. Other ingenious men had cut the seats from their pants, converting them into a sort of leggings. Brass spurs were visible upon heels covered by neither boots nor moccasins.

North grinned. "What would Old Fuss and Feathers think of this outfit?" he


Hand over your insurance problems
to your local independent insurance agent.

As part of his professional service, he will give sound advice about the kind and amount of insurance you should have to compensate for today's increased values, changing conditions and greater risk exposures.

Great American Group of Insurance Companies New York

Great American
GROUP OF INSURANCE COMPANIES
FIRE · MARINE · AUTOMOBILE · CASUALTY · SURETY

Great American · Great American Indemnity · American National Fire · Detroit Fire & Marine · Massachusetts Fire & Marine · Rochester American


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

asked. Commands were given in the Pawnee tongue and were obeyed with reasonable precision and childlike vanity. Major North put them through their paces for an hour and dismissed them.

"You speak their language," Bednigo said.

"Like one of them," North answered. He dismounted before his tent and turned the horses over to an orderly. "Now, Claypool, what's on your mind?"

"Injun depredation," Bednigo replied.

"What?"

"The general," Bednigo said, "needs an attack by whoopin' naked savages."

"General Dodge needs an Indian raid! That asks for an explanation."

"We can't build this railroad without more soldiers to protect the civilian workingmen."

"Right."

"We had a small fight the other day."

"I heard about it."

"Enemies of Dodge and the railroad have sent back stories about an unprovoked attack and massacre of innocent savages. The Injun lovers in Congress will be making orations. We're expecting an investigating committee. Commissioners or congressmen."

"When?" North asked.

"No date set. But we've got to be ready. Major, that mess of politicians has got to go back to Washington with a bellyful of war whoops. They've got to be converted."

North peered at Bednigo under arched brows. "Now let me get this straight, Claypool. You're suggesting I lend you my Pawnees."

"Not me, the general."

"To make a bogus attack when these politicians come?"

"Scare the britches off of them," Bednigo grinned. "Send them back East with an idea that Injuns aren't nice agreeable neighbors to be pampered."

"Claypool, won't the situation in Washington alter when Johnson goes out of office and Grant comes in? Grant's a friend of General Dodge's."

"And Sherman. But meantime we've got to be laying rails." He narrowed his eyes. "Major, if these politicians got wind of your Pawnee troop—setting savages to fight savages—you might wake up some morning disbanded."

"Where would this party take place?" North asked.

"Up around Loop Fork River."

"That's a far piece. How would I get my braves up there?"

"Railroad. Ten or twenty at a time. Sift them up so they won't be noticed."

"How many?"

"A hundred could make a dandy racket," Bednigo said. "A hundred yelling naked Injuns would look like a thousand. I'll have a set of bonfires ready and, to make it convincing, some rolling stock. Cut the telegraph wires."

"I don't want any of my men shot. You can't warn the whole camp what is going on. There could be a defense, you know."

"Leave that part of it to me," Bednigo said.

"Claypool," North said, "I've heard rumors about you. Nothing definite. I've had it whispered in my ear that you're smarter than you look."

"If," Bednigo said, "most men weren't smarter than they look, the human race would be in a bad fix."

"You say General Dodge wants this picnic?"

"If you listened close you'd remember I said General Dodge needed it."

"Does he know anything about it at all?"

"You and I are friends of his, and of the railroad. He knows I've something in mind. He gave me permission to come to Omaha—eying me with jaundiced stare. He needs help and he wants help. But he can't lay himself open. I'll tell it to you the way it happened. His last words were, 'Claypool, if you get me in hot water, I'll have your scalp.'"

"He'd repudiate you."

"Like a shot."

"What about me?" North asked.

"He'd have your scalp, too—if things go sour. Which they won't."

"You think a lot of the general."

"I think more of the railroad," Bednigo answered.

Major North was on his feet, pacing back and forth. He came to a stop, confronting Bednigo. "Claypool," he said grimly, "you'll end up in the penitentiary or in the White House." He extended his hand. "I'll go along with you, mister, if I get court-martialed for it."

"And," Bednigo said, "the comical part is that we'll never even be thanked."

The two young men sat together working out the details of the plan. Bednigo made his way back to the railroad and waited for an engine pulling empty flatcars to come along, and rode in the cab back to Omaha. He did not notice, nor would he have been alarmed by it if he had noticed, that the same Indian boy who had followed him from Mrs. Beebe's restaurant to the railroad also was a passenger on that train.

He went to his room in the hotel and changed his clothing. After supper he crossed the river to Council Bluffs and walked to General Dodge's house, where he knew he would be welcome both for himself and for the news he brought of the general. As he turned in to the front door he heard music. Someone was singing in a rich, deep contralto. He waited until the song was ended and then pulled the bell. After a small delay, the door was opened, his hat was taken and he stood in the parlor archway. There were half a dozen people in the room. At the piano sat Potter Nourse. There were two couples not of his acquaintance, and Mrs. Dodge, who arose and smiled.

"Why, Bednigo," she exclaimed, "this is a pleasant surprise." She introduced the two couples. "Miss Nourse you have met. . . . You will forgive me if I interrupt the music to ask news of my husband. Was there really a battle with Indians?"

"Not a battle," Bednigo answered. "Hardly a skirmish. Just a raid, easily driven off. The general is well, ma'am, and sends greetings." He was awkward and embarrassed. "I—I apologize. I interrupted Miss Nourse's concert."

"Not a concert," the girl said lightly. "Just some old songs."

"Of the South," Bednigo said, and then wriggled uncomfortably, as if conscious of having committed a *faux pas*.

"Of the South—and North and East and West," she answered. "And this," she said, as if deliberately flouting him, "is an old plantation melody. I wonder, Mr. Claypool, if the Negroes sing just as happily now as they did before the war."

The song ended and Potter Nourse arose from the piano stool. There was applause as, with complete composure, she took the nearest seat, which was on the haircloth sofa next to Bednigo. She ignored him. There was no hesitation nor coyness nor sidewise glancing. The conversation returned to the Indian raid on the railroad.

"Reports that came to us must have been exaggerated," said one of the gentlemen—a local merchant named Goodson.

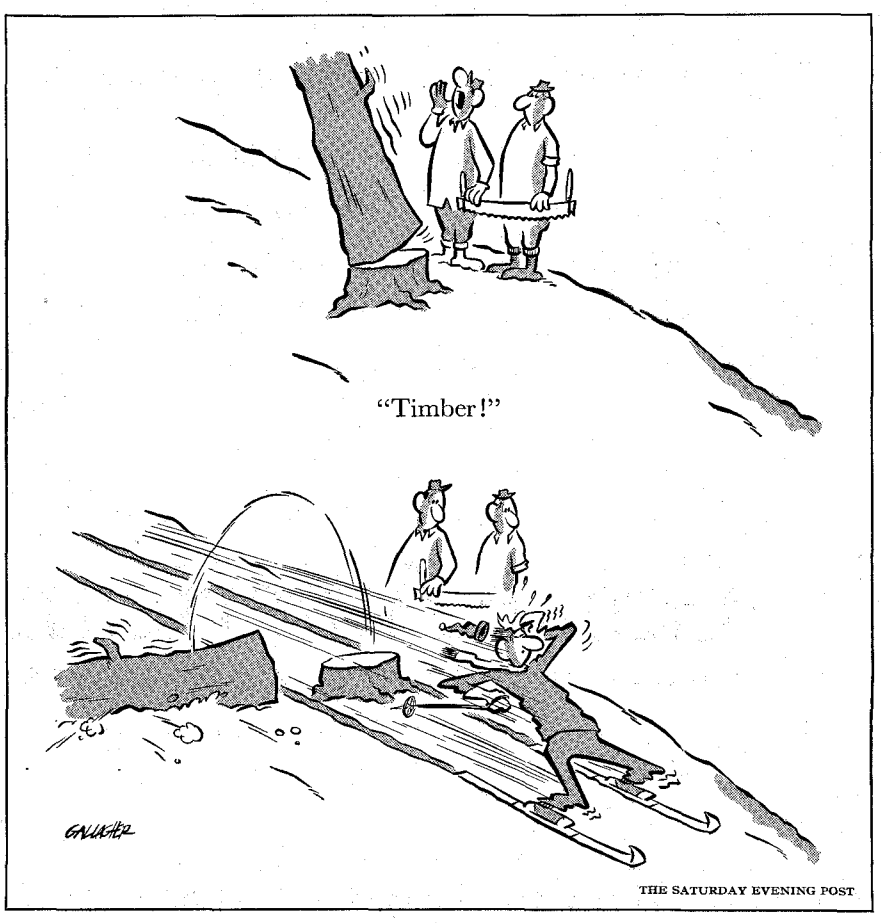
"Reports of this particular event were exaggerated," Bednigo answered, "but it would be impossible to overstate the significance of this attack. It means war with the Indians. The tribes are confederating. Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes. Black Kettle and Spotted Tail and Little Thunder have been meeting. Mr. Cody, the scout, brings us the word. In the spring the northern bands will be coming down. Around the council fires they boast that the whites will be driven out of this entire country."

"Aren't you overstating the danger, Mr. Claypool?" Potter Nourse asked.

"Understating," Bednigo said shortly.

She smiled at him superciliously. "So very, very vehement," she said.

Mrs. Goodson's incisive voice made itself heard. "What is the country coming to?" she demanded. "Fancy! This man Johnson was disgracefully intoxicated when he was inaugurated!"




"They're going to impeach him," said her husband.

"Why do they hate him so?" Mrs. Dodge asked. "Thad Stevens and the New Englanders? He has such a short time to serve, and then General Grant will be President and everything will be all right."

"Oh," Potter Nourse said, "please let's not talk politics. I don't understand them. Or Indians. Or serious things. I'm sure that we can find a more agreeable topic."

"Like," Bednigo said gravely, "the latest fashions from across the ocean. Or that new dance that is so graceful—Jump Jim Crow." If he meant this ironically, his face gave no indication of it.

"It is growing too late to talk about anything," Mrs. Goodson said, getting to her feet. "It's been such a lovely evening, Mrs. Dodge. Miss Nourse sang so charmingly."

As the company moved toward the door, Mrs. Dodge caught Bednigo's eye and nodded significantly toward Miss Nourse. He was obedient. "May I," he asked, "have the pleasure of walking you home, ma'am?"

"There's no mud tonight," she said lightly. "I won't have to be carried across the street."

"My disappointment," he replied.

They walked the first block in silence; then Potter Nourse touched his arm lightly. "Why, Mr. Claypool, do you dislike me?" she asked.

"Could any man dislike so beautiful and talented a lady?" he demanded somewhat stiltedly. "So very feminine a person who doesn't understand politics and shudders at the mention of Indians?"

"That," she said pitifully, "was unkind."

He made no response.

It was long seconds before she spoke again, "I have been hearing about you, Mr. Claypool."

"From Wesley Maury?" he asked.

"From more reliable people than my—uncle," she said.

"And what did they tell you about me?" Bednigo asked.

"That you," she said, "are very ambitious and clever. That you have your eye on the main chance. That you are a very adroit young man who takes pains to conceal his adroitness."

"Suppose this were all true?" he asked.

"If," she said, "you would get over your silly suspicion of me and your dislike, I could be quite useful to you."

He chuckled. "To whom could I be useful?" he asked. "Maury?"

"Forget Maury," she said sharply.

"Will he forget me?" Bednigo countered.

"If he's told to do so," she said.

"By whom?" he asked.

"By people whose word would be law to him."

"The law—any kind of law—doesn't bother Maury a great deal."

"You have heard," she said, "of Crédit Mobilier?"

"I've heard rumors of it."

"What do the rumors say?"

"That it is a company organized by Easterners to contract to build the Union Pacific. To milk the railroad and the public."

"It will," she said, "make a great deal of money."

"Dishonestly," he said.

"Are you so scrupulous?" she asked.

"If I'm not," he retorted, "I've never been caught at it."

"You are close to General Dodge."

"I work for him."

"He trusts you. He talks to you. You know his plans," she said.

(*Continued on Page 86*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# "I had the feeling everyone was staring at Fred"

Alice was uncomfortable at the party. She had the feeling that other people were noticing her husband's appearance: the clothes he wore were saying the wrong things about him. She wished that Fred would realize just how much difference a man's clothes do make—at a party, on the job, wherever he goes. Right now is a wonderful time to help the men (and boys) in your life to dress right: this Christmas give them something to wear. Give them the satisfaction, the confidence, the fun that comes with being well dressed.

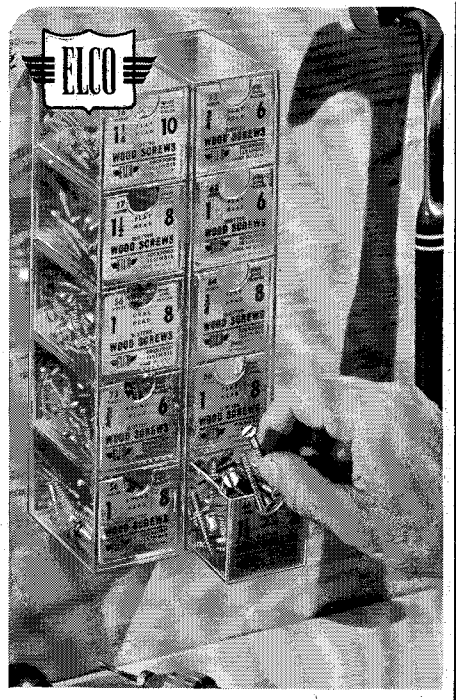
**Dress Right—you can't afford not to!**

American Institute of Men's and Boys' Wear ®

To Dress Right, shop at stores that display this symbol.

1957, AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR, INC., 386 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

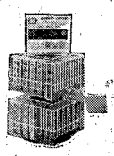
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




**stock your shop**

**SCREWS • BOLTS • NUTS**

This new package system is *specially designed for your convenience and economy.* Buy the screws in sparkling clear-plastic Elco boxes at 59c per box. Set them up in Elco DraweRacks (also 59c) in your home workshop. Screws are "Easy to get at . . . Easy to get out" with this STOCK your SHOP system. *All wood screws are SPEEDized*—pre-lubricated for easy driving in even the hardest woods! Look for this handy serve-self display rack at your hardware store. Start *now* to build better with STOCK your SHOP screws!



**ELCO TOOL & SCREW CORPORATION**
**1800 Broadway, Rockford, Illinois**

**"WHERE'LL I GET THE CASH?"**

HOW many times have you asked yourself that question when you are faced with household expenses that have to be met? We would like to suggest an answer that can mean increased income for you. By selling magazine subscriptions, you can earn generous commissions. Many of our representatives earn more than $1.50 an hour in their spare time—and you can do the same! Just send us your name and address on a postal, and you will receive our offer and easy-to-follow instructions.

**CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY**
**276 Independence Square**
**Philadelphia 5 Pennsylvania**

**What Do 3 Out of 4 Doctors Recommend to Relieve Pain?**

A survey shows 3 out of 4 doctors recommend the famous ingredients of Anacin Tablets to relieve pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia. Here's why Anacin® gives you better *total* effect in relieving pain than aspirin or any buffered aspirin:

- **ACTS INSTANTLY:** Anacin goes to work *instantly.* Brings fast relief to *source* of your pain.
- **MORE EFFECTIVE:** Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of effective, medically proven ingredients.
- **SAFER:** Anacin simply *can not* upset your stomach.
- **LESSENS TENSION:** Anacin also reduces nervous tension, leaves you relaxed, feeling fine after pain goes. Buy Anacin *today.*

(*Continued from Page 84*) "His plans are to build this railroad in spite of any obstacle."

"Nevertheless his wife owns Crédit Mobilier stock."

"I advised her to buy it," Bednigo said.

"Would you like a hundred shares of it, Mr. Claypool?"

"I'd like ten thousand shares," he answered, with a short laugh.

"That," she told him, "may be possible. But would you like a hundred shares at once?"

"In return for what?"

"Supplying information."

"About General Dodge?" he asked.

"And everything connected with the railroad. And with politics. General Dodge is close to Grant and Sherman and Sheridan. He's a skillful lobbyist. He has influence in Washington."

"To whom would I give this information?" he wanted to know.

"To me," she replied.

"If I took this stock," he said musingly, "I would be placing myself in somebody's power. Eh? Somebody would be able to turn the screws. They might want more than information—spying—something in the way of treachery, maybe. And I would have to deliver."

"You look like a man who can protect himself."

"After you've stepped into quicksand," he said, "it's too late to do any protecting. I'd want to know, for instance, who I was hiring out to—who was paying the bribe."

Potter Nourse looked up at him and there was a chatoyant quality to her eyes. He thought of witches and spells and incantations. She was walking close to him, so that he could feel the warm, graceful, seductive touch of her body. It made him think of love potions.

"If," she said, "you are as astute as people say, you won't need to ask that question. What man is apt to be most anxious to be kept in touch with every step taken by General Dodge?"

"Why," he answered promptly, "the man who is running this railroad and Crédit Mobilier—vice president Thomas C. Durant."

"New and wealthy and powerful men have come into the picture—Oliver and Oakes Ames, of Boston."

"Congressman Oakes Ames?" Bednigo asked.

She nodded. "No harm in making this clear to you, Mr. Claypool. A fight for control of Union Pacific and Crédit Mobilier is building up."

Only as names were the Ames brothers known to Bednigo, but if Oakes Ames was a congressman, Bednigo's father would know about him. Bednigo made note to telegraph his father for information.

"Kind of stimulates a man's imagination," Bednigo said. "Yes'm. A smart man can see opportunities. But, Miss Nourse, ma'am, there's one p'int to be cleared up, and a feller named Maury is standin' slap-bang on that p'int. I don't calc'late to make it possible for Maury to get his fingers around my gullet. You might call him a stumblin' block to any agreement betwixt us."

Potter Nourse was not yet so well acquainted with Bednigo Claypool that she would recognize that the moment his speech became vernacular was the time to walk warily. To use the mode of speech of his forebears seemed somehow to stimulate him, to add something to his cunning.

"Wesley Maury," she said tersely, "was a mistake."

"He would be," Bednigo said dryly, "but who made it?"

"He came East, Bednigo." She used his first name as though she had been so addressing him for years. "He came East. He had interviews. He impressed certain people as being a man who could be useful."

"Kind of charmed them, eh? So as they didn't set nobody to lookin' into his history?"

"It was careless," she admitted.

"Now take me," he said in a crackling New England tone, "I don't cotton to git mixed up in skulduggery with careless folks. . . . So you come out here purportin' to be his relative. Unsight and unseen. That, Miss Nourse, ain't believable. No, ma'am. I'd kind of surmise you and Maury was beknown to each other in previous times."

"Absurd," she said sharply.

"No ma'am," he said smoothly. "'T'ain't absurd. Him being a sort of spy 'n' agent of Jeff Davis's to the Copperheads in Indiana. And a sneakin' dealer in cotton permits, and all like that. And you, Miss Nourse, not bein' from New York at all, but a Southerner too. And pretty enough to have been a dandy spy yourself. No, siree. I figger you two was known to each other previous."

"What matter?" she demanded. "The war is over." She held his arm in her strong fingers and pressed it to her side. "Honestly, Bednigo, we know the truth about him now. He is to be discarded. He is of no further use to us."

"Does Maury know it?" he asked.

"Not yet."

"He ain't one that'll be easy to discard," Bednigo said.

They were opposite the hotel. There was no mud now making it desirable for him to carry her across. They halted at the steps leading to the long piazza on which Abraham Lincoln once had been seated picking General Dodge's brains about the Far West and possible railroad routes to the Pacific.

"Shall I," she asked, "report that our offer is accepted?"

"You may," Bednigo said, careful now of his parts of speech, "make report that I have taken your proposition under consideration."

"Yankee caution," she said, with a little laugh. She tilted back her head and her lips were alluring. She swayed toward him. "If we could see more of each other," she said, "maybe I could persuade you." She cast down her eyes demurely. "I—I would like to see you more often, Bednigo."

"I swan to man!" Bednigo exclaimed in a stifled voice. "I declare, ma'am, that wouldn't be a good idee. Not a-tall, ma'am. Us Claypools is all awful susceptible critters."

"Maybe," she said, "I wouldn't object to that." She started to mount the steps but turned. "What," she asked, "were you doing out near Papillion today?"

"Like Joshua," he said, "I was aspyin' out the land of milk and honey." He did not stand, but crossed the street and waited there in the darkness. There was no definite reason for this conduct. It was one of those impulses that sometimes came to him. He remained in the shadows for fifteen minutes and his impulse and patience were rewarded. A man emerged from the hotel office and walked down the steps to the sidewalk. Bednigo recognized the spruce, dandyish figure of Wesley Maury.

Three commissioners arrived in Omaha with smug intention to master the entire Indian question in a week's time. They were pompous gentlemen in high silk hats and coats with tails. Their minds were made up before they arrived, though not one of them ever had seen a red man on his native prairie. They had been well and truly briefed by the Secretary of the Interior, and so were hostile to the railroad, to General Dodge, to any request that would be made for firm, intelligent action against the painted and feathered warriors.

Grenville Dodge met them and escorted them to a camp on the Loup Fork River, where, to their manifest dissatisfaction, he established them in army tents and fed them upon the regular rations supplied to the crews—which were notable rather for quantity than quality.

"We have been sent here by Congress," said Commissioner Whitehouse inclemently, "to investigate without fear or favor the grievances of these wards of the nation. Already much evidence of broken treaties, brutal harshness that has risen to the height of massacre, has been presented to us in Washington. What we require of you, General Dodge, is to make arrangements so that we can take the direct testimony of responsible Indian chieftains."

"Did you perhaps bring congressional subpoenas?" Dodge asked, seething inwardly, but outwardly suave.

"Formal subpoenas," replied Commissioner Wills, "should not be required. Proper representatives of the Indians should be eager to present their side of the picture."

"And how, gentlemen, would you suggest delivering your invitations to these chiefs? They are scattered over a vast area of millions of square miles. At the present hour they are on the warpath. Any messenger carrying your invitation would receive short shrift. I await your suggestions."

"Nonsense!" Commissioner Pettibone, a gentleman of huge belly and side whiskers, said testily. "They are reasonable human beings. If the reason for our presence were explained to them ——"

"When," Dodge said straitly, "your scalp is drying in a lodge and your body is so full of arrows you look like a hedgehog, it is difficult to present arguments."

"That," retorted Wills, "is your well-known attitude, General Dodge." He sneered, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian. We have been informed by impeccable authority that you have spread these slanders—about human beings who only seek to protect their homes and their hunting grounds—solely for the purpose of securing further subsidies from Congress and of securing great numbers of soldiers to help in the construction of your railroad."

"A railroad," added Commissioner Whitehouse, "which many wise and important men in Washington regard as a chimerical project devised only as a means of fleecing a gullible public."

General Dodge looked from one to the other of the politicians and replied with restraint. "It is agreeable," he said, "to have men so unbiased as yourselves sent to investigate the situation."

"Our time," Wills said in his arrogant way, "is limited. We place the responsibility upon you, General Dodge, to see to it that we sit down, as your saying goes, around the council fire with the most powerful chiefs of the several tribes."

"General," said Bednigo Claypool, who had been present at this initial conference with the commissioners, "these gentlemen wish to form opinions of the Sioux and Cheyennes and other nations by personal contact." His heavy face was bland. "I think, general, that it will be safe to assure the commission of the possibility—even certainty—of what they desire."

Dodge frowned and peered at Bednigo dubiously. Before he could formulate a question, Commissioner Wills said unpleasantly, "Young man, your disposition seems to be more co-operative than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the general's. When may we expect such a meeting?"

Bednigo's face remained bland. "Why, sir, in dealing with the Indians, things often happen much more suddenly than one would expect."

"Further discussion will serve no purpose," Whitehouse said. "You know our requirements. And our urgency."

They arose with solemn dignity and withdrew to their quarters. The general, when they were out of earshot, confronted Bednigo. "Just what," he demanded, "are you up to?"

"Why, General Dodge!" Bednigo exclaimed with an air of injured innocence. "The gentlemen wish to see Indians, do they not? After coming so far, it would be a pity to disappoint them. Have I your permission, sir, to go to my quarters? I must catch up with my work."

At an early hour the camp was asleep. The only sounds to disturb the silence were the snores arising from tents and other shelters. The moon in a cloudless sky touched everything with an eerie silver, an uncanny light that turned the scene into the surface of some dead planet. All about stretched illimitable stillness. The three commissioners, unused to such abysmal absence of sound, lay sleepless and apprehensive. One after the other, they arose from their cots and dragged the tails of their long flannel nightshirts to the flaps of their tents, to stare uncomfortably at the ghostly brightness.

Suddenly there was sound—the thunder of hundreds of unshod hoofs, the awful, squalling war cry of the Sioux. Torches flared as what seemed to be innumerable savages urged their lunging ponies among the sleeping tents. They lashed their howling way from end to end of the encampment to an accompaniment of barbaric clamor. They turned and ran their ponies through the camp again, overturning tents and structures, applying the torch to piles of rubbish prepared for them to create lurid fires. It was pandemonium. Sleepy, unarmed men rushed hither and thither, seeking shelter. A couple of cars on the siding went up in flames; the tents of the commissioners, first overturned when their guy ropes were cut, were put to the torch. Twice more the howling savages lunged through the camp wreaking havoc, and then, with final, defiant whoops, vanished to northward.

General Dodge, in his nightshirt, endeavored to convert chaos into order. Miraculously his tent and belongings had been spared, though the rest of the camp was leveled in smoking ashes. Bednigo, his face an expressionless mask, hunted for the commissioners. He found them huddled together among the reeds of a bog at the river's edge, where bedraggled nightgowns failed to cover hairy, shivering legs.

Never had Bednigo witnessed such grotesque terror as they clung together, teeth clattering, incoherent prayers pleading that imminent death should stay its hand.

"Why, gentlemen!" Bednigo said.

"Is it over? Are we safe?" Whitehouse stammered.

"We drove them off," Bednigo answered. "A close thing. Not a soldier to protect us. A wonder there's a scalp left in the camp."

He led them, limping and moaning, to the place where their tents had been, but where now were only ashes and destruction.

"Our clothes! Our baggage!" Commissioner Wills wailed, and well he might, for the soggy nightgowns in which they stood were all the earthly property that remained to them. Silk hats, tail coats, fine linen and costly boots were gone forever. They stood numb, stricken, bewildered and helpless.

"Well, gentlemen," Bednigo said, "you wanted to see Injuns. Well, you've seen 'em."

In this posture, General Dodge came upon them. A quick hand over his mouth concealed his grin. He was gravely sympathetic. The commissioners were in a rage.

"Damn and blast the army!" Whitehouse bleated. "Sending us out here to be massacred without protection! Somebody'll hear about this!"

"Oh," General Dodge said, "we're quite used to it."

"I want to get a telegram off to Washington," Wills grated.

"Sorry, sir," the general said. "Wires have been cut. It will be days before a message can get through."

"Indians!" raved Whitehouse. "Tame Indians! Peaceful Indians! Murdering beasts! Hideous creatures! Ought to be exterminated like vermin!"

"Why, sir, wouldn't it be a bit severe to exterminate them? Reason with them, sir. Deal with them man to man."

"Deal with them!" shouted Wills. "Deal with wolves! Deal with catamounts." He looked at his two unhappy companions. "I say that we're ready to make our report. I say we've seen enough. I say we'll start for Washington on the first train."

"Not," said Bednigo softly, "till you git some pants."

The general and Bednigo made the three as comfortable as possible, and then Dodge ordered Bednigo to his tent.

"Sit down, Claypool!" he ordered savagely.

Bednigo seated himself on a camp stool and waited.

"This is your work!" the general accused.

Bednigo sat mute.

"Hundreds of dollars of damage!" General Dodge said furiously. "How do I explain that? How do I explain any of it? You're discharged, Claypool! Get out of this camp! Never let me set eyes on you again!"

"Anybuddy git killed?" Bednigo asked mildly.

"Not your fault if they weren't!"

"I was wonderin' if you noticed them three?" Bednigo asked. "With p'ticular attention to knobby knees 'n' hairy shanks. Dunno's I ever see three so kind of lackin' in pomposity.... Um.... General, haow much would you of been willing to pungle up out of your own pocket to get the kind of report out of those fellers like you're agoin' to git? Say twice what damage was done, eh? Hain't it worth every cent to the railroad?" He looked at the general and giggled. "I can't get the sight of those shiverin' shanks out of my mind."

Dodge fought for self-control, then threw back his head and guffawed.

Bednigo remained grave. "Be I still discharged, general?" he asked.

"Can this caper be kept secret?" the general asked.

"When I connive a connivin'," Bednigo said, "I don't leave loopholes in it."

"Where," Dodge asked, "did you get those Indians?"

"Who? Me? How ever would I get Indians? Was that a question you want answered, general?"

"Come to think of it, no," General Dodge replied. "Get out of here and go to bed—if you can find one. I ought to kick you out of your job tonight and make you walk to Omaha. Before I'm through, you'll get me into hot water that will scald me."

"General," said Bednigo.

"What is it now?"

"If," said Bednigo, "you kind of appoint me to escort those sterling citizens to Omaha?"

"Now what?" Dodge demanded.

"Wa-al," Bednigo drawled, "by the time we reached town, pervidin' we move slow, I guarantee I'll have their report to Congress all written for them."

"Get out of this tent," Dodge said, but not angrily. "I'll bet you have it written to the last period and comma." He stood up and pressed his large hand upon Bednigo's shoulder. "Careful, son," he said gravely, "that someday you don't outsmart yourself."

Bednigo paused, his hand on the tent flap. He spoke diffidently, chin lowered to his breast. "Kind of rankles," he said, "that you aren't willing to trust me all the way."

"In my place," asked the general, "would you?"

"No," Bednigo answered without hesitation. "How much do you calc'late a hundred shares of Crédit Mobilier is worth?"

"Maybe five thousand dollars. Maybe more. Why?"

"I was offered them to spy onto you."

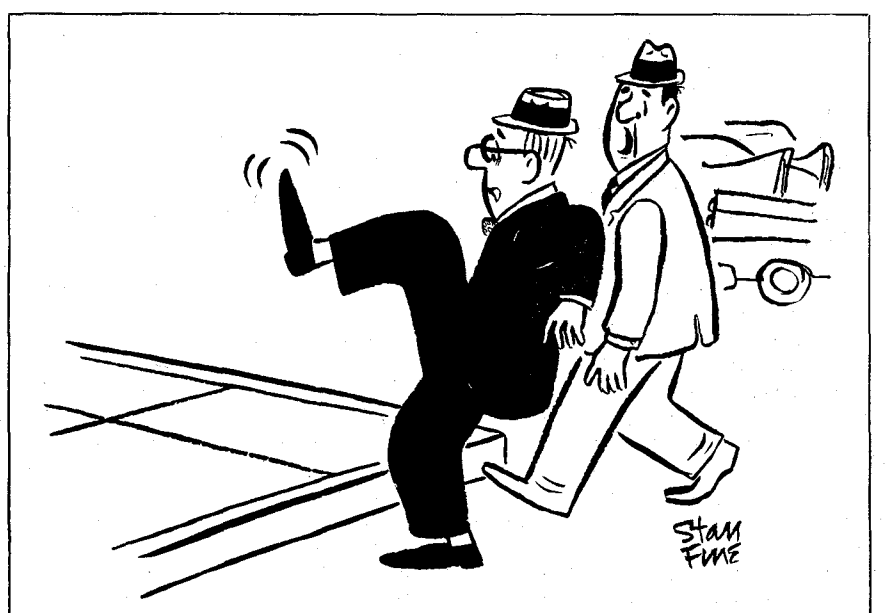
"By whom?" the general asked.

"The way I figger it, Thomas C. Durant."

"And what did you answer?"

"I took it under advisement," Bednigo answered and, dropping the tent flap, disappeared into the silvery night.

TO BE CONTINUED




"New bifocals, eh?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Guess Who Needs the NODOZ®

Keep on your toes with NoDoz.

■ When you get drowsy while working, reading, watching television or driving... play it smart; play it safe... take NoDoz Tablets.

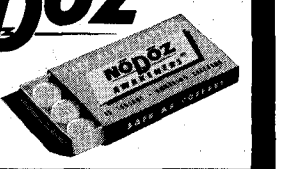
■ Recent clinical tests by prominent New York doctors prove that for most people NoDoz increases mental efficiency and alertness within minutes. Caffeine is the only active ingredient in NoDoz. Safe as coffee and much more convenient.

■ Keep a package handy... at the office, at home, in your car, in your pocket.

Product of Grove Laboratories, Inc. St. Louis, Mo.

NODOZ®

America's famous aid to safe driving since 1933.




DINSMORE Compasses

Beautiful, precision made. Designed and styled for modern cars. Dinsmore compasses save you time and money by showing you the right way —the short cuts. An ideal gift for every one who drives.

ONLY COMPASS APPROVED BY AUTO MAKERS!

WRITE FOR COMPASS HISTORY FOLDER

TRAVELITE $5.95 (ILLUMINATED)
GUIDEWAY $4.95 (NON-ILLUMINATED)
SEE YOUR DEALER

DINSMORE INSTRUMENT CO., 1801-43 Kelso St., Flint 1, Mich.

acid INDIGESTION?

GET TOTAL RELIEF FROM EXCESS STOMACH ACIDS IN 4 SECONDS!

PUTS ALL THE FIZZ WHERE THE TROUBLE IS!

Helps You Overcome

FALSE TEETH

Looseness and Worry

No longer be annoyed or feel ill-at-ease because of loose, wobbly false teeth. FASTEETH, an improved alkaline (non-acid) powder, sprinkled on your plates holds them firmer so they feel more comfortable. Avoid embarrassment caused by loose plates. Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# How We Became the Champs

(Continued from Page 25)

four minutes and forty-six seconds had passed. By that time we had a 9–2 lead. We needed it, too, because it took us three overtime periods to beat Kansas for the title, 54–53. It was our thirty-second straight victory in an undefeated season.

I don't mean to imply that getting Chamberlain "all shook up" was the whole answer in our final victory, but it helped. Many things enter into the kind of success we had. Naturally, you've got to have the horses. You spend a lot of time on player recruiting, and on advance planning, scouting and strategy. But in the end, basketball comes down to being a game of mistakes. Other things being equal, the team which makes the fewest mistakes or capitalizes most on the other team's errors will come out on top.

Our victory over Kansas was a classic illustration of this basketball principle. I'm convinced we beat Kansas because the Jayhawks pulled a strategic boner when they could have locked up the game. Our boys knew exactly how to take advantage of the lapse.

With ten minutes and twenty seconds to go in the second half, Kansas took its biggest lead to that point, 40–37. We were in a precarious position. We had played a triple overtime the night before in the semifinal against Michigan State. The boys were tired. We also had a bad foul situation. There were four personal fouls against Joe Quigg, and three each against Kearns and All-American Lennie Rosenbluth.

As I see it, Kansas should have pressed that foul situation, and also our weariness. They had the momentum, after eating up our 29–22 halftime lead and going in front themselves. But instead of putting on the pressure, Kansas went into a stall for the next few minutes. With six minutes and fifty-seven seconds to go they made it a solid freeze.

The local crowd in the jam-packed Municipal Auditorium at Kansas City just loved that. We had played ball control all night, and now their team was giving us a dose of our own bitter brew. The fans didn't realize that I loved it even more than they did. The slowdown gave us the chance to stay alive.

I raised my hand to the team in a cautioning gesture, five fingers spread. The boys knew this meant, "Let them kill the ball until there are five minutes to play."

We stood at our end of the court and let Kansas play catch. At five minutes I waved my hand and the boys went after them. They'd given us time to get our second wind, and provided us a safety margin in the foul column. We did eventually lose one man, Rosenbluth, who drew his fifth personal with one minute and forty-five seconds left. But it could have been even worse. Without meaning to, the Kansas players had dropped the whip they held.

This was an unusual game in a number of ways. Our entire approach had to be geared to one man, Wilt Chamberlain. That stunt of having our smallest man jump against him on the opening tip-off was only a small part of it.

In the dressing room before the game I told the boys only a few basic things. I said that I didn't care if we didn't take a single shot in the first half if the shot opportunity wasn't a good one. Against Chamberlain this involved special considerations. We must not shoot when he was under or near his defensive backboard, where he could block the shot or rebound it. Our job was to box him out from under the boards. Any shot we tried had to be a facing shot—that is, with the shooter facing the basket, where he could see Chamberlain. Right off, that ruled out pivot shooting by Lennie Rosenbluth, our highest scorer.

When the game began we were happy to see that Kansas was using a box-and-one defense. One man, Maurice King, chased Lennie all over the court, while the four others played a zone. King was Kansas' best defensive player. He played Lennie chest to chest. We'd come up against this before, when it was used as a spite defense to hold down Rosenbluth's scoring. That kind of defense couldn't beat us. We had five shooters, not one.

Meanwhile Chamberlain took a defensive position on the foul line. Another player was behind Chamberlain almost under the basket, and two others were on his wings. Fine, that's what we liked. We

**Let the Post Say "Merry Christmas" for You!**

If you are wondering how to say "Merry Christmas" this year, let a gift subscription to the POST say it for you. You know what pleasure each issue brings!

By giving POST gift subscriptions, you'll be sending along this same pleasure again and again all year long—52 times!

There's a handy order form bound in this issue. Just fill it in and mail it TODAY—we'll gladly bill you later on. A colorful gift card, in your name, will be sent to announce each POST gift at Christmastime.

spread our offense. Joe Quigg played in one corner and Pete Brennan in the other. Kearns and Bobby Cunningham played the backcourt. That gave us room for corner shots, which are tough, but we made them. Quigg hit a couple real quick. Brennan pushed in two. Kearns dropped one from thirty feet. In about six minutes we had a 13–6 lead, and they couldn't afford to give us those shots any more. They came out of the box-and-one and played us man-to-man, pressing from the middle of the floor.

We still had the problem of defending against Chamberlain when Kansas had the ball. We gambled on letting the other Kansas players take shots so long as we could hold him down. Wilt scored only six field goals and eleven fouls in fifty-five minutes—including the three overtime periods.

Quigg played in front of Chamberlain, harassing him and trying to block any passes to him. We collapsed off the other men, so that we surrounded Wilt. That is, the four other men were distributed in a zone defense, but the whole pattern centered around Chamberlain. Each man was always in a position to move in on Wilt. The weak-side men—those on the side away from the ball—always helped out Quigg. This gave Kansas opportunities for corner shots, but they couldn't or wouldn't take them.

When a shot was taken by Kansas, our boys didn't go for the rebound; they went for Chamberlain. He'd find two men in front of him and two behind him. We knew nobody could outrebound him, so we had to block him. The one man who was in the most disadvantageous position for blocking Chamberlain would go up on the board for the rebound.

Even so, Chamberlain came down with fourteen of Kansas' twenty-eight rebounds. However, we snared forty-two. When you have the ball, the other team can't score. That was our object—to keep the ball away from the Stilt by slowing up our game while always keeping an eye on him.

It took a clutch ball club to accomplish that. Most coaches who saw our team during the year said that the greatest single factor distinguishing North Carolina was its poise. We made a point of keeping our mistakes to a minimum. We were careful not to walk or to throw bad passes. When we shot, it was a good shot. When we were forced into overtime games, as we were against South Carolina, Maryland, Michigan State and Kansas, the boys knew what had to be done.

We prepare for such emergencies by what we call "practicing with the clock." We apply theoretical situations in practice-game settings. I use a big stop clock and holler to the boys, "A minute to play. You're four points ahead," and see how they react to the job of protecting a four-point lead. Then I change to, "You're four points behind. It's a minute to play," and see how well they can apply a pressing defense.

There are dozens of such situations. You want the kids to be familiar with all of them. Our first overtime win of the year, against South Carolina, showed how basketball-wise our kids were.

It was our fourth game of the season. We trailed by three points in the overtime with forty seconds left. I said to myself, "Uh-oh, this one's gone." A second later, there was a rebound off our basket. Stanley Groll, the eighth man on the squad, went up and came down with the ball. Instead of trying to put the ball through the hoop, which a lot of players instinctively would do, Groll faked a shot. The whole South Carolina team went up to block it, but Groll dribbled the ball back to the foul line and handed it off to Kearns. Tommy drove in, laid the ball up, and was fouled as the shot went in. He made the free throw for the three-point play we needed to tie. The play was executed under the most heated game conditions exactly as we had practiced it in our own gym.

We have movies taken of all our games. A file is kept on each team we're going to play—every observation, every newspaper clipping or comment. We save brochures. During games, our student manager sits next to me on the bench and records all comments I make. That goes into the file as well.

A week before each game the coaches start working on it. We give the information about an opponent to the boys at blackboard sessions which last about two hours.

One thing we don't tell the boys in advance is what defense and offense we're going to use—zone or man-to-man, fast break or slowdown. In the locker room fifteen minutes before a game they'll be told. Until then we give them all the possibilities. We want them to be prepared for anything.

Occasionally, of course, I might try to steam up a fellow ahead of time. I did it with Cunningham, who came to me a week before our second game with South Carolina last season and said he'd like to play Grady Wallace, the highest college scorer in the nation. The first time, Wallace had got thirty-five points against us.

"O.K.," I told Cunningham, "you can play Wallace, but I think he's too good for you, Bobby." I had Cunningham boiling by the time of the game. Wallace got only three field goals, and two were scored when Bobby wasn't in there. It was one of the greatest man-to-man defensive exhibitions I've ever seen.

At North Carolina last season we were a good year ahead of the timetable I set for myself when I quit coaching at St. John's, of Brooklyn, to come to Chapel Hill, in August, 1952. If anybody had told me then that in five years my team would win a national championship, I'd have examined his head closely to see if it had holes.

In my fifth and last season at St. John's we had gone to the N.C.A.A. final in Seattle, only to be beaten by Kansas. But at St. John's there was a deep basketball tradition. For years the Redmen had been rated among the nation's leaders. In my first season at North Carolina, one of the basketball yearbooks gave us a rating of 278th among the top 600 colleges in the country playing the game.

According to my personal timetable, the present season was to be the one in which we'd hit the top flight. As things originally shaped up, we figured to be a better team this year than we were last year, even without Lennie Rosenbluth, who started this season with the Philadelphia Warriors. However, we lost Joe Quigg with a broken leg in practice last month. I don't expect to win the title again, nor do I expect us to continue undefeated. A safe prediction would be that we'll be beaten early in the season. Honestly I hope that happens. It's no fun being a marked man.

Having said that, I'll now mark another target on my back with this observation: There's no reason in the world for a coach not to come up with a winning team year after year. All he has to do is stay alert in recruiting. Right now I have a fair line on the players we're going to have at North Carolina through 1961.

I generally start searching out players when they're sophomores and juniors in high school. At present we have a list of close to 100 future prospects in mind. A file is kept on all these boys. Some of them don't know yet that we're watching them.

The boy may be playing in a school, or in some hotel in the Catskill Mountains summer circuit in New York, or attending a basketball camp, such as the one run by Clair Bee, the former Long Island University coach. He has some boys there who are only thirteen or fourteen years old, but already they've been labeled potentials.

Most of my best players have come from the Metropolitan New York area. It isn't true that McGuire wants only New York boys, as some of our competitors tell prospects. One of my biggest regrets is that of the ten or twelve North Carolina high-school boys to whom I've offered scholarships in the past five years, only two have accepted. However, New York is my old home territory. While at St. John's I was known to practically everybody around the city who was interested in basketball. I had friends in the police and fire departments and on the water front. They were my unofficial scouts.

When I first moved to Chapel Hill, I was afraid I had cut myself off from these people. My fears were unfounded. My friends still write me when they see a boy they think can play ball.

We average about five to seven letters a day on recruiting. We answer every letter, and I have people like Harry Gotkin, Jack LaRocca, Bill Kenney and other old-time buddies look the boys over for me. Whenever it is geographically possible (*Continued on Page 90*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# First from Pittsburgh

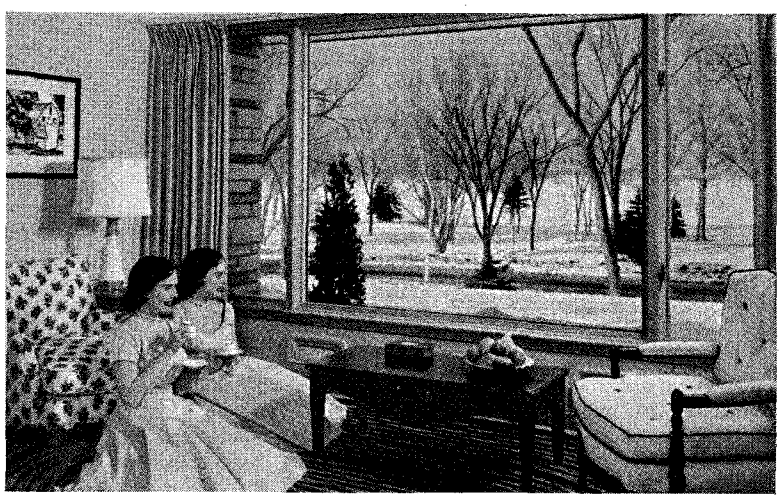
## two types of insulating glass for your home

### TWINDOW-METAL EDGE

### TWINDOW-GLASS EDGE

**The truly modern** home is the home that has TWINDOW insulating windowpanes. And with Pittsburgh's two types of TWINDOW, it is possible for you to have them throughout your home at a cost that is no more than what you would pay for regular windows plus storm windows.

TWINDOW keeps your home warmer in winter, cooler in summer. It cuts down on heating and cooling costs. It reduces window icing and steaming. It eliminates the need for storm windows. Why not consult your architect or builder for complete information?



**TWINDOW®**

INSULATING GLASS

Paints • Glass • Chemicals Brushes • Plastics • Fiber Glass

**PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY**

In Canada: Canadian Pittsburgh Industries Limited

FILL IN AND RETURN THIS COUPON FOR OUR FREE BOOK (Please Print)

Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company
Room 7407, 632 Fort Duquesne Blvd., Pittsburgh 22, Pennsylvania

Without obligation, please send me your free book on TWINDOW . . . the twin-glass windowpane with insulation built in.

**Name**_____

**Street**_____

**City**_____ **Zone**_____ **State**_____

If you live in California, Oregon or Washington, send to: W. P. Fuller & Co., Room 949, 301 Mission St., San Francisco 19, Calif.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 88*) I look the boy over myself. If we like the boy enough we ask him to pay us a visit and see our beautiful campus.

We've been accused of paying basketball players to enroll at North Carolina. That's not true. We have what is called an Educational Foundation at Chapel Hill. It is supported by alumni who contribute money for scholarships. A "century member"—one who contributes $100—gets better seats at the football games. Unfortunately our gym is too small for the same benefit to apply at basketball games.

An out-of-state scholarship at North Carolina has a nominal value of $1250 a year, but with the training table and the way we travel and the way the boys live, it comes easily to $2000. It's a complete scholarship, including books and fifteen dollars a month for dry cleaning and laundry.

So much time is spent at practice and blackboard sessions, and so many classes are missed due to traveling, that we have private tutors for players who get behind on their studies. If boys can't hold their averages they're dropped from college. Bill Hathaway, Harvey Salz and Stanley Groll were lost to us that way last season. Groll—who saved that early South Carolina game—and Salz would have made the best backcourt combination I've seen since Rip Kaplinsky and Java Gotkin played with me at St. John's.

I'm allowed twenty scholarships a year, but I've never used the full twenty. I carry between sixteen and eighteen, leaving some open for good boys who matriculate in February. The ideal spread, as I see it, would be five players coming, five going, five staying and a few extras.

Many of my players at North Carolina have come from backgrounds similar to my own. I was the youngest in a family of thirteen. My father was a New York City policeman. On his modest pay he couldn't provide us many advantages. Basketball gave me the chance for a college education, and helped change me from a New York wise guy.

At North Carolina last winter the players really put out for me, maybe more than I had a right to expect. Looking back now, I can pinpoint the day when we eliminated the final obstacle which could have prevented us from jelling into a team capable of winning the title. In a practice session a week before the season opened, some of the fellows had words on the court. I didn't care who was right or wrong. A coach has no business taking sides, but he must move to eliminate the discord.

I had made the point to the team that Lennie Rosenbluth was going to be the hub around whom we'd move. He'd become our high scorer and an All-American. I was asking the other boys to sacrifice themselves for Rosenbluth for the good of the team, but apparently I hadn't sold the idea.

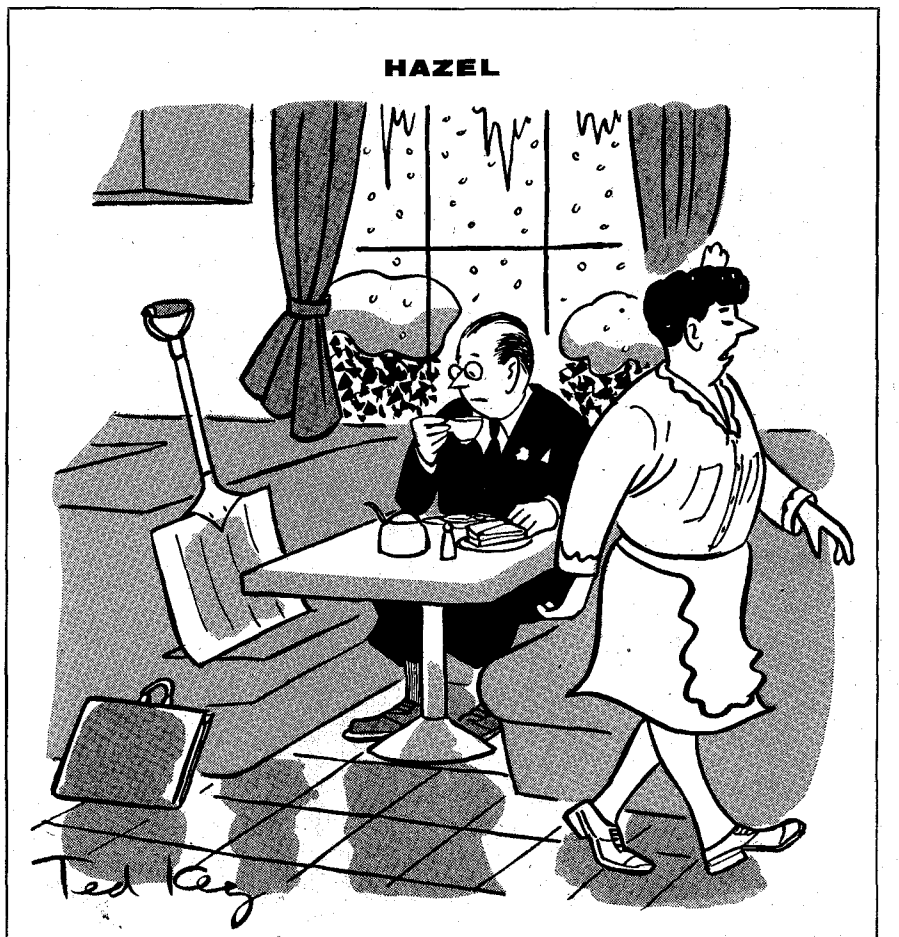
Brennan, who is six-feet-six, had played pivot in high school. So had Quigg, who is six-feet-nine. Both were stars in their own right, and now they were being told to subordinate themselves to Rosenbluth—to protect Lennie, get the rebounds for him and feed him whenever they could.

Jealousy is always a problem. It looked as though cliques would form. Brennan and Quigg were close friends. Cunningham and Kearns were together. Lennie would be alone.

I threw the problem into Lennie's lap. "You're the captain," I told him. "After dinner hold a meeting with the boys. I don't want to know what this is all about. I just want this thing settled."

The next day Lennie told me, "Everything will be all right. We had a meeting and got it settled. A lot was my fault, some theirs. There'll be nothing to worry about from now on."

I couldn't have asked Lennie to conduct such a "gripe session" if I hadn't been so close to the boys for so long. I'd known Lennie himself even before I'd come to North Carolina. Buck Freeman, under whom I'd played at St. John's and who became my assistant at Chapel Hill, had worked with Lennie when the boy was at James Monroe High School, in New York. The city's high-school coaches were on strike then, and no basketball was being played in the schools. Freeman would take Lennie to a gym and instruct him in shooting. He kept telling me about Rosenbluth.




"Before you head for the office. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

When I came to North Carolina, Freeman and Harry Gotkin insisted that I take Lennie with me. But his marks weren't high enough for admission. Gotkin convinced Mrs. Rosenbluth that if Lennie could better his grades, I would take her boy. Mrs. Rosenbluth entered her son in Staunton Military Academy, in Virginia. She actually hocked her furs—$800, I think it was—to pay his tuition in prep school to get him ready for us.

Lennie's Staunton team won a prep-school tournament at Glens Falls, New York. Scholarship offers of all kinds rolled in on him after that, but his mother said, "We made a promise to Mr. Gotkin, and he made a promise to us."

The point is, Rosenbluth was tied in a bond to me as I was to him. It was the same with all of the players. Kearns, for instance, was only a lowly sophomore substitute for St. Ann's Academy for Boys, in New York, when I first saw him and encouraged him. I had gone to scout another boy, named Powers, but near the end of the game they put in this younger kid. I talked to Tommy after the game, and kept in touch with him regularly for the next two years. When other colleges began courting him, his loyalty to me made him decide to come to North Carolina.

As for Cunningham, he had been Tommy's rival in high school. Bobby played for All Hallows High. I'd never seen him play, but I agreed to give him a scholarship on the recommendation of his coach, Dick King. I wasn't being generous. A half-dozen other colleges had made the same offer or a better one.

In Bobby's final year he fell through a glass door and had to have thirty-eight stitches taken in his arm. The word got out that he wouldn't be able to use his fingers. Many of the other colleges ditched him. I held to my promise. I visited his home and told him he would have his scholarship whether or not he could play for us.

There were similar personal relationships with Brennan and Quigg, and in the end I was the richer for it. I never had to crack a whip over the team. When a little extra effort was required, the boys were able to call upon some source within themselves to produce it.

I went to Quigg with a problem one day early last season. I wanted to develop Bill Hathaway, a seven-foot sophomore, as Rosenbluth's replacement. Bill couldn't learn by sitting on the bench. Neither could he learn much playing a few minutes, late in a game.

I said to Quigg, "With your permission I want to try something. I want to start Hathaway in some early games, and maybe he'll develop enough experience for us to use him at important points in the games later on."

When I began starting Hathaway, I could see the student body was upset. They knew Billy wasn't as good as Joe. They talked about it on the campus and downtown.

"Let them gripe, coach," Joe said. "We know what we're doing."

We never did get a final answer on this experiment, because Hathaway wound up flunking out of school, as I mentioned earlier.

Knowing what you're doing and having the players who can do it, there's still no way to avoid stresses and strains when you're riding a winning streak as we were last year. The phone at home started ringing more. There were more newspaper pictures taken. People would stop me on the streets and say, "You're going all the way." The other teams started pointing for us. It became a crusade to beat North Carolina.

Our friends suddenly became superstitious. Kay Kyser, the orchestra leader, who is one of our stanchest rooters, couldn't stand the excitement of our games. He'd sit in his car until they were over, and then badger everybody for details.

I pretended it wasn't touching me. I'm a coach who shows little emotion on the bench, but I'm in torment. I'd be better off if I let out steam. Then I wouldn't walk the floor until dawn, easing up. By our nineteenth victory I couldn't hold it in any more. Returning to the dressing room between the halves of the Virginia game, I punched the door. Only our student manager, Joel Fleischman, saw me do it, but I remembered it for two weeks, my arm was that sore.

The players seemed to take the pressure far better than the fans or I did. Everybody was waiting for them to crack under it, but these kids wouldn't—not even in the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament, which is a Hatfield-McCoy feud. We had to beat Wake Forest for the fourth time that season in the semifinal round. No game, not even the Kansas overtime, was tougher than winning that one, 61–59.

There was one point when Brennan was on the foul line. Bones McKinney, a real fine man and a Baptist minister—now the Deacons' head coach but then an assistant—shouted at Pete, "Don't choke up, Brennan!"

Pete just tossed in that foul shot, then ran by McKinney, shouting, "How's that for choking, Bones?"

While I'm on the conference tournament, I want to register the most sincere protest against it. This tournament has no reason for existing other than the $50,000 or so the conference profits from it. Our team had won twenty-four straight going into it, but if we'd had an off night in any one of our three games, we wouldn't have been able to go on to the N.C.A.A. tournament.

Not only that, but in our conference only one team is allowed to play in a postseason tournament. Wake Forest, not making the N.C.A.A., was not permitted to go to the National Invitation Tournament in New York. I went into the Deacons' dressing room after our game. They just sat there, stunned. It was a depressing way for five of their seniors to end their college playing careers.

I know what the feeling of losing—even the fear of losing—can do to you. It was pointed up for me the morning after we'd beaten North Carolina State, 83–57, for our fifteenth straight victory. We'd been No. 2 in the national ratings behind Kansas for some time. After the State win, however, we were rated tops in the nation.

Patsy, my fifteen-year-old daughter, burst into our room with the newspaper. "Daddy, you're Number One! You're Number One!" she shouted.

I was overjoyed, but from the other room I heard the piping voice of Carol Ann, our ten-year-old, and it brought me down to earth.

"There's only one way to go now, daddy, isn't there?" she called.

That's something I'll try not to forget this season. We'll try to win the national title again, but if we can't I'll have to learn how to go down as well as up. That's a part of his education that a basketball coach should never neglect. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

December 14, 1957

# Mrs. Brown loves Beige

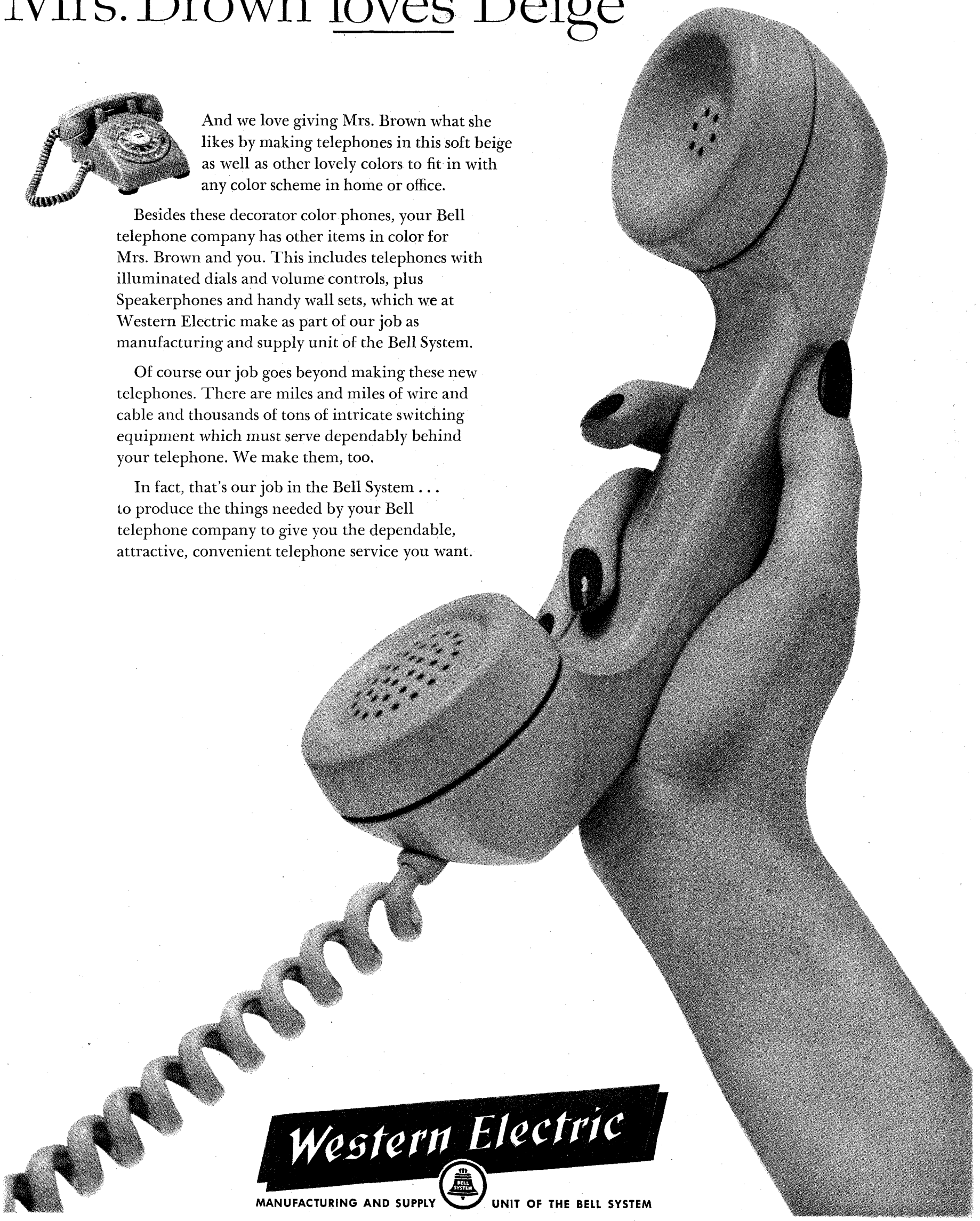


And we love giving Mrs. Brown what she likes by making telephones in this soft beige as well as other lovely colors to fit in with any color scheme in home or office.

Besides these decorator color phones, your Bell telephone company has other items in color for Mrs. Brown and you. This includes telephones with illuminated dials and volume controls, plus Speakerphones and handy wall sets, which we at Western Electric make as part of our job as manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System.

Of course our job goes beyond making these new telephones. There are miles and miles of wire and cable and thousands of tons of intricate switching equipment which must serve dependably behind your telephone. We make them, too.

In fact, that's our job in the Bell System . . . to produce the things needed by your Bell telephone company to give you the dependable, attractive, convenient telephone service you want.



**Western Electric**

MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAN, HERE'S HEAT!

Without Flame

jon-e warmer

KEEPS YOU WARM OUTDOORS!

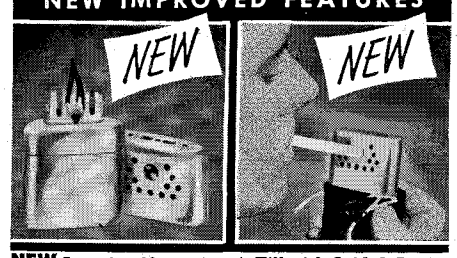
Be comfortable! Hunters, football fans, a heated Jon-e Warmer will help keep you WARM in the coldest weather. It's like carrying a "personal radiator" in your pocket. The Jon-e is beautifully chrome-plated and ruggedly made to WARM you a lifetime of cold winters. New draw-string carrying bag is included with each. Keep WARM this season, get your Jon-e NOW!

**STANDARD SIZE JON-E** heats all day on 1 filling (1 oz.) of fluid sold everywhere. With carrying bag . . **$3.95**

**GIANT G.I. SIZE** for extreme cold. Heats 2 full days on 1 filling. With carrying bag, only . . . . . **$4.95**

**JON-E FLUID** faster lighting, longer lasting. Excellent for cigarette lighters too. **8** oz. can, **45c, 16** oz. can, **75c**

NEW IMPROVED FEATURES




**NEW** Jon-e is self-starting. 1. Fill with fluid. 2. Ignite new pilot-light at side of burner. 3. After 30 seconds blow out flame. Your Jon-e will be generating heat without flame. Carry in drawstring bag or pocket.
**NEW** Jon-e is also a wind proof lighter. Just insert your cigarette into the special hole in the cover.

**DUCK & DEER HUNTERS • ICE FISHERMEN**

**New JON-E BODY BELT** will keep you warm all over. Holds 2 heated Standard size Jon-e Warmers over the kidneys. Adjustable belt fits everyone. Color, red. Body Belt only **$1.95**

**New JON-E MUFF** for sportsmen, football fans. Zipper pocket holds a heated Jon-e Warmer. Adjustable belt hangs around neck or buckles around waist. Beautifully made of water resistant poplin, 100% wool-lined. Colors: Red or brown. Muff only. . . . . **$3.50**

at all sporting goods, hdwe. and dept. stores.

**ALADDIN LABORATORIES, INC.**
Department P • 620 So. 8th St., Minneapolis, Minn.


# Keeping Posted

## Big Salmon and Bigger Whales

**John Wesley Noble,** page 36, found that whalers, although they kill the earth's biggest creatures, are reticent about their exploits and don't care to have outsiders ("Jonahs, as it were") go to sea with them. Noble spent several nights at the whaling station "standing in guck up to my ankles, watching the flensers dismantle the big beasts and hearing reasons why I shouldn't go out with the killers." He had a head cold, and was glad, believing it helped fend off the ghastly smell of the place; he didn't know that this odor stores itself up on nasal membranes, the way ambergris helps preserve perfume aroma, but he found out when his nose cleared up—it smelled awful. The whalers accepted Noble aboard when they discovered that he, like most of them, hailed from the Oregon-coast country and first saw live whales while working there long ago as a salmon fisherman. "I can show webfeet to prove this."

Last summer Noble, his wife and son Bob went salmon fishing, and that's a 28-pounder in the photo. Frankly, the fish was borrowed. Noble says the salmon *they* caught had already gone to the cannery, and no doubt this is true.

John Wesley Noble, son Bob and salmon.

## One Blizzard Too Many

**John Maynard's** collaboration with actress **June Allyson** made him come to associate her with a bulldozer. "This wasn't due to any structural mischance of hers—she does not look like one." It seems that the very morning Maynard (page 17) started writing the Allyson series in his Los Angeles home a platoon of bulldozers began carving up the adjacent land for new houses, emitting constant brain-curdling ROARS. When the nerve-racked writer finished his manuscript, the bulldozers left.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard, and Dick and June Powell, live in the same Los Angeles canyon; John and June were both born on Manhattan Island, but they weren't aware of each other in those days. At the time of the 1947 blizzard in New York, Maynard was a drama columnist, and he and Mrs. M. lived in a penthouse. When the blizzard melted down through the roof and had to be caught in pails, Maynard said the heck with this, and they moved to Los Angeles. There, Maynard shifted to newspaper sports columning, resulting in several sports articles in the Post. If the author's glasses in the picture seem to have no lenses, that's right, they haven't—they're a hearing aid. Maynard has only one hobby: sitting in a chair.

Dick Powell, June Allyson, John Maynard.

Everybody's friend: Walt Disney.

## From the Post to Books and Movies

Walt Disney's immortal cartoon characters are beloved by everybody from youngsters to oldest oldsters; and a similarly ageless reader reception greeted Walt's life story when his daughter **Diane Disney Miller,** assisted by the famed **Pete Martin,** told it in the Post, Nov. 17, 1956, through Jan. 5, 1957. Now comes the new Miller-Martin book, The Story of Walt Disney, recently issued by Holt at a favorable moment to be used as a Christmas gift. It has no less than 50 biographical photos, many of them hitherto unpublished.

**John Marquand's** Rendezvous in Tokyo, an eight-part serial that opened in the Post 13 months ago, did nicely as a book titled Stopover Tokyo, spending 12 weeks on the New York Times best-seller list. Now it is circulating in the theaters as a 20th Century-Fox movie.

Glenn Ford will be the star in M-G-M's new film Imitation General, based on **Bill Chamberlain's** strong story in the Nov. 17, '56 Post. Although Ford's contract still has two years to go, M-G-M have just signed him to a new one—which, in these days of few movie contracts, is something.

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

"My Parachute Failed to Open . . ."

Capt. George Day, a fighter-bomber pilot, bailed out of his jet with a faulty parachute. Don't miss his thrilling story of surviving the "impossible."

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED